



THE

Wally's Book

WARS OF AMERICA:

OR A

432

GENERAL HISTORY

OF

ALL THE IMPORTANT TRAGIC EVENTS

THAT HAVE OCCURRED IN THE

UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA,

SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF THE WESTERN CONTINENT BY
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Eggleston, Benjamin

... An American Field & Mine.

BY A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

BALTIMORE :

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John H. B.
March

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PREFACE.

I have endeavored, in the following pages, to collect and transfer to the rising generation, the tragic events that have attended the progress of time, from the first settlement of America, in the fifteenth century, by Columbus, to the present day—portraying, in detail, the various scenes attending the discovery, in a poetical narration, illustrated in prose; moralized and brought home to the senses of all, from the aged to the youth—The painful hours, the sleepless nights, the privations and sufferings, of fathers, mothers, and relatives, from 1600 to the closing scenes of our Revolution—The horrid evils attending a demoralizing and destructive state of war; the savage ferocity, not only of men termed civilized, but of savages, innured by custom and hardened by habit, to blood, carnage, leath, and destruction, in all their most awful forms—and to display at one view the whole deformity of tyranny, oppression, despotism, and all the dreadful evils attending ambitious frenzy in demagogues, that seemingly sport and feast themselves upon the known miseries of mankind. Julius Cæsar's ambition destroyed the physical nature of the man, and outweighs all his shining qualities as a philanthropist and an heir to illustrious greatness, which, as a private member of society, he possessed. Also, Bonaparte, whose mind possessed all the principles of humanity, friendship, generosity, and disinterested benevolence, that was necessary, or that ever was given by indulgent Heaven, to constitute a character worthy the admiration of a gazing world. Washington possessed the same, which he displayed, on the field and in the cabinet, for the good of mankind and his country; and immortalized the man. Bonaparte used his gigantic abilities to aggrandize himself and family. Washington now sleeps near his ancient mansion at Mount Vernon, surrounded by his grateful countrymen, loved for his many virtues, and honored as a father to his country, as a hero, statesman, and philanthropist. But where shall we find a developement of all those exalted talents, shining qualities, and transcendant ideas of masterly greatness, in a Bonaparte? Alas! alas! on the field of carnage, amidst the roar of cannon, bursting of bombs, rattling of muskets, sounding of trumpets, charges, retreat, disorder, and confusion; balls whistling, men dying, death advancing, and all the awfuls of eternity in full view. Sighs, groans, nor misery, could tame the demon of ambition, or induce the man to reflect. Year after year, his life rolled away; triumph after triumph, and victory after victory, urged him on. Europe trembled before him. The great battles of Wagram, Marengo, Austerlitz, and of Lodi, but served to inflame his ambition. His Russian expedition commenced his downfall. The battle of Smolensh urged him forward to Borodino, where for the first time he

experienced a check. The destruction of Moscow drove him, a fugitive, to France, with the ruin of his army. The battle of Leipsic seconded his downfall, and that of Waterloo, decided his fate. St. Helena records the remainder of the history of this giant of ambition. There rests the body of Bonaparte from the toils of war, far from country and home, on a small island in the midst of a roaring ocean, surrounded by his former enemies; and with him rests the weapons of death. The sound of war is hushed. Now, (1835,) Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are enjoying a general peace.

Those heroes of fame, who learn to conquer kingdoms and nations, will not learn to conquer themselves—saying at death, with the dying Frazer, “Ah, fatal ambition.”

A mind formed for the highest enjoyment of nature, exerts its energies to befriend nature and exalt its dignity; in aiding, supporting, and upholding the principle that nature requires for the general good of mankind, and acts the part of a philanthropist, under the great Master, the King of Heaven.

In endeavoring to form a just estimate on the immense display of Omnipotence around us, the mind is bewildered in its conceptions, and is at a loss where to begin, or where to end its researches. The great objects of creation, displayed in the visible world above and around us, present all that is grand, noble, majestic, and sublime, to the contemplation of a human being, who has the least reflecting principle that can raise a mortal above the grade of beasts that stalk the earth, and reason not from what they see. We must, in the first place, endeavor to form a correct idea of the globe we inhabit; and this can be done only by analogy from what we see of the works of Omnipotence about us.

From a lofty eminence, we behold a landscape around us, to the distance of forty miles east, west, north, and south, forming a circumference of two hundred and fifty miles. Within this amphitheatre or circuit, the eye, unassisted, may range and view its variegated scenery. Of this display we can form some definite idea—of the huge mountains, vast oceans, islands, seas and lakes, rolling rivers, deep vallies, extended plains, towns, cities, and villages. By this view, bringing analogy to aid our reflections and reason, (which scenery seen as above comprehends only a 40,000 part of the earth’s surface, we inhabit,) we can form something of a summary of the whole.

Nature, in some countries, seems to have employed her lofty monuments and grandeur, in a more romantic, splendid, and striking manner, than others.

The grand display visible from the highest peak of St. Bernard, and the mountainous country of the Alps, in Switzerland; the stupendous range of the Andes, in South-America; of the summits of the Himmalyan ridges in India, where are truly sublime huge rocks and lofty masses of earth, piled on piles, form immense pyramids of grandeur, projecting their summits beyond the regions of the clouds, and bid defiance to the shafts of lightning and the tremendous volleys of thunder that have for thousands of years lashed their huge sides. Also the fury of volcanic fires, that have gnawed their bowels, and belched smoke, flames, rocks, ashes, and red hot lava, from their yawning craters and huge caverns; astonishing the nations with their tremendous roar and immense power; busting from their inaccessible tops, and spreading destruction, ruin, terror, and all the awfals of nature’s

magazine of fury—streams of liquid fire flowing like torrents down their sides, and forming on the plains a sea of melted minerals, boiling and tumbling its red hot entrails into waves of conflicting billows, overwhelming cities, towns, and villages, till their rage is spent and the spirit of destruction rests from the tremendous engines of its wrath, devastation and horror, and sinks back into its enormous gulf, disgorged of its charge and emptied of its combustible materials, and ready to receive a new magazine of bituminous fuel, to disgorge a second volley, when the Almighty sees fit to unchain this demon of wrath, commissioned to set flames to this grand arsenal of ruin, stored with all the awfals of eternity.

Amidst these silent regions, the store-house of wrath and solitude, we cannot contemplate but with emotions of awe, reverence, adoration and astonishment, the enormous mass of variegated matter that lies around, beneath and above us. Here, oh man! pause and reflect how little mortals know. Thirteen hundred million times the bulk of matter contained in the solid contents of our earth, are in view to the unassisted eye, in a clear night; and eighty thousand times that amount are visible to sight, assisted by our best glasses. Without some knowledge of the immensity of God's works, and an improving mind, what is man? He knows but little; he sees, hears, tastes, smells and feels, and here the series ends. For what use the senses were given, he never inquires: To satisfy the present, he is contented to lie amongst the rubbish, and die an ignoramus.

But when he, on the other hand, improves his reason, instead of only nature's instinct, considers himself an agent of God, a steward of his house hold, accountable for his actions, and dependent for all he possesses; life is not his own, his property is not his own, his time is not his own; commanded to obey, commanded to assist, to help, to cherish, to improve, to befriend, love, feed, clothe, and administer to the wants, the sufferings and calamities of the widow and orphan, the sick, maimed and helpless feeble mortals around him. All this, God by his holy prophets, by his son, by his apostles, by society, friendship and relation, demands of every member of his family; all within our reach, all we acknowledge our duty, all things plain and visible to ocular demonstration every day—yet, how few are ready to sell what they possess and give to the poor.

While before our eyes is displayed knowledge, combining all that is useful, grand and noble in mechanical powers, developing principle upon principle, to rouse the genius to action, teach the ignorant that without knowledge he must remain an ignoramus, and die as stupid as he was born. Wisdom is wanting to raise the active energies of the mind, soul and faculties, from the narrow range of the objects around us, to the vast illuminous display that art is unfolding, Providence displaying, moral influence over the mind daily teaching, ocular views demonstrating, and God's tender mercies over all his works, making visible, as man advances from a savage life, to that blest era when wars shall cease, and all the tumultuous scenes that disturb peace and repose shall be laid aside. In a savage state, man is ignorant of Agriculture, Manufactures, Architecture, Navigation, Geography, Astronomy, and the other Arts that depend upon mechanical computation; he is exposed without a shelter to the howling storm, the burning sun, cold and heat of the seasons of the year. He is unable to traverse seas and

oceans, to visit other countries and other nations of his fellow-men—his living in the desert, comfortless as to a home, ignorant of most of the beauties of nature; the fertile soil over which he ranges, like his mind, lies uncultivated, covered with thorns, briars and thickets for the haunts of furious beasts of prey; his enjoyment is little superior to that of the tiger, bear, panther, lion or elephant, while his physical strength is much inferior to theirs. But when the ingenuity of man demonstrates its energetic powers in the arts, the wilderness is subdued to fertile fields, the solitary places rejoice, and the desert is made to bloom like the rose. Cities are founded, towns and villages rise to opulence, nature assumes a new face; (till splendor and luxury step in to corrupt morals, and palaces and temples, forming a contrast against the rights of man are erected;) the hut and wigwam are exchanged for comfortable dwellings; ships, steam-boats and vessels are built to traverse oceans, seas, lakes and rivers, conveying wealth from one country to another; the high-way of intelligence is opened to the most distant parts of the world—commerce flourishing, and machinery to aid labor progressing in all parts of the earth.

That happy period foretold in Scripture is fast advancing. Means are continually preparing to disarm the elements of terror. The shafts of lightning are arrested in their progress, and turned harmless to the earth. Navigation, by means of steam is rendered more safe than when vessels were propelled by wind, pressing a crowd of canvass, spread high in air, o'er the hull that floats the watery main. And, when mankind awake to behold their own folly, and see the light of nature and revealed religion displaying ten thousand charms through earth, air, ocean, and the unbounded region of space, he must see his own littleness. The volume of the Universe unfolds daily its pages, through a Fergerson, a Herschel, a Newton, and other celebrated astronomers of the present age.—And when the renowned sages of the world, turn their attention from that baneful monster, War, that has traversed earth like a devouring pestilence, training his thousand to the use of the musket, sword, spear, and all the infernal weapons of war, for above 5000 years, to the mild and peaceable employment of the advancement of knowledge, wisdom, and useful intelligence, he will be happy in his terrestrial enjoyment, and not till then. The works of nature are a vast variety, a rich fund in every region of the surface of the globe—an almost endless summary of objects, differing in their various shapes, colors, disposition and habits. Fancy cannot paint her imaginations equal to the scenes of wonder, visible to the reasoning mind, assisted by nature to learn himself, and gather knowledge from what he sees.

Assisted by past discoveries, he has his own talents to develop their principles, and make further advancements on what has already been hinted in new discoveries, which now lies enveloped in ignorance. A just and true sense of the evils attending on oppression, and all the pangs of slavery, hurry the imagination into a belief that it has been practiced long enough, and too long for the general good of mankind, and ought to be held in detestation, from the King on his throne, to the most degraded and self-debased wretch, who hires himself to some

rich nabob, (who lives on the earnings of others,) as a slave or negro driver.—When we look through the pages of ancient and modern history, and nations, and examine that the benefits resulting from bondage are few in comparison to the evils resulting from slavery—all are ready to say it ought to be abolished. How long have mankind groaned under acts of despotism and tyranny, when that very name is hated and despised by its authors. Monsters of cruelty stalking the earth with impunity, like the dragons of old, are dwindling in size to mere lizards. Ambition, seemingly, has changed its views. Blood, carnage, death, slaughter and conquest, have lost their ancient renown. An Alexander, a Sylla, a Cataline, a Julius Cæsar, a Mohammed, a Cromwell, a Charles the 12th, a Bonaparte, and a thousand more, who have waded through rivers of blood, seen the destruction of hundreds of thousands, spreading misery like a flood, over nations, kingdoms and countries, whose nod was the signal for battle, whose command ignorance stood ready to obey, and whose courage has been extolled as highly meritorious. Such applause none now desire but mad men, and none want but fools. A new era has, seemingly, shut the doors of Janus. Exalted merit, humanity, benevolence, friendship, generosity, and every other ornament that can adorn human nature, and wipe off the hateful stain of vice, are all that is meritorious at the present day. Vice must die, evil must expire, battle's honor must end, all ambition that is earthly must be despised, and every act of oppression must be trampled in the dust, its memory obliterated, lost, gone, and forever silenced. Virtue must rise triumphant over bondage, having subdued and brought the Mammon of unrighteousness, with all his works, to nought; and on the ruins of his kingdom erected monuments to virtuous fame, recording illustrious characters, both ancient and modern, who spent their lives in illuminating the charms of friendship, love, harmony, peace, benevolence; and in a word, all that Deity demands to make earth a heaven, and our sublunary situation here a fit habitation for angels. All that is wanting to complete consummate happiness here on earth, are the virtues adorning the character of a Homer, a Titus, a Solon, a Socrates, an Acaster, (a certain cardinal named the patron of the poor,) a Cyrus a Hiero, a Celon, a Ptolemy, a Pliny, an Alfred, a Lady Burleigh, a Boyle, a Scipio, a Howard, a La Fayette, a Washington, a Franklin, and thousands of others who have devoted their time, money and lives to befriend and assist suffering humanity. Many, very many, at the present day, through Europe and America, are ardently engaged in this meritorious and interesting reform; and may it spread from heart to heart, like sunbeams in the morning, enlightening the east till the west is all in a blaze with its radiance. Generous reader, what can impart such sympathy of feelings, such awakening emotions, such affection, love, veneration and friendship, as the detailed account of ancient and modern worthies.—A Lucinus Lucinus, who saved Brutus from captivity on the plains of Phillippi by delivering himself to his enemy, saying, I am Brutus; Damon and Pythias, facing the stern features of death, undaunted at the boasting bragadoes of the tyrant Dionysius. St. Pierre, his son, and four associates, whose self devotedness at the siege of Calais immortalized their names on the rolls of living fame. A Pocahontas, whose generous soul ranked her the foremost of earth's princesses.

Shilouee, an Indian chief whose friendship for Col. Byrd while a prisoner among the Cherokees, whose determination to meet death from the hands of Byrd's executioners before they should kill the Colonel, enrolls his name (although the untutored mind of a savage appeared in his habits) amongst earth's worthiest sons. These and a numerous list of others, when grim death stared them in the face, stepped in between the monster and his victim and warded off the intended blow by their virtues—remember that to suppliant virtue, nothing is denied even by savages,—calmed the demon of destruction by their courage, and transferred to future generations a name glowing with more beauty, generosity and true native greatness, than ever adorned the archives and historic pages of all the heroes from the time of Nimrod down to the present day.

The book of nature is always spread before us. Asleep or awake, the imagination wants employment. We may study the magazine of the universe and admire; we may learn and adore; we may see, and our thoughts are lost in wonder; we may search for more, and are sure to find; not only now, but forever, an extent beyond all human calculation, mocking the sagacious inquiry of the sage, philosopher and divine, lies open to extended vision, but wants a God to comprehend it. The air, the sea, the rivers, the mountains, the rocks, the caverns, the volcanoes, the earthquakes, the thunder storms, the animated and vegetable tribes, are all fraught with instructive wonder and wisdom, far exceeding our limited reason and most enlightened comprehension. We may well exclaim, "Adorable Creator! with what art hast thou formed us! Though the heavens did not exist to proclaim thy glory; though there were no being but myself on earth; my body might suffice to convince me that thou art a God of unlimited power, and infinite mercy and goodness." A celebrated writer says, "I first endeavored from God's works to know myself, and afterwards, by the same means, to teach him to others." "In God we live, move, and have our being." When a single pin of the whole machine within us, over which we have not the least control, is either broken or deranged, a thousand movements might be interrupted, and our bodies left to moulder into the dust.

Could I, by writing and exhorting my fellow travelers to eternity, arouse their minds from that stupid lethargy that bewilders their senses and reason, and hangs like a heavy cloud over the minds of many, too many, in our enlightened country; I should consider the task not only agreeable but delightful; not only as delightful, but highly pleasing to sense, as a member of Jehovah's family, and a devoted well wisher to the cause of virtue and the honor of the christian religion; to suffering humanity; to general reform from all the abuses of power, combined with superstition and bigotry.

To manage such a task, requires the address, perseverance and boldness of a Lycurgus, a Demosthenes, a Cato, a Solon, a Washington, a Franklin, a La Fayette, and those whose energetic measures are displayed for the general good of mankind. Appeal made to reason, founded on just and virtuous rights, is always heard. No appeal to sympathy, but what finds a ready support; as Gen. Wilson told the allies, in case of La Vellotte, in Paris, "no appeal," said he,

"is ever made to British honor and generosity in vain." The young mind in search of knowledge, only wants an aid to forward its researches, while all the powers of preaching, eloquence, oratory, exhortations and emphatic addresses are totally insufficient to arouse ignorance and sloth to the pleasing sensations and virtuous survey of the beauties adorning, enlivening, enriching and displaying the works of nature, the powers of God and the glories of his kingdom around us.

Ambition, superstition and bigotry can only gain ground when addressed to ignorance and those dupes of slavery who are too slothful to inquire the difference between truth and error, virtue and vice, falsehood and veracity, calumny and an honest, frank and generous principle of self esteem, manliness of character and the innate rights given by nature's God to nature's children. Intelligence will pull down the strong holds of his satanic majesty, bred amongst the heathen, handed down to posterity by idolatry, cherished and believed by ignorance, and palmed upon mankind by a set of daring knaves, who study ignorance themselves, and willingly inculcate it to others. See the justly abhorred Church of Rome, from whose abominations sprung thousands of those evils that have traversed the earth for near two thousand years. Slaughter, massacre, death and destruction followed this sanctuary of pollution, this arsenal of fraud, this store house of evil and this nursery of demons, promoted, upheld and supported by fraud. England, France, Germany and Spain have groaned under her cursed abominations; Church and State leagued in embrace, have been a greater scourge to mankind than the cholera with all its malignant menaces, poisoning the atmosphere and spreading terror before its terrific ravages. Superstition is a fang of cleric power; bigotry and ignorance are the main pillars of its support. To know truth, and support vice clothed in ignorance, is criminal.

The torch of discord is a fiery zeal, and ambition's frenzy, with avarice supported by power. Illuminated nature will soon destroy these three monsters in America.

Columbians! we are seated in America, not to boast of our government, but to realize and enjoy the achievements of our forefathers, in the cabinet and in the field. Could our discoverer, Christopher Columbus, be permitted to return from eternity this day, August 23d 1492, and view the continent that ought to bear his name, would he not see his highest expectations realized? Wisdom has guided our councils since we became an independent nation. Experience has consolidated our government; its branches, purely democratic, illumine the shades of ignorance. A new task of duties await us; national pride ought to be banished; the sword of victory promises the emblem of peace; united growth depends on united exertions and energy. What remains to be unfolded time must determine; where no Cromwell exists to inflame the people, no Cæsar, no Bonaparte to distribute crowns, nor cast diadems at their feet, nor reward followers with vanquished spoils, peace, with her balmy influence, will walk hand in hand with industry and repose, under the banner of independence, cherished, supported and upheld by virtuous principles and patriotism, we may rest in safety. Revolutions we have witnessed in France, Poland, Belgium and other countries. They have been occasioned by some casual accident, or sudden burst

of passion, ambition, etc., and raged for a time, but for want of a Cincinnatus, a Washington, or a La Fayette to guard the destinies of the people, they have failed in the issue, and instead of benefiting mankind, the general result has been, on the destruction of one tyrant, another has risen and bound the chains of bondage the tighter. Social refinement, useful intelligence, diffusion of knowledge, a general illumination of all the arts and means provided by nature, are the grand resort of arms, swords and arsenals of destruction, to pave the way to greatness of character, as a nation of freemen, and shew to the world a splendor that shall brighten with age till time shall cease and be no more. From a people thinly settled over an extensive territory in 1775, scarcely three millions in number, see a mighty nation arise, almost from the ashes of the phoenix, where addresses to reason have been the grand criterion acted upon since that period, and which has not failed in any one instance to achieve whatever was intended. One unanimous concert roused every friend of suffering humanity to action; one voice, the voice of emancipation; one sound was heard from Maine to Georgia, echoing from the pulpit, from the towers, from battlements, from altars, from tens of thousands of devoted patriots and their listening sons, from illustrious mothers and their worthy daughters. Freedom or death rang through the wilds of America, losing in expiring vibrations on distant hills, the sound, we will be free; and meeting on the ocean the advancing foe, stamping shame and disgrace on his crested front; defeat, disaster, captivity, retreat and submission on his flanks, rear, to the right and left; teaching all tyrants a lesson worthy of their lasting remembrance, and laying a solid basis to support a government and people suited to the united wish, prosperity and happiness of the governed.

Ambition, superstition, nor avarice, the universal torches of war, ever illumined an American field of battle. Our illustrious chief, like Cincinnatus, fought only for his country's honor and glory. Not for his own, nor his family's aggrandizement did he hazard his life. The good of mankind animated his breast, swelled its rolls on fame; stamped a character on Washington that stands unrivalled, while his brave associates share in the fame; and leave on record a sacred deposit, with the gray hairs of her brave defenders.

Descendants of the heroes of '75! heirs of independence, glory and honor! When we survey past scenes, and turn over historic pages, viewing in contemplation the rise and downfall of nations, and what mighty revolutions time has unfolded, varying the face of the world, with death and all the ravages of disease that have traversed the earth, depopulating kingdoms, cities, towns and villages, we are struck with solemn surprise, and our minds ask the question, why all this destruction? What purpose has been effected by this solemn, this awful, grand and lamentable catastrophe? The answer is ready. Divine economy has so arranged its requirements as to demand what we see and know and are assured from analogy has been the result, and will and must follow, till a renovating day shall renew depraved nature. The next inquiry naturally will be, what will the probable situation of the United States be one thousand years from the present date? In this the mind has only imagination and analogy to assist its researches. The amphitheatre now opened is grand, including a vast

extent of territory, immense lakes, mountains, and rivers, with all the resources of physical nature to adorn so extensive and variegated a landscape. The variety of its soils, the present population, the prosperity, the harmony, good faith and resources that pervade every part of our nation, now evince a certainty that with foresight and perseverance, and the blessings of providence, may unfold in the time named above, scenes of felicity beyond what the world has ever witnessed from Adam down to the present day.

That man was formed for social life no one will presume to deny; and to secure those virtues that are ornamental and useful, he must have an energetic government to bridle the passions of the vile, protect the weak against the strong, and guide the balance wheel of state. Young and new communities must build their rules and model of government on the most approved principles of virtuous institutions of other nations, with their own experience and the benefits resulting from good habits, virtuous motives and wise regulations. Every citizen knows that his safety depends on public faith and agreement, and is an active member himself, if he acts with candor; knowing his greatest enjoyment in life is to see his friends and countrymen all prosperous and happy around him. So long as this is the case, government is secure, society happy, and himself contented and flourishing. It is this important principle in nature that benefits mankind; it animates the good, abashes the vile, and makes virtue pleasing even to the vile and most profligate.

"The broadest mirth, unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far, than Virtue's very tears."

The noblest spring of life, is an ardent attachment to one's Country and the general good of the world. Philanthropy is a shining quality, whether found in a king or a beggar. An American without this principle, ranks several grades below the savage. Roman virtue had its stern features; Christianity has softened the hand of suicide, and rendered pleasing, Roman habits; tamed the stubborn valor of a Cato, ennobled the rude features, and stayed the hand of the assassin. Happiness and glory attend her altars, and the wild disposition of man is tamed in her presence. Sweet and delicious sensation, who would be without thee?—The happy situation of a country or community, can only be preserved by a strict adherence to making wisdom profitable, to applying the antidote of health, vigor and perseverance, steadily; which we have seen raise our nation from three to fifteen millions of inhabitants, in little more than half a century, and our government from a feeble democracy, founded on principles weak and imbecile, to support its proper authority, and hold in compact its thirteen United Colonies, or its members; to a consolidation of principles, combining a well planed Constitution, to support, uphold, bind and cement every part with its appendages of compact and agreement, to a fabric wisely calculated to give life, activity and protection to twenty-six States, and several territorial governments.

A steady application of the same causes and effects govern the solar system, and the observable universe. "Order, is heaven's first law."

Future generations in America, have a model of a Government handed down to them by their fathers and forefathers, that has stood the scrutiny of European sages of literature and diplomatic investigation for forty-six years, yet its pillars

INTRODUCTION.

TO a generous public, the heart of a philanthropist may address its pathetic feelings, and cherish in grateful remembrance, those virtues that ornament the names and pages of ancient and modern sages. The present day presents a theme worthy the enquiry and contemplation of the philosopher, historian, statesman and philanthropist. The enlightened genius of America, awake to every tender feeling that pervades the human breast, with sympathizing nature, deeply impressed for her suffering children; stand as the two pillars of Hercules, to support the cause of humanity, renovate the condition of mankind, and bind in shackles the tyrant of ancient and modern days. Superstition, bigotry, cruelty, usurpation, oppression, and all the wild strides of lawless ambition must bow to the mild sceptre of peace; while kings, lords, dukes and nobles, lay down their royal dignities at the feet of virtue; acknowledge the growing power of liberty and republican principles, and the just claims of all the hundreds of millions of oppressed subjects, that now groan in bondage. The tragic scenes that have shrouded the western hemisphere, and infringed on the just rights of millions of the great family of mankind, still hover too much over beloved and highly favored America. The rising generation, standing on the illustrious towers of modern fame, looking forward to that joyful day when wars, tumults and contentions shall cease, and peace, harmony and good will shall pervade every part of the earth, are now called upon, as heirs of the immortal band of '76, to extend the right hand of fellowship to all classes; the rich, the poor, the bond, the free, the white, black, and the red; without distinction to any other claim but innate merit. May their exertions in the glorious cause of emancipation be equally glorious and shed its benign influence over the benighted mind of ignorance, in as splendid a reality as the achievement of that Independence, which crowned the toils, privations and sufferings of our fathers and the anxieties of our dear mothers. The world before us is big with events; the present day opens a scene unparalleled in time. The natural and inherent rights of every man seem the topic of conversation. The injured, the slave, the oppressed, white, black or red, all claim commiseration; while a generous and magnanimous people feel, and willingly sympathize with suffering nature. Charity, that darling of heaven, pervades the bosom, and invites the philanthropists of the world, to works of benevolence and love. The great object of creation seems about to be realized—to enlighten the understanding and spread intelligence to every quarter of the earth. The titles of the great, the nobles and hereditary fools of Europe and Asia, are but empty names and idle sounds in America. The ignorance and superstition that beclouded genius forty years ago, are fast disappearing from our horizon, and the sunshine of science is shedding its benign influence over the vast regions of the western continent. The rising generation in search for wisdom and understanding, has nothing to impede its progress but its own stupidity. The light of nature to illumine, the christian religion for a guide, the discoveries of ancients and moderns to assist, the arts and sciences of the present day to enrich and embellish our own views, (far richer

than the mines of Potosi to the youths of America,) all stand inviting to scenes of a higher enjoyment than the splendid equipage of dynasties, false honor, or show. A vast theatre has opened since the discovery of this country by Columbus, a little more than three hundred years ago. Cramped by superstition, and held in bondage by tyrants, man was a mere tool to ambitious and aspiring demagogues. Since that discovery mankind have gradually emerged from that cloud of ignorance that shadowed all Christendom for more than fourteen hundred years. The bands of oppression bursting, liberty unfurling the banner of freedom, virtuous intelligence spreading through Europe, Asia, Africa and America; knowledge, and all the means to meliorate the condition of the human race progressing in an unparalleled ratio; while men, from infamy and ignorance, are advancing in all the arts of civilized life; making improvements upon the knowledge of past ages, where faith, sixty years ago, would have been shaken to believe, what real knowledge now hath achieved. And still faith advances to new pursuits with as much certainty of success as the past sixty years have unfolded. The means put into our hands for improvement are great and fast increasing. Our beloved America, highly favored by heaven and intelligent nature, ranks high on the annals of the world. Our political institutions, our manufactories, our learning and scientific establishments, and our agricultural interests, vie with, and in many respects, rival the most celebrated institutions of like character in Europe or Asia. Man must be active, or cease to be; in one sense, to cease to act, is to follow vice in all her deformities, which is time thrown away and worse than lost; for it corrupts manners, destroys physical nature and the moral character of man. Youth must be engaged in some pursuit to keep it active; and when once the character of virtue becomes lovely to the human mind and the understanding, no image in nature is so agreeable or ornamental to its possessor. The little vanities of common life are laid aside, and all the beauties that embellish reason, sense, and judgment, immediately take possession of the breast, fancy and views of its possessor.

The magazine of knowledge is boundless. Eternity's store house is a variety vast as nature's self, inexhaustible as the source of light. Progressive nature can never reach the Deity; the intermediate space is left for created beings. One theme learned, another presents itself; the more learned the greater the display. Learning is like wealth, one increases our desires, the other brightens our understanding, enlivens our views, and makes us men on earth, and fit companions for angels in heaven.

A generous public will, I hope, pardon the many defects in this work. The want of classical learning exposes an author to the sneering criticisms of clamorous critics, whose college and book education is nearly all the knowledge they possess; from such I fear nothing. The main design of this work is to illustrate the achievements of our forefathers in settling America, and their stern opposition to tyranny and oppression; with the various incidents of our revolution which ought to be read with a sympathy equal to the tragedy, by our children and children's children, through a hundred generations. And also to show to the world the folly of titles, high sounding names, extravagant pretensions to power and hereditary rights; oppression's hateful character at home and abroad, and all the faugs of tyranny and lawless usurpation; and to awaken, if possible,

our southern brethren to a sense of their danger, and to the enormous load of guilt that hangs like a cloud over our land, proud of its independence and boasting of its liberty. The tawny sons of Africa darken our horizon, while their cries reach heaven and call aloud for commiseration. Fond hope can hardly, in the present state of things, show the solemn sons and daughters of bondage in a land of liberty, a termination of their hard fate in slavery. Shall we forget our ancestors and violate the laws of humanity? Blush, America! beware! Shall liberty enslave her children? Heaven forbid; and every freeman from Maine to the Rocky Mountains forbid.

I have to lament with my countrymen the present situation of the Indian tribes within our borders. Commiseration is due to this people. The hard hand of fate follows them, and heaven only knows their future destiny. Nature, it seems consigns them to poverty and a wandering life, as civilization among them progresses slowly, although some instances show its practicability. Humanity demands our aid, and nature requires it as a duty we owe this distressed and injured race of beings.

In looking over the history of ancient and modern times, sages and renowned personages, the mind is naturally led to inquire, where are the millions that have inhabited the earth for above five thousand years? Death, the great astrologer, answers, gone! gone! gone! Thus, mortals, the time past records and the present is recording, every day and moment. Mighty empires, mighty kingdoms, and all the human race, standing on the slippery verge of eternity, speak the language of decay; and ocular demonstrations daily record destruction's lists. Here has ended and here must end the series. Earth must swallow up all, and at last be swallowed up herself in the great vortex of eternity.

The farmer is nearly lord of the soil in America; he has nothing to fear; he can point to his plow and say with Pharaoh, king of Egypt, that is my philosopher's stone that turns labor into gold; it supplies me with bread, meat and clothing, and all that nature wants to make life comfortable.

The present mode of traveling would have staggered honest belief fifty years ago. Rail roads, turnpikes and steam engines were then hardly known. The increased ratio of speed is from six or eight miles an hour to nearly thirty. And it will soon be, that expresses will carry intelligence from Boston to the Rocky Mountains, in nearly the same space of time that one could have traveled from Boston to Albany in our revolutionary war. Manufactories, by the aid of steam and newly constructed machinery, can now perform labor with such facility that not a sixth part of the labor expended sixty years ago is now required to produce the same result. Navigation, also, has kept pace with the other arts. Steam boats or vessels, plowing our lakes and rivers against wind, tide and current, that originally nearly baffled the power of men skilled in nautical science, now yield to a power that forty years ago lay concealed in the womb of enterprize; and future generations shall reap the result that has so happily displayed its vast advantages to the world through a Fulton, who stands at the head of steam navigation; and although dead, speaks in the hollow voice of the steam bursting from its massy conductors and mingling with the surrounding air; and while memory lasts may his name be remembered when this shrill sound strikes the listening ear.

Astronomy still opens the door, wider and wider to the improving hand of genius. The vast range of space where almighty God exerts his power, defies still the ingenious mathematician who devotes his time in admiration to what he sees, and in search of what he is confident exists. The stupendous fabric of creation spoke a language to Sir Isaac Newton, that bowed the sage's head every time the name of God was mentioned. Recent discoveries still enlarge the grandeur of the display. To describe even a part of the vast profound, mocks the power of language, reason or pen.

My tongue cannot number the millions of miles,
 My reason is lost, and left in the wiles;
 The grand scheme of nature immense and profound
 Where all of my senses in chaos are drowned.
 Almighty the power and vast the extent,
 Heaven's field, like a boundless and vast continent,
 Comprises a whole, universal, complete,
 And God, in all parts of creation we meet.

The vast assemblage of machinery that compose the universe, their order, regularity and systematic arrangement, all declare the almighty power, and the superintendence of an omnipresent and omnipotent God, whose dominions extend farther than thought, fancy or the power of reason, sense or judgement can conceive. The astonished beholder lifts his eyes to heaven in reverence, while adoration swells his mind and breast to a ready acknowledgement of his own littleness, and he exclaims with the poet, "Lord! what is man, or the son of man that thou regardest him."

Philosophy, especially moral, seems to be equalizing mankind and bringing about that reform so much needed in the moral world. Man sees himself at the head of creation, equal as to freedom, but in fortune and talents, for reasons best known to God, variously bestowed; mental powers his own, freedom and liberty his own, till he willingly submits himself to laws for the general good. The rapid advance of intellect, the awakened genius in search of wisdom, the rational faculties of man intent to render mother nature and her great family happier and happier every day, by some new improvement to lessen expense, save labor, and lighten the burden demanded of man in the first stages of existence, are themes of the highest importance, and seem to engross the main attention of all, from the king in his palace, to the peasant in his shantee.

Agriculture, traveling, navigation, astronomy, philosophy, mathematics, and all kinds of useful knowledge, are opening new treasures every day. Nearly half the faith of sixty years ago is now real knowledge. Each man seeks the general good in wishing to preserve his own. The great reform commenced in 1773 continues yet. The liberal hand of justice is fast unlocking the doors of ignorance, while the bright sun shine of intelligence is spreading the olive branch to the remotest parts of the world, and inviting all to partake of her bounties, and behold the laurel of freedom spreading over the western hemisphere a wreath of unfading glory made verdant with age and lasting by the union that walks hand in hand with virtue and her supporters, knowledge, wisdom and truth.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POETICAL PARTS.

SING, heavenly Muse! Oh, Earth, attend and hear!
And every soul to heavenly themes aspire;
While proud America shall take her seat
Where liberty and freedom's children meet.
Father of Light, assist! From towers of fame
Minerva smiles, while heaven's celestial plain,
In sweetest melody re-echoing sounds,
And love and friendship know no stated bounds.
O'er earth's wide circuit spread the olive branch,
A wreath of laurel binds the sword and lance;
Weapons of death lie rusting on our towers,
While hushed to silence war resigns her powers.
Assist my mind, my fancy, and my views,
Great Spirit! to consult the heavenly Muse;
And while thy graces charm the glowing breast,
Man sees himself of all that's great possessed.
Columbus great, by noble nature fed,
His genius vast to new discovery led.
The towers of fame record his matchless skill,
And vast designs engage his mind and will;
His thoughts, a fund from nature's magazine,
Sagacious, lively, virtuous, and serene;
Struggling for years 'gainst ignorance and pride;
Yet undismayed, he to them ne'er replied.
Europe's brave son, whose active genius rose
On reason's chart, o'er ignorance and foes,
Sought fame from ocean's vast and hid recess,
Where billows roll their waste dominions west.
In this unknown, wide realm, he sought to find
Lands, unexplored, existing in his mind..

To demonstrate this grand reality,
His towering genius braved adversity.
His native city, Genoa, ill repaid her son
For offers made of what his genius won.
Merit from strangers double pay receives,
While friends reject and country scarce believes.
Ungrateful Portugal, perfidious friend,
Unworthy trust, proved treacherous and unkind.
Deceit rests on her tower. Columbia's name
Saw her intrigue and quits her with disdain.
Spain's honored Queen, whose fame shall ever live
While suns shall rise, and earth have praise to give.
America! this heiress of renown,
Ranks high on earth, and wears a civic crown.
Columbus found in her a worthy friend,
Whose kindness lasts till death all friendships end:
Pawning her jewels to defray the charge
Of his vast plans, Spain's empire to enlarge.
Columbus then beheld the joyful day
That ushered in a new and grand display;
Ocean's vast billows bear his little fleet
O'er watery wastes, lands unexplored to seek;
He plowed the waves for many an anxious day,
Where waters roll and billows mount the spray—
One vast, unbounded region, where the flood
Rolled in majestic form and angry mood—
When lo! the sight that eight succeeding years
Engaged his thoughts, his life, and all his cares,
Before him realized, in view, there lay
A land that ought to bear his name, America:
And island new in western hemispheres.
That lay concealed above five thousand years.
Heaven crowned her son; success immortalized;
His name still lives, and highly realized.
This vast discovery, now the abode of fame,
Historic records has transferred his name.

Injustice wronged this son of enterprize,
And nations now this wrong have solemnized.
Treachery, the hydra of terrific birth,
And superstition, plant the seeds of death ;
Imagination, passions, ignorance,
Blast virtue with their vile malevolence,
Where bigotry, armed with a monarch's power,
And Rome's cursed clergy, mankind would devour.
Old Ferdinand, the dupe of cleric schools,
The mere name of independence holds.
Proflers were soon forgot, where jealousy
Unites with subjects and with monarchy ;
Columbus soon too many rivals found,
Whose claims to greatness only were in sound.
Isabella died, and with her friendship died,
And promise made with future plans to guide
The new discovery ; genius to reward,
And pay to merit virtue's just regard.
But no! designing emisaries rose,
Ambitious only to disturb repose ;
Columbus, whose renown Europeans cheered,
Seized, chained, and bound, before defence was heard ;
False and malicious lies are tried in vain
To blast his character and rising fame.
Towering above the vile, his name shall live
While time shall last and earth has praise to give ;
Although robbed of the honor justly due
His perseverance, posterity must view
The wrong, while proud America reveres,
And hail Columbia every bosom cheers.
Thy banner waves, illustrious hero dead ;
Thy fame shall live and by the world be read ;
Millions thy dower now fully realize,
While independence has secured the prize.
Illustrious shade! hail! hail! Columbia,
Americus shall ne'er supplant thy worth ;

And while time lasts, thy name, America,
Shall prostrate bow before its fame and growth.—
An asylum where peace and plenty reigns,
Where liberty and freedom's rights secured;
Where the oppressed are freed from tyrant's chains,
And where the claim of every man 's revered.
The United States, now fifteen millions strong,
Crowned with repose and plenty, hail thy name :
Departed friend! thy praise from every tongue
Shall swell the choir and raise thy living fame;
Hail ! hail ! Columbia's happy land,
Where rich and poor, and all agree,
As one united, marshaled band,
And raise thy standard—LIBERTY.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

As the main design of this work is to illustrate the tragic scenes that have occurred since the discovery of this new and highly important quarter of the earth by Christopher Columbus, an account of this event and the indefatigable perseverance of its discoverer, will not fail to be highly interesting to most of my readers, I shall here copy from the first volume of Morse's Universal Geography the following pages, viz.

CHRISTOPHER COLON or COLUMBUS, a subject of the republic of Genoa, was among the foreigners, whom the fame of the discoveries of the Portugese had allured into their service. He descended from a noble family reduced by misfortune; but neither the time nor place of his birth are certainly known. His ancestors, having had recourse to a seafaring life for support, Columbus, from his early youth, discovered such peculiar talents for that profession, as indicated his future greatness. His parents encouraged this original propensity by giving him a suitable education. After acquiring some knowledge of the Latin tongue, the only language in which science was taught at that time, he was instructed in geometry, cosmography, astronomy, and the art of drawing. To these he applied with such ardor and predilection, on account of their connection with navigation, his favorite object, that he made rapid proficiency in them. Thus qualified, in 1461, at the early age of fourteen, he went to sea, and began his career on that element which conducted him to so much glory. His early voyages were limited principally to those places which had before been discovered, in which nothing very remarkable happened, except that in a sea fight, off the coast of Portugal, with some Venitian coasters, the vessel on board which he served, took fire, together with one of the enemy's to.

which it was fast grappled; upon which he threw himself into the sea, laid hold of a floating oar, and by the support of it, and his dexterity in swimming, he reached the shore, though more than six miles distant, and thus preserved a life designed for great undertakings.

Soon after this he went to Lisbon, where he married a daughter of Bartholmew Perestrello, one of the captains employed by Prince Henry in his early voyages, and who had discovered and planted the islands of Porto Santo and Maderia. The journals and charts of this experienced navigator, his father-in-law, fell into his hands, and he, with avidity, availed himself of the valuable information they contained. His impatience to visit the places which Perestrello had seen and described, became irresistible; and he made a voyage to Madeira, and spent several years in trading with that island, the Canaries, the Azores, the settlements in Guinea, and all other places which the Portuguese had discovered on the continent of Africa.

By the experience acquired during such a variety of voyages, Columbus became one of the most skilful navigators of Europe. But his ambition did not permit him to rest satisfied with that praise. He aimed at something more. A project had been conceived of finding out a passage by sea, to the East Indies. The accomplishment of this became a favorite object with Columbus. The Portuguese sought this route by steering towards the south, in hope of arriving at India, by turning to the east, after they had sailed round the farther extremity of Africa; which passage was afterwards effected in 1497, by Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator. Columbus contemplated a shorter and more direct passage to the East Indies, by sailing towards the west, across the Atlantic Ocean. The principles and arguments which induced him to adopt this opinion, then considered as chimerical, were highly rational and philosophical. The sphericity and magnitude of the earth, were at that period ascertained with some degree of accuracy. From this it was evident, that the continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, formed but a small part of the terraqueous globe. It appeared likewise extremely probable,

that the continent on the one side of the globe, was balanced by a proportionable quantity of land in the other hemisphere. These conclusions concerning the existence of another continent, drawn from the figure and structure of the globe, were confirmed by the observations and conjectures of modern navigators, and from pieces of timber artificially carved, canes of an enormous size, trees torn up by the roots, and the dead bodies of two men with singular features, which had been discovered and taken up, floating before a westerly wind, or driven on the coasts of the Azores. The force of this united evidence, arising from theoretical principles and practical observations, led Columbus to conclude, that by sailing directly towards the west, across the Atlantic ocean, new countries, which probably formed a part of the vast continent of India, must infallibly be discovered.

As early as 1474, he communicated his ingenious theory to Paul, a physician of Florence, eminent for his knowledge of cosmography. He warmly approved of this plan; suggested several facts in confirmation of it, and encouraged Columbus to persevere in an undertaking so laudible, and which must redound so much to the honor of his country, and the benefit of Europe.

Columbus now became impatient to bring to the test of experiment, the truth of his system, and to set out upon a voyage of discovery. The first step towards this, was to secure the patronage of some of the considerable powers of Europe. With this view he laid his scheme before the senate of Genoa, and making his native and beloved country, the first tender of his service, offered to sail, under the banners of the republic, in quest of new regions which he expected to discover. But they, incapable of forming just ideas of his principles, inconsiderately rejected his proposal as chimerical. He then submitted his plan to the Portuguese, who perfidiously attempted to rob him of the honor of accomplishing it, by privately sending another person to pursue the same tract which he had proposed. But the pilot, who was thus basely employed to execute Columbus' plan, had neither the genius or the fortitude of its author. Contrary winds arose—no land appeared—his courage failed, and he returned to

Lisbon, execrating a plan which he had not abilities to execute.

On discovering this flagrant treachery, Columbus immediately quitted the kingdom in disgust, and landed in Spain, towards the close of the year 1484. Here he resolved to propose it in person to Ferdinand and Isabella, who at that time governed the united kingdoms of Castile and Aragon. He, in the mean time, sent his brother Bartholomew to England, to propose his plan to Henry VII.

After experiencing a series of mortifying disappointments; during eight tedious years, which the brevity of this history will not permit us to relate, Columbus, in deep anguish, withdrew from court, determined to repair to England as his last resource. At this juncture, the affairs of Spain which had been perplexed in consequence of a war with the Moors, took a favorable turn. Quintanilla and Santangel, two powerful, vigilant and discerning patrons of Columbus, seized this favorable opportunity to make one more effort in behalf of their friend. They addressed themselves to Isabella, with such forcible arguments as produced the desired effect. They dispelled all Isabella's doubts and fears. She ordered Columbus, who had proceeded on his journey, to be instantly recalled—declared her resolution to employ him on his own terms; and regretting the low state of her finances, generously offered to pledge her own jewels, in order to raise as much money as might be needed in making preparations for the voyage. Santangel, in a transport of gratitude, kissed the Queen's hand, and, in order to save her from having recourse to such a mortifying expediency for procuring money, engaged to advance, immediately, the sum that was requisite..

Columbus had proceeded some leagues on his journey, when the messenger from Isabella overtook him. He returned with joy, mingled with some degree of fear lest he should again be disappointed. The manner of his reception by the Queen was, however, such as quickly dispelled his fears. A negotiation commenced, and was forwarded with despatch, and a treaty of capitulation with Columbus was signed on the 7th of April, 1492. The chief articles of it were, 1. Ferdinand and Isabella, as

sovereigns of the ocean, constituted Columbus their high admiral in all the seas, islands and continents, which should be discovered by his industry; and stipulated, that he and his heirs forever should enjoy this office, with the same powers and prerogatives which belonged to the high admiral of Castile, within the limits of his jurisdiction. 2. They appointed Columbus their viceroy in all the islands and continents which he should discover; but if, for the better administration of affairs, it should be necessary to establish a separate Governor in any of those countries, they authorized Columbus to name three persons, of whom they would chose one for that office; and the dignity of viceroy with all its immunities, was likewise to be hereditary in the family of Columbus. 3. They granted to Columbus and his heirs forever, the tenth of the free profits accruing from the productions and commerce of the countries which he should discover.

4. They declared, if any controversy or law suit shall arise, with respect to any mercantile transaction, in the countries which shall be discovered, it should be determined by the sole authority of Columbus, or of judges to be appointed by him.

5. They permitted Columbus to advance one eighth part of what should be expended in preparing for the expedition, and in carrying on commerce with the countries which he should discover, and entitled him, in return, to an eight part of the profit.

Though the name of Ferdinand appears conjoined with that of Isabella in this transaction, his distrust of Columbus was still so violent that he refused to take any part of the enterprise as king of Aragon. As the whole expense of the expedition was to be defrayed by the crown of Castile, Isabella reserved for her subjects of that kingdom, an exclusive right to all the benefits which might redound from its success.

After all the efforts of Isabella and Columbus, the armament was suitable, neither to the dignity of the power who equipped it, nor to the importance of the service to which it was destined. It consisted of three vessels; the largest, a ship of no considerable burden, was commanded by Columbus, as admiral, who

gave it the name of *Santa Maria*. Of the second called the *Pinta*, Martin Pinzon was captain, and his brother Francis pilot. The third, named the *Nigua*, was under the command of Vincent Yanez Pinzon. These two last mentioned were light vessels, hardly superior in burden or force to large boats. This little squadron was victualled for twelve months, and had on board ninety men, mostly sailors, with a few adventurers, who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of Isabella's court, whom she appointed to accompany him. The sum employed in fitting out this squadron did not exceed £4000 sterling.

On the 3d of August, 1492, Columbus set sail in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who offered fervent supplications to heaven for his success, which they rather wished than expected. He steered directly for the Canary islands, and in the short run thither, found his ships crazy and ill appointed, and very unfit for so long and dangerous a navigation as he had undertaken. After refitting them as well as he could, he left the Canaries on the 6th of September, and here properly commenced the voyage of discovery. He held his course due west, and immediately left the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unknown and unfrequented seas. By the 14th of September, the fleet was about 200 leagues west of the Canaries, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time.

Columbus early discovered, from the spirit of his followers, that he must prepare to struggle, not only with the difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such also as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command. All the art and address he was master of was hardly sufficient to quell the mutinous disposition of his sailors, who grew the more turbulent in proportion as their distance from home increased. What most astonished Columbus, during the voyage, was the variation of the magnetic needle. He observed that it did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west. This appearance, then one of the mysteries of nature, though now

familiar, filled the companions of Columbus with terror.—They were now in the midst of a trackless ocean—nature herself seemed to be altered, and the only guide they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears and silenced their murmurs.

On the evening of the 11th of October, Columbus was so confident, from various appearances, of being near land, that he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie too, and strict watch to be kept lest they should be driven on shore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept on deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes. A little before midnight, Columbus, from the fore-castle, discovered a light at a distance—and shortly after the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the Pinta, which always kept ahead of the other ships.—At the dawn of day, an island was seen from every ship, at the distance of about two leagues north, whose verdant aspect indicated a most delightful country. The crews of all the ships, with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation, unitedly sang *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God. They then, with feelings of self condemnation, mingled with reverence, threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, begged him to forgive their ignorance, incredulity and insolence, which had given him so much unnecessary disquiet—acknowledged his superior abilities, and promised obedience in future.

At sunrising, the boats were manned and armed, and they rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects before them. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a

rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to so happy an issue. They then took solemn and formal possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon.

The dress of the Spaniards, their beards, their arms, the vast machines with which they had traversed the ocean, the thundering roar of the cannon, accompanied with lightning and smoke, filled the natives with surprise and terror, and they began to consider them as children of the sun, who had descended to visit mortals here below.

The Spaniards were hardly less amazed in their turn. The productions of the island were different from any thing they had ever seen in Europe. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses round their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper color; their features singular rather than disagreeable, and their aspect gentle and timid. They were shy at first, through fear; but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy, received from them various kinds of trinkets, in return for which they gave provisions, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value they could produce. Thus in the first interview between the inhabitants of the Old and new Worlds, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction.

The island on which Columbus first landed he called San Salvador. It is one of that large cluster of islands, known by the name of Lucaya or Bahama islands, and is above 3000 miles west of the Canaries.

He afterwards touched at several islands of the same cluster, enquiring every where for gold, which he thought was the only object of commerce worth his attention. In steering southward,

he discovered the Islands of Cuba and Hispaniola, abounding in all the necessities of life, and inhabited by a humane and hospitable people.

On his return to Spain he was overtaken by a storm, which had nearly proved fatal to his ships and their crews. At a crisis when all was given up for lost, Columbus had presence of mind enough to retire into his cabin, and to write upon parchment a short account of his voyage. This he wrapped in an oiled cloth, which he enclosed in a cake of wax, put it into a tight cask, and threw it into the sea, in hopes that some fortunate accident might preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world. He arrived at Palos in Spain, whence he had sailed the year before, on the 15th of March, 1493. He was welcomed with all the acclamations which the populace are ever ready to bestow on great and glorious characters; and the court received him with marks of the greatest respect.

In September, of this year, (1493) Columbus sailed upon his second voyage to America; during the performance of which, he discovered the islands of Dominica, Marigalante, Gaudaloupe, Montserrat, Antigua, Porto Rico and Jamaica; and returned to Spain 1496.

In 1498, he sailed a third time for America; and on the 1st of August discovered the continent, at the mouth of the river Orinoko. He then coasted along westward, making other discoveries for 200 leagues to Cape Vela, from which he crossed over to Hispaniola, where he was seized by a new Spanish governor, and sent home in chains.

In 1502, Columbus made his fourth and last voyage to Hispaniola; thence he went over to the Continent—discovered the bay of Honduras—thence sailed along the main shore easterly 200 leagues, to Cape Gracias a Dios, Veragua, Portobello and the Gulf of Darien, searching in vain for a passage to the East Indies. During this voyage, he was shipwrecked on the island of Jamaica, where he suffered almost inconceivably from the cruelty of the inhabitants, the mutiny of his men, and especially from the infamous conduct of the governor of Hispaniola. He

returned to Spain in 1504. On his arrival he received the fatal news of the death of his patroness, Queen Isabella.

The jealous and avaricious Spaniards, not immediately receiving those golden advantages from these new discoveries, which they had promised, and lost to the feelings of humanity and gratitude, suffered their esteem and admiration of Columbus to degenerate into ignoble envy.

The latter part of his life was made wretched by the cruel persecutions of his enemies. Queen Isabella, his friend and patroness, was no longer alive to afford him relief. He sought redress from Ferdinand, but in vain. Disgusted with the ingratitude of a monarch, whom he had served with so much fidelity and success; exhausted with hardships, and broken with the infirmities which these brought upon him, Columbus ended his active and useful life at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506, in the 59th year of his age. He died with a composure of mind suited to the magnanimity which distinguished his character, and with sentiments of piety becoming that supreme respect for religion which he manifested in every occurrence of his life. He was grave though courteous in his deportment, circumspect in his words and actions, irreproachable in his morals, and exemplary in all the duties of his religion.

Among other adventurers to the new world, in pursuit of gold, was Americus Vesputius, a Florentine gentleman, whom Ferdinand had appointed to draw sea charts, and to whom he had given the title of chief pilot. This man accompanied Ojeda, an enterprising Spanish adventurer, to America; and having with much art, and some degree of elegance, drawn up an amusing history of his voyage, he published it to the world. It circulated rapidly, and was read with admiration. In his narrative, he had insinuated that the glory of having first discovered the New World, belonged to him. This was in part believed, and the country began to be called after the name of its supposed first discoverer. The unaccountable caprice of mankind has perpetuated the error; so that now, by the universal consent of all nations, this new quarter of the globe is called AMERICA.

The bold pretensions of a fortunate impostor have robbed the discoverer of the New World of a distinction which belonged to him. The name of Americus has supplanted that of Columbus, and mankind are left to regret an act of injustice, which, having been sanctioned by time, they can never redress.



THE GRAND DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION

Of the first discovery of the Western Continent, by Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, A. D. 1492.

AN AMERICAN TRAGIC POETICAL HISTORY.

HAIL! Columbia's land! where freedom
Lights the lamp of liberty;
Act the part of nature's freemen
With the sons of Africa.
Stain not the honor of our nation
With oppression's cruel arm.
Let thy voice, emancipation,
Tyrants threats of power disarm.
When our forefathers, to discover
Seas unexplored and lands unknown;
Fearless engaged the storms and weather,
Sailed o'er the Atlantic's waves alone;
No pilot but the God of day,
No harbor, friend, nor country known;
They fear no danger or dismay,
But trusted in their God alone.
Day after day their anxious eyes
Gazed o'er the western watery world,
Where nought but water and the skies
Did the blue horizon unfurl;
The heavens above in azure blue,
And waters spread from pole to pole
One vast, wide waste the only view,
Where nature grand in billows roll;
The blue expanded western gaze
Still lengthened out their sight;

No land! Their minds in sore amaze
Their troubled souls affright.
Columbus, king of bold adventures,
Fearlessly pursues his plans,
And where his genius calls he ventures;
By his flatteries and commands,
Ignorance bold he did encounter,
And superstition's powers defeat;
With courage approaching unto wonder
Stilled the murmurs of his fleet.
The God of nature saw his virtues,
Struggling with the hand of fate;
Calmed Neptune's empire, full of terrors,
To a peaceful slumbering lake.
Fancy, excited by ambition,
Often sinks in keen despair;
And its charm, that 's so bewitching,
With the ignorant prove a snare.
Neptune's tars, who face all danger,
Fearing not the cannon's roar,
Beheld the ocean as some stranger
That terrific features wore.
Courage now began to fail them,
Distance increasing day by day,
The compass too, began to fail them,
Columbus, fearless and undaunted,
New inventions sought to find
To cheer their mind already haunted
By demons of an ancient kind.
Success attended his discovery;
Western still he plowed the main;
Billows, dressed in nature's livery,
Sullen murmurs seemed to sigh;
When, lo! the genius of the ocean,
Ominous of the great event,
Spread like charms of pure devotion,

Was by nature forward sent ;
Anticipation raised her sceptre,
Every heart the goddess cheers ;
With that useful, pleasing lecture,
Courage gains the crown she wears.
When, at midnight's silent hour,
A light is seen from distant shores,
Ominous of the growing power
Of a republic such as ours.
Joy ushered in a glorious morn,
Anrora's smiles new charms convey ;
A land, with lofty groves adorned,
Stretched far and wide, before them lay ;
With thankful hearts they humbly bend
Before Jehovah's royal throne ;
Their rising fears are banished now,
While readily their faults they own.
Heaven saw the scene with solemn joy :
The future weighed—her children see
Engaged in war and all the toys
That constitute earth's misery.

REMARKS ON NATURE'S VISION.

Here Nature is supposed to be a prophetic mother, seeing a vision—the whole scene of future ages displayed in full view—portraying the vast, promiscuous assemblage of all the tumultuous scenes incident to the fluctuating situation of such a world as ours. Towns, cities, and villages spread the plains; mountains, vallies, gulfs, bays, lakes, rivers, and all the domain of this western hemisphere, from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific's rolling waves and tumultuous billows. This vast amphitheatre displayed, peopled by millions of millions of the human family, scattered in various employments—the oceans, seas, bays, and harbors, groaning under the burden of ships for commerce, useful to mankind, and of huge castles of destruction, war's vast engines, to destroy the infatuated race of mortals whose ambition and pride would if possible dethrone heaven's King and prostrate all his works.

Cities, surrounded by walls, towers, and battlements, to keep out human beasts of prey; covered with the useless instruments of death and destruction: crowded with men, armed to assist grim death to destroy what God and nature forbid; brandishing swords, spears, and lances, at their own species, fathers, brothers, and former friends, who rush to the awful charge through brazen gates, over lofty bulwarks and ramparts of dead, through sheets of fire and all the awfals of eternity, to butcher and murder this poor and frail mortal image of man.

The awful view of all the horrid battles, sieges, and confusion, that has attended this horrible of all horrors from 1492 to the present date—oh! reader, canst thou imagine the scene? Yet we must suppose the great Author of all, whom I here call Nature, saw the results which would inevitably follow the settlement of this vast region—armies of thousands and

tens of thousands, armed to kill and destroy by command, standing in dread array, or rushing with all the fury of tigers, lions, bears, panthers, and, at the worst, mad-men; who meet in the same manner where fury only predominates in committing the most horrid murders, massacres, and robberies, that powers of invention, or the raving passions of ungoverned principles can muster or command—the fields of battle, the dead, the dying, the wounded, the cannon, the musket, the bayonet, sword, spear, lance, with every instrument of war—the confusion, uproar, dismay, horror, and defeat; the clash of arms, the roaring of cannon, the bursting of bombs, rattling of muskets, drums beating, trumpets sounding, shouts of victors, screams and yells, groans, moans, and lamentations, heard from every quarter—such the great Author of existence must have seen would result from the madness of ambition and infatuation.

The view of Nature's vision, exhibits her children, the original heirs of this vast region, stretching from the isle of Terra Del Fuego, to the icy barriers near the north pole, whose natural disposition seems friendly, courteous, and hospitable, driven by usurpation and the fangs of tyranny to despair. Their habits and customs through childhood and infancy naturally lead to cruelty; their untutored minds know no bounds, when roused to fierceness by repeated wrongs; the hatchet, the tomahawk and scalping knife, slaughter, death, and extermination, are their instant resort for redress. All the horrors of savage warfare, traverse the western continent—intrigue, treason, treachery, skulking by night and by day; burning, destroying, butchering fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children, without distinction to age, sex, and condition; sporting with life to make it more miserable, wading through blood, and regarding neither the cries of innocence, tears of mothers, or entreaties of fathers; horrors whole form their height of merriment. Even devils must blush at their enormities. In battle after battle, white men and Indians endeavored to rival each other in carrying ruin, devastation and cruelty to the highest pitch of perfection; deceiving, lying, betraying, often, too often the ruling passion of both

parties. The forests of America, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, record the bloody tragedies of hundreds of years past.

One vast scene of destruction Nature saw following the advance of the whites, from their first landing, westward. On the frontiers no day, hour, or minute, was safe. The fire-side, the field, the forest, were alike exposed. The midnight hour often, very often, witnessed a scene that defies the power of language or the pen of inspiration to describe. A horde of savages, more blood-thirsty than the tiger, bursting upon our slumbers, opening our doors with the weapons of destruction, the war-whoop and all the yells of enraged demons awakening the family to certain death. While the family, murdered and scalped, are scattered here and there, bleeding and mangled, the house is in flames, the winds bear to heaven the piteous cries and moans of the butchered family, mingled with the yells, the screams, and horrid sounds of monsters in human shape, who know not mercy and regard not suppliants' prayers. Here ends the vision, relative to the Indians.

That degraded and enslaved people, the negroes, next appeared in vision, claiming commiseration. Torn from their homes, their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends—hunted, dragged, bound, buffeted, whipped, half starved, wretched beings—by ruffians who disgrace their species, and who should be covered with eternal infamy—crammed into ships, and borne away like merchandize or cattle; whipped, lacerated, and threatened with death, for complaining; carried to some foreign market, and there sold for life to some nabob whose very existence is an abomination to freedom, to drag out their days under the lash of some bravado, whose very breath taints the air of America—while the bereft parents, brothers, and sisters, lament the forlorn condition of their friends and companions. Nature saw oppression land on the western shores, and raise its gigantic form to view. At sight of which, freedom's sons recoiled, and cried, "Out, death!" Its advance was soon met by freedom in arms, and after a severe struggle of seven long years, it retired

in part from the western continent, to its ancient abode where emperors and kings triumph, only in folly and extravagance.

This severe shock to oppression, Nature saw above three hundred years before, would level all titles, dignities, and honors, to the mere existence of a rich name, without real merit as an endorser to its worth and value.

Experience is the best looking-glass in nature! The theory tyrants must learn. The practical part freedom's sons will soon teach all kings, emperors, and despotic powers.

Here Vision saw this land of freedom, stained with the sable shade of African's in bondage. She sighed at a sight so repugnant to the laws of humanity, and against the former avowed principles of her white children in their thirteen united colonies. Shall Americans cause mother Nature to lament, by sanctioning slavery, so detestable to the feelings, and so obnoxious to their rights in 1775. The clanking of chains, the voice of a hard-hearted master, the threats of a negro driver, are sounds chilling to the ear of humanity, and such as when nature heard she condemned in so loud a voice that the world responded; who instantly summoned a council of all nations to investigate the right of slavery. The result was, from nearly every nation, to strike from all their records the stigma of that phrase, while the remains of that once terrific monster, oppression, are dwindled to a mere lizzard. And I am afraid its skeleton will have to die with our southern brethren; where the stench of its body has already so polluted the atmosphere that the skins of the whites are fast changing to a sable crimson blush, for the enormities of their guilt.

NATURE'S VISION.

Nature in vision saw the scene ;
Before her lay a vast display ;
'Towns and cities spread the green,
And ships and navies crowd the bay.
'Towers and bulwarks of defence,
Concourse of men in fierce array ;
Huge brazen gates and cities fenced
To keep out human beast of prey ;
Fierce mad-men threatening war's alarm,
Wielding death's instruments to show
Their power in visionary forms,
To rend the elements below ;
Battle's dire rage, slaughter and death,
On foot and horse, confusion reigns.
Blood stained the future page and path,
While cursed oppression rivets chains.
She saw the strong with marble hearts,
That tiger sucked, in human shapes,
Regardless of the wounds and smarts
Of suppliant waiting at their gate.
Fields strown with dead and dying men,
Arms, shields, and helmets, o'er the ground ;
While thundering cannon shake the plain,
And echo back a solemn sound.
Cities besieged and towers destroyed,
Armies on armies charge with ire ;
All stratagem and schemes employed
To blow a spark into a fire.
She saw the children of her wilds
Reduced and driven from their lands,

Retreat and flying from her isles ;
Dejected raise their suppliant hands.
They mourn their fate ; in silence wail.
She sees and hears their sighs and moans.
Their courage and their bravery fails,
As they are driven from their homes ;
Rank hatred mad, boiling with rage,
And treacherous arts, disgrace the name
Oppression build, an iron age,
And blacken history's future fame.
She sees her valleys stained with blood,
The war-whoop hears, and sees the dance ;
From where the villages once stood,
The smoke and ruins on her glance ;
She hears the horrid sound of war,
Alarms, ambushes and parades ;
The dreadful screams, and sounds afar,
Of red and white in battle's rage ;
She sees death ride in martial sway
Through the vast western wilderness ;
Her forests tremble with dismay,
To hear the groans of the distressed.
The midnight hour and silent gloom
Assigned the weary limbs to rest,
Screen villanies, and many a home
The scene of innocence distressed ;
She sees the blazing cottage burn,
The husband, wife, and family,
Butchered, slaughtered, and forlorn,
In all the scenes of misery ;
A savage man, frantic with rage,
No cruel scenes could satisfy
The barbarous mind of man enraged,
Death, hell, and devils all defy.
She sees her Afric's sons enslaved,
And hears heart rending sobs and grief ;

While lamentation's passions rave,
And implore death to grant relief;
She hears the Afric parents mourn,
Their cries and frantic scenes of grief,
For children from their bosoms torn,
By ruffians savage as the beast.
Brothers lament their parents dear,
Their sisters dragged to slavery;
Sisters their parents, brothers, hear,
In all the scenes of agony.
Oppression's bold and reckless prow;
Raised its huge head on western shores.
And forward march and minions bow
To her terrific form of powers.
Columbia's banner instant rose,
And floats majestic in the air;
She saw it triumph o'er her foes,
And knows her God is with it there.
Vice stalks, a monster bold and huge,
Weighed down to earth by scenes of guilt,
While all her laws are subterfuge,
And all her ways a worthless guilt.
The tyrant's arm hath lost its strength;
She views its fast declining power;
The spangled banner rose at length,
Ominous of that fatal hour.
She saw Columbia's sons arise
Against oppression's cruel laws;
Their independence realize,
In God, the grand efficient cause.
In vision, Britain's lofty throne
Trembled beneath fair liberty;
And tyrants dread the rising storm
That must decide their destiny.
Here, here, kind nature deeply sighed,
And viewed oppression's tragedy;

She heard the voice of them who cried,
From this fair land, America ;
She hears the negro clank his chain,
And groan beneath a heavy yoke ;
She sees him driven o'er the plain,
By those who had their fetters broke ;
She saw the tiger in the breast
Of freedom's sons, where liberty
Ought to supplant this vicious guest,
In image of the Deity ;
She saw the Indians sore oppressed,
And hears them call on God for aid ;
Suppliant they claim their fathers rest
Of liberty's illustrious maid.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

In the new world, Oct. 12, 1492, on the Island of St. Salvador.

The vision ends, the scene renews ;
Columbus with his little band,
With thankful hearts the landscape view ;
Make their arrangements soon to land,
While distant natives line the shore,
A new novelty to see—
Strangers arrived, displaying power
As they suppose from Deity.
Wonder, at the sight before them,
Presents a scene entirely new.
From whence or where the strangers came
They know not. Fearful the view.
Trembling seized these sons of nature,
While the boats prepared to land ;
Anxious view th' approaching strangers,
On the shore's deserted strand.
Columbus and his brave companions
View the new and novel scene,
Natives, naked, see them landing,
Timorous fly along the green,
Simple nature dressed their features ,
Simple nature was their store ,
Their customs, manners, and their natures.
Are the habits nature wore.

Joy in every face sat smiling ;
Te Deum bursts from every voice ;
Thanksgiving—with a heart relying
On a God they all rejoice.

Fourteen hundred ninety-two,
October twelfth records the day
History's page begins a new,
Illustrious theme—America.
At sun-rise on this pleasant morn
Columbus with his little band
With colors flying rich adorned,
Their boats with seamen all are manned,
With warlike music they advance,
And marshal pomp their power display,
As they approach with sword and lance
The astonished natives flee away.
Columbus, chief of bold adventures,
Europe's first and native son
Who set foot on St. Salvador,
A new world commenced. At rising sun
His seamen bow and kiss the ground
Which they so long desired to see,
They thanked Jehovah, and the sound
Arose from earth to Deity,
In honor to Emanuel's name
Who died upon Mount Calvary;
They erect a cross, declare his fame
To thy lone wilds, America;
They formally possession take
Of this, the first discovered isle,
And claim in this vast western lake
Discoverer's right to land and soil,
The coyish natives are at first
Timorous as the flying deer;
Soon the fears of nature hushed,
And on friendly terms appear;
Gentle their aspect and their mien,
Friendship and liberality,
Courteous their manners and serene,
A native, kind morality.

Wild nature planted at their root,
Dormant, asleep, till passion's sway
Rouses the latent spark and shook
Its fury o'er the blaze of day ;
Savage by custom, fierce and wild,
Jealous, suspicious, ignorant,
When roused to war, this dreadful child
Seemed devil or some demon sent ;
The feuds of jealousy soon broke
The cord of friendship's pleasing band,
And murder gave the fatal stroke,
When hell's black captain took command.
Scenes of barbarity and rage
That history fain would wish to screen,
Stamps, stamps America's last age,
And stands conspicuous to be seen.
Oppression raised her horrid crest,
An iron age of ruthless fame ;
The savage of the wilderness
Might of his mercies loud complain.
This monster of gigantic birth,
First born of all tyrannic sway
That swims by sea or stalks the earth,
That walks by night or skulks by day—
Tremendous engine in the hand
Of bigotry and tyrant power,
Where church and state in any land
Leagued in embrace, mankind devour.
Columbus spent his useful life
His country's honor to advance,
Oppression's cursed and hateful rise
Robbed him of fame's illustrious charm.
His name recorded deep, shall live
While memory lasts and time endures,
A tribute which the muses give,
And liberty his fame secures.

Deep in thy breast, America!
Lament the base and cruel deed
That Ferdinand and vanity
Against Columbus had decreed.
Fame spread her wings and echo rolled,
And wonder her vast story told;
The tidings spread on every gale,
That over land or ocean sail.
Soon the news came to adventurers
Of discovery's opening field,
And those seas that swarm with danger
To the power of genius yield.
Nations vie, in competition,
Ships and navies plow the main,
Golden views, anticipation,
Leads their vessels home again.
Columbus, stripped of his protection—
Isabella, Queen, is dead,
And a storm of black detraction
Soon was gathering o'er his head.
Robbed of the honor which he merits,
Americus supplants his name;
The title which he just inherits
Registers another's claim.
Blush! Europe, Asia, Africa,
The world records the deed you've done,
Time cannot alter the decree
Nor now repay earth's worthy son;
Consigned to dust his body lies,
His memory long as time shall live;
Proud monuments of art may rise,
But can't a name to memory give.
Struggling with an iron age
He spent his life in servitude;
He had blind ignorance to engage,
And superstition's faithless brood.

EXPEDITION OF CORTEZ,

And Spanish Cruelties in Mexico and South America.

Cortez landed in Mexico on the 27th of April, 1518, and on 16th of August began his march for its capital with five hundred foot, fifteen horse, and six field pieces. He first engaged the Tlascalans, a numerous and warlike people, who were obliged to yield to the power of his arms. Being enemies to the Mexicans they made a treaty with the Spaniard, and joined his little army. Cortez, with his troops, accompanied by six thousand of his new allies, advanced on Mexico. Montezuma sent messengers to meet and welcome him as a guest with rich presents, (though sometimes the messenger endeavored to induce him to retire.) Such was the indecision of the Mexican monarch whether to receive him as a friend or an enemy, till he arrived at the gate of the city.

Mexico is situated on an island in a lake, accessible by three causeways, on which Cortez and his army approached near the city, where they were met by one thousand persons richly adorned, who announced Montezuma's approach. Montezuma soon followed, seated in a chair of state, richly ornamented with gold, carried by four of his principal officers, while others supported a canopy over his head. Thus did Montezuma introduce the destroyer of his kingdom, life, and happiness, into his capital. He conducted this inhuman wretch and murderer into the city, assigned him and his army quarters, and treated them as friends. But read the black designs of ingratitude. Cortez planted his artillery, arranged his heilish purposes, and plotted destruction under the mask of hypocrisy, while the innocent Montezuma and subjects were feasting them and making them rich presents. In the midst of friendly intercourse this imp of

his satanic majesty resolved to seize the poor old king and imprison one whose only motive and wish was friendship, and wrest from him his gold and dominions. Alas ! intelligent nature bled, and humanity wept at the butchery.

Cortez accused Montezuma of being the author of an outrage on the Spaniards near Vera Cruz, which Montezuma with astonishment denied, and convinced Cortez of his innocence. Yet he demanded of him to go to the Spanish camp ; which Montezuma earnestly remonstrated against—but in vain. He was obliged to inform his people that he intended to take up his quarters amongst his new friends. When it was known that the Spaniards were carrying off their Emperor they broke out into the wildest transport of rage and threatened the immediate destruction of the Spaniards ; but Montezuma declaring it to be an act of his own choice, they dispersed.

Montezuma, now a prisoner, was obliged to acknowledge himself a vassal to the King of Spain, and pay for his base treatment with rich and valuable presents to this inquisitorial master. The Mexicans, aroused to vengeance by repeated wrongs, attacked Cortez in his quarters with all the fury of desperation. Cortez astonished at this event, seeing those who submitted at first so tamely to the foreign yoke, rise at once, fearless of death hurled amongst them from the Spanish cannon, and rush like a torrent on his quarters, made two desperate sallies, lost twelve of his men, and being wounded himself, gained little advantage of the foe. No resource was left but to make use of the captive Emperor to quell the insurrection. Montezuma was brought in royal pomp to the battlements and compelled to address the people. But their fury rose above all restraint. Volleys of stones wounded the unfortunate Montezuma, who fell under a pressure of grief, to rise no more. Seeing their Emperor fall, they fled in horror. He was carried to the Spanish quarters, where weary of life, he refused to take nourishment, and died in a few days. Thus the base hand of cruelty has prostrated, and still prostrates, the pleasing hope of the poor wandering sons of the forest, once lords of the soil on which we

now live. The death of Montezuma was followed by a war of extermination. The daring spirit and bravery of the Mexicans soon convinced Cortez that he must be overwhelmed by numbers, and that a retreat was his only safety. It was effected in the night, but not without great loss. The Mexicans were in arms, the bridge over which they must pass was broken down, and his army hemmed in on all sides. The confusion was universal. The shouts, the yells, and the courage of the Mexicans, gave horror to the scene. The lake was covered with canoes, crowded by men, driven to madness and fury. The Indians seemed irresistible. Cortez, in the mean time, with a part of his soldiers cut his way through the enemy; while others, whom the Mexicans had taken alive, were dragged away to be sacrificed to the god of war.

In this fatal retreat, which is yet distinguished in New Spain by the name of *Noche Triste*, or the night of sorrow, not less than half of the Spaniards, with above two thousand *Tlascalans* were killed; many officers of distinction also perished, among whom was *Velasquez de Leon*, considered as the second person in the army, and in daring courage not inferior to Cortez himself. All the artillery, ammunition, and baggage were lost; and only a small portion of the treasure which they had amassed was saved. The whole empire was now in arms, and Cortez having reviewed his shattered battalions, continued his retreat towards *Tlascala*, the only place where he could hope for friendly reception. He met with no opposition till he reached the valley of *Otumba*, where the whole force of the Mexicans was concentrated. When the Spaniards had gained the summit of an eminence, they saw the spacious valley through which they were obliged to pass, covered with an army extended as far as the eye could reach. At the sight of this immense multitude, the Spaniards were astonished, and even the boldest were inclined to despair. But Cortez, without allowing time for their fears to gain strength by reflection, briefly reminded them that no alternative remained, but to conquer or die; and instantly led them to the charge. The Mexicans waited their approach

with inflexible firmness. Notwithstanding the superiority of European discipline and arms, the Spaniards, though successful in every attack, were ready to sink under the repeated efforts of innumerable multitudes. But Cortez, observing the great standard of the empire, which was carried before the Mexican general, and recollecting to have heard that on its fate the issue of every battle depended, put himself at the head of a few of his bravest officers, and pushed forward with an impetuosity that bore down all before it, to the place where he saw it displayed. Cortez, having brought the Mexican general to the ground with a stroke of his lance, the select body of guards was broken, and the imperial standard disappeared. At this spectacle, the Mexicans were struck with a universal panic, and fled with precipitation to the mountains.

The day after the battle of Otumba, the Spaniards reached the territories of the Tlascalans, their allies, who being implacable enemies of the Mexican name, continued faithful to Cortez in this reverse of his fortune. Here he had an interval of rest and tranquility, that was extremely necessary for curing the wounded and for recruiting the strength of his soldiers; exhausted as they were by a long series of hardships and fatigues. During this suspension of military operations, he recruited his battalions with one hundred and eighty adventurers, newly arrived from Spain, and the islands; and obtained possession of some artillery and ammunition, which had been sent by Velasquez for the use of the army of Narvaez, and had been seized by the officer, whom Cortez had left in command at Vera Cruz. Having received these reinforcements, he resolved to recommence the war, and attempt the reduction of Mexico. But as he knew this to be impracticable, unless he could secure the command of the lake, he gave orders to prepare in the mountains of Tlascala, materials for constructing twelve brigantines, which were to be carried thither in pieces, ready to be put together, and launched when it should be found necessary.

On the twenty-eighth of December, 1520, Cortez began his second march towards Mexico, at the head of five hundred and

fifty Spanish foot, and forty horse, with ten thousand Tlascalans, and a train of nine field pieces. The Méxicans, however, were not unprepared for his reception. On the death of Montezuma, their nobility, in whom the right of electing the Emperor appears to have been vested, had raised his brother, Quetzlavaca, to the throne. The courage and conduct of this prince had been displayed in the direction of those attacks by which the Spaniards had been obliged to retreat from his capital; and he took the most prudent and vigorous measures for preventing their return; but, while he was arranging his plans of defence, with a degree of foresight uncommon in an aboriginal American, he died of the small-pox; a disorder unknown in that quarter of the globe, until it was introduced by the Europeans. In his stead, the Mexicans elected Guatimozin, nephew, and son-in-law of Montezuma, a young prince of distinguished abilities and valor. Cortez having advanced to Tezcuco, a city near the lake of Mexico, and about twenty miles distant from that capital, was near seeing all his vast plans of conquest defeated, by a dangerous conspiracy among his troops; many of whom, on a near view of the difficulties which they had to encounter, in attacking a city of so difficult access as Mexico, had formed the design of assassinating him and his principal officers, and of conferring the command on some other, by whom this desperate project would be relinquished. The conspiracy, however, being detected, and the mutinous spirit of the troops allayed, by the consummate prudence and firmness of the general, the preparations for the attack of Mexico were carried on with unanimity and ardor. In the space of three months, the materials for the construction of the brigantines were completed, and carried from the mountains of Tlascala to Tezcuco, on the lake of Mexico, a distance of above sixty miles, by ten thousand men, escorted by fifteen thousand Tlascalan warriors, and two hundred and fifteen Spaniards. A great number of Indians, also, were employed, during the space of two months, in widening the rivulet which ran from Tezcuco to the lake, and forming it into a navigable canal, near two miles in length. About the same time, the

army received a reinforcement of two hundred Spanish soldiers, eighty horses, and two pieces of battering cannon, with a considerable supply of arms and ammunition; all of which had been procured in Hispaniola, by the agents of Cortez in that island.

The brigantines were now put together and launched; and every preparation was made for the siege. The Spaniards were already posted at Tezcuco; and their first step was to take possession of Tacuba and Cuoyocan; the cities which commanded the other two causeways. This they effected with little opposition, as the inhabitants had fled into Mexico, where the whole force of the nation was concentrated. The first effort of the Mexicans was to destroy the brigantines; but their numerous canoes were soon dispersed, and the Spaniards, after a great slaughter of the enemy, were left masters of the lake. The siege having continued a whole month, during which time one furious conflict had succeeded another; and many of the Spaniards being killed, more of them wounded, and all of them ready to sink under the pressure of unremitted fatigue; Cortez, in consideration of these circumstances, resolved to make a grand effort to obtain possession of the city.

In consequence of this resolution, a general attack was made by the three causeways. Cortez himself led the division which advanced by the causeway Cuoyocan; while the two others were commanded by Sandoval, and Alvaredo; two officers of distinguished bravery. The Spaniards pushed forward with an impetuosity that bore down all opposition, and forced their way over the canals and barricadoes, into the city. Guatimozin, now seeing the Spaniards within his capital, and observing that they had neglected to fill up the great breach in the causeway of Cuoyocan, although Cortez had stationed an officer there for that purpose, commanded his troops to slacken their efforts, and to suffer the Spaniards to advance into the heart of the city, while he despatched bands of select warriors, by different routes, to intercept their retreat. On a signal given by the Emperor, the priests at the principal temple struck the great drum consecrated to the god of war. No sooner did the Mexicans hear

its solemn and impressive sound, calculated to inspire them with a contempt of death, and an enthusiastic ardor, than they rushed on the enemy with frantic rage. The Spaniards were obliged to retire; and, in the scene of confusion which ensued, six Mexican captains, having seized on Cortez, were carrying him off, when two of his officers rescued him, at the expense of their own lives: but not till after he had received several dangerous wounds. Above sixty Spaniards perished in this second retreat; and forty of these fell, alive, into the hands of an enemy never known to show mercy to a captive. These unfortunate men were dragged in triumph to the temple, and sacrificed to the god of war.

After this dreadful disaster, Cortez changed his mode of attack; and, instead of attempting to become master of the city, at a single stroke, contented himself with making gradual approaches. The three divisions recommenced the attack, but proceeded with great circumspection. As the Spaniards advanced along the causeways, the Indian allies repaired the breaches behind them; and as soon as they got possession of any part of the city, the houses were immediately levelled with the ground. Incredible numbers of the Mexicans fell in these conflicts, which were every day renewed. The survivors experienced all the horrors of famine, as their stores were exhausted by the multitudes that had flocked to the capital, to defend their sovereign, and the temples of their gods; and the Spaniards, with their allies, were masters of the lake, and of all the avenues that led to the city.

The invaders continuing their progress, all the three divisions of their army at last met in the great square, in the centre of the city, where they made a secure lodgement. Three-fourths of Mexico were now laid in ruins, and the remaining quarter was so hard pressed, that it could not long resist the efforts of the assailants. At this juncture, Guatimozin was taken by the brigantines on the lake, in attempting to make his escape in a canoe. As soon as the capture of the emperor was known, the resistance of the Mexicans ceased; and Cortez took possession of

the small part of the city that was not destroyed. Thus terminated the siege of Mexico, after having continued seventy-five days, scarcely one of which passed without some extraordinary effort of attack or defence. The Spaniards, as may be expected, were elated with joy, by the completion of their difficult conquest, and the expectation of sharing immense spoils. But in the latter respect, they were miserably disappointed. Guatimozin foreseeing his impending fate, had caused the riches amassed by his ancestors to be thrown into the lake; and instead of becoming master of the treasures of Montezuma, and the spoils of the temples, the conquerors could collect only a small booty amidst ruin and desolation. The Spaniards exclaimed loudly against their general, whom they suspected of appropriating the greatest part of the spoils to his own use, as well as against Guatimozin, whom they accused of obstinately concealing his treasures. In order to allay this ferment, Cortez consented to a deed that sullied all the glory of his actions. He suffered the royal captive with his principal minister to be put to the rack, in order to oblige him to discover the place where his riches were concealed. The unhappy monarch bore his sufferings with all the firmness of a hero, and when his minister uttered some complaint, he asked, "Am *I* now reposing on a bed of roses." The favorite, stung with remorse, persevered in dutiful silence, and expired. Cortez ashamed of so horrid a scene, rescued the royal victim from the hands of his torturers. The unfortunate Guatimozin being some time afterwards suspected of forming a scheme to throw off the Spanish yoke, was by Cortez condemned to be hanged, together with the Caziques of Tezcuco, and Tacuba, two persons of the greatest eminence in the empire. The success of Cortez and the splendor of his conquest, procured him from the emperor Charles V. the viceroyalty of Mexico, in spite of the claim of Velasquez, and the insinuations of his other enemies.

PIZARRO'S EXPEDITION INTO PERU.

When Pizarro first landed in Peru, the civil war between the two brothers was not terminated ; and neither of the competitors paid any attention to the operations of an enemy, whose number appeared to them too inconsiderable to excite alarm. By this coincidence of events, the Spaniards penetrated to the centre of Peru, without opposition, and then met with only a feeble resistance from a disunited and disaffected people. Pizarro immediately advanced towards Caxamarca, a town near which Atahualpa was encamped. On the road he was met by an officer, bearing a valuable present from the Inca, with an offer of peace and alliance. Pizarro, following the example of Cortez, in Mexico, announced himself as the ambassador of a powerful monarch, who courted the friendship of the Inca ; and declared that he was advancing to offer him his assistance against all those who should dispute his title to the crown. On entering Caxamarca, Pizarro took possession of a strong post in the town, and sent a message to Atahualpa, whose camp was about a mile distant from that place. The messengers were instructed to confirm his former declaration of pacific intentions, and to request an interview with the Inca, for the purpose of explaining the motives that induced him to visit his country. On their arrival at the Peruvian camp, they were treated with the most respectful hospitality, and the Inca promised to visit the Spanish commander the next day at his quarters. The vast profusion of wealth which they observed in the Inca's camp, struck the messengers with astonishment. On their return to Caxamarca, they gave such a description of it to their countrymen, as excited at once their wonder and avarice.

From his own observation of American manners, and ideas, as well as from the advantages which Cortez had derived from seiz-

ing Montezuma, Pizarro knew of what consequence it would be to have the Inca in his power; and immediately made his arrangements for seizing on his person, at the approaching interview. His troops were disposed in the most advantageous manner, and kept in readiness for action. The next day Atahualpa appeared in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence, with several hundreds of attendants, and seated on a throne almost covered with gold and silver, carried on the shoulders of his principal officers. Several bands of singers and dancers accompanied the procession, and the plain was covered with his troops, amounting to about thirty thousand in number. The interview was conducted in an extraordinary manner on the part of the Spaniards. As the Inca drew near to their quarter, Father Valverde, chaplain to the expedition, advanced with a crucifix in one hand, and a breviary in the other, and began a long discourse, explaining to him the christian religion, requiring him to embrace its doctrines, and acknowledge the king of Spain as his sovereign. This extraordinary harangue, confused rather than explained by an unskilful interpreter, filled the Inca with surprise and indignation. Of his own dominions he declared himself the absolute master; and with regard to religious matters, he expressed a wish to know where the Spaniards had learned such singular doctrines. "In this book," answered Valverde, reaching to him his breviary. The Inca opened it with eager curiosity, and turning over the leaves, lifted it to his ear, and listened with serious attention. "This," said he, "is silent—it tells me nothing," and threw it with disdain on the ground. The Monk immediately cried out, "To arms, Christians, to arms; the word of God is insulted." Pizarro at that instant gave the signal of attack. The martial music struck up, the cannon and musquetry began to fire, and both horse and foot made a furious charge. It is easier to conceive than describe the amazement and consternation of the Peruvians, at an attack which they so little expected. Dismayed at the destructive effects of the fire-arms, and the irresistible charge of the cavalry, they fled in the utmost confusion. Pizarro, at the head of a chosen band, rushed forward

and seized the Inca. About four thousand Peruvians fell in this fatal rencounter. Not a single Spaniard was either killed or wounded, except Pizarro himself, who received a slight wound in his hand. The conduct of their countrymen in this transaction is condemned by all the Spanish historians.

The plunder of the field and camp was rich beyond any idea which the Spaniards had yet formed of the wealth of Peru, and they passed the night in the extravagant exultation natural to indigent adventurers, on so great and so sudden an acquisition of wealth. The captive monarch in the meanwhile, soon discovered the ruling passion of the invaders, and hoped by gratifying their avarice to regain his liberty. The room in which he was confined was twenty-two feet in length, by sixteen in breadth, and he offered to fill it as high as he could reach, with vessels of gold. Pizarro closed eagerly with the proposal, and the Inca immediately took measures for fulfilling his part of the agreement, and sent messengers to Cuzco, Quito, and other places, to collect the gold amassed in the temples, and in the palaces of the Incas. At the same time, apprehending that his brother Huascar, who was kept in confinement, might engage the Spaniards to espouse his cause, he despatched private orders for his execution, and these, like his other commands, were punctually obeyed.

Pizarro, in his compact with Atahualpa, appears to have had no other intention than that of inducing him to collect, by his authority, the whole wealth of his kingdom. Among various circumstances which concurred to accelerate the catastrophe of the unfortunate Inca, one of a singular nature is related by the Spanish historians. Of all the European arts, that which he most admired was the use of letters; but he was uncertain whether it was a natural or an acquired talent. In order to determine the point, he desired one of the soldiers to write the name of God, and then showed it to others, of whom several could read. At length he exhibited it to Pizarro, who, never having learned to read, was obliged to confess his ignorance. From that moment, Atahualpa regarded the commander in chief as a mean person,

less instructed than many of his soldiers; and he had not the address to conceal his sentiments on the subject. This mortified the pride of Pizarro, and operated as an additional motive to induce him to hasten the destruction of the Inca. It was, however, deemed requisite to give a legal appearance to the transaction. A court of justice was formed: Pizarro and Almagro sat as judges. Before this singular tribunal, Atahualpa was accused of usurping the throne, of putting his brother, and lawful sovereign, to death, and of various other crimes. To judges predetermined to condemn, slight evidence was sufficient. The unfortunate prince was convicted, and sentenced to be burnt alive. Astonished at his sentence, he used every means to avert his fate: he even consented to be baptised; but his enemies were bent on his destruction. All he could obtain, was a mitigation of punishment; and instead of being burnt, he was strangled. Among those profligate adventurers, there were some who not only remonstrated, but protested against this barbarous proceeding; but their endeavors were ineffectual, and the more violent faction prevailed.

The treasure collected for the ransom of the Inca, had been immediately divided among the soldiers; and there is no example in history of so sudden an acquisition of wealth by military adventure. No less than eight thousand pesos, a sum at that time equivalent to considerably more than as many pounds sterling in the present century, fell to the share of each horseman; and half as much, to each foot soldier, after the king's fifth had been deducted, and Pizarro, with the other officers, had received shares proportioned to their rank. This abundance of wealth, flowing all at once upon indigent adventurers, excited, in many of them, a desire of retiring, to spend the rest of their days in opulence and ease. Pizarro readily gratified their wish, sensible that the sight of riches, so rapidly acquired, would allure fresh adventurers. He could not, indeed, have sent out better recruiting officers. No sooner were they arrived at Panama, where they displayed their wealth to the view of their astonished countrymen, than fame spread abroad, with exaggeration, the

account of their success. The spirit of adventure was excited beyond all former example; and the governors of several provinces found great difficulty in restraining the colonists from abandoning their possessions, to go in quest of the inexhaustible treasures of Peru. In spite of every check, however, so many fresh adventurers resorted to the standard of Pizarro, that he began his march to Cuzco at the head of five hundred men, after leaving a considerable garrison in the fort of St. Michael. In his march, he was feebly opposed by two bodies of Peruvians; but these he put to flight with great slaughter, and with very little loss on his side. He then marched forward to Cuzco, and met with no resistance in taking possession of that capital. The riches found there, even after all that the natives had carried off, or concealed, exceeded in value what had been received for the Inca's ransom. But as the number of soldiers was greater, the shares were proportionably smaller. Each person, however, received four thousand pesos, after the king's fifth, and the shares of the officers, were deducted.

TREACHERY AND CRUELTY OF CORTEZ.

Oppression winged, pursued her game ;
The western wilds record the deed ;
On Montezuma's fertile plain
Where Mexicans by thousands bleed.
Kind nature shudders to behold
Dire tragedy's black catalogue ;
Each day barbarities unfold,
That cry for vengeance to a God ;
While smoking fields of carnage speak
And tell the widows' groans and sighs,
While ghosts, ascending, look and weep
To hear the orphan's piteous cries.
The voice of nature, from her tower,
Laments her children's cruelty ,
She sees the dreadful handed power,
Of lawless gangs of infamy.
While war, in all its horrid forms
Of blood, and slaughter, and deceit,
The red and white with fury arms,
In conflict of most deadly hate.
Montezuma's tragic drama
Deep records the deadly ire ;
Death to slavery says the army
Burning with a marshal ire.
Their spirit roused, all pity fled,
A thrilling scorn ran through the ranks,
A shower of stones soon lays him dead,
Though once adored, and graced their ranks.
Cortez, famed a hero on our pages,
Engaged in conquests cursed career,

Mad to reason, he engages
Nature's rights—the sigh and tear.
Gautimozin's cruel sufferings,
Stretched on a bed of coals,
While his breast is proudly stifling
What conceals his wealth and gold?
See him disdain the tyrant's offer ;
Disclosure, force nor threats extort—
Heroic bravery under torture,
His favorite's proffer stern retort.
Cortez, ashamed of deeds so cruel,
Blushed at the crime and bids forbear,
Released the roasted victim, marred
With scars and wounds of dreadful ire.
Shame burn the face of every Christian
Who sanctions scenes of cruelty.
The church of Rome, that inquisition
Of hell's infernal deity—
Spain's horrid engine of despair,
Her inquisitions and her priests,
A magazine of dread and fear,
Where clergy and the idiot feasts.

PIZARRO'S ADVENTURE.

Could South-America's vast scene
Be but displayed, humanity
Must, must revolt behind the screen,
To view the scenes of butchery ;
Peruvian soil stained deep with blood,
Pizarro's treachery God insults ;
Inca seized ; the purple flood,
Their gold, the God, their priest consults.
Avarice, that magazine of vice,
Stained, stained, the sacerdotal robe ;
Peruvian gold they higher prized
Than souls' salvation or their God.
The sun can witness a sad tale
Of woe and wanton misery ;
And nature sigh, lament and wail
At Spanish power in infamy.
Heaven has chastised the Spanish crown,
Revolution and conspiracies
Have humbled her once fair renown,
To see and taste the dregs she gives.

SCENES,

Attending the first settling of America by Europeans, in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.

The discovery of this continent, by Christopher Columbus, in 1492, gave a new impulse to commerce. The hardy and adventurous spirit of the age, awakened to new pursuits, soon rallied under the banners of England, France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal. Europe, at that day being thickly inhabited, saw a new door open for enterprize, and her energetic sons entered with zeal the lists of adventure, and determined to seek the smiles of fortune in this new world, then a howling wilderness from ocean to ocean, inhabited by nearly a new race of beings, whose customs and manners form a wonderful contrast with Europe's civilization. In order to convey a succinct idea of this period, and the two following centuries, I shall in this place introduce the history of those times from the first volume of Morse's Universal Geography.

NORTH AMERICA was discovered in the reign of Henry VII. a period when the arts and sciences had made very considerable progress in Europe. Many of the first adventurers were men of genius and learning, and were careful to preserve authentic records of such of their proceedings as would be interesting to posterity. These records afford ample documents for American historians. Perhaps no people on the globe, can trace the history of their origin and progress with so much precision, as the inhabitants of North-America; particularly that part of them who inhabit the territory of the United States.

1495.] The fame which Columbus had acquired by his first discoveries on this western continent, spread through Europe, and inspired many with the spirit of enterprize. As early as 1495, four years only after the first discovery of America, John

Cabot, a Venetian, obtained a grant or commission from Henry VII. to discover unknown lands and annex them to the crown.

In the spring of 1496 he sailed from England with two ships, carrying with him his three sons. In this voyage, which was intended for China, he fell in with the north side of Terra Labrador, and coasted northerly as far as the 67th degree of latitude.

1497.] The next year he made a second voyage to America with his son Sebastian, who afterwards proceeded in the discoveries which his father had begun. On the 24th of June he discovered Bonavista, on the north east side of Newfoundland. Before his return he traversed the coast from Davis' Straits to Cape Florida.

1502.] Sebastian Cabot was this year at Newfoundland; and on his return, carried three of the natives of that island to King Henry VII.

1513.] In the spring of 1513, John Ponce sailed from Porto Rico northerly, and discovered the continent in 30° 8 north latitude. He landed in April, a season when the country around was covered with verdure, and in full bloom. This circumstance induced him to call the country FLORIDA, which, for many years, was the common name for North and South America.

1516.] In 1516, Sir Sebastian Cabot and Sir Thomas Pert, explored the coast as far as Brazil in South-America.

This vast extent of country, the coast of which was thus explored, remained unclaimed and unsettled by any European power, (except by the Spaniards in South-America) for almost a century from the time of its discovery.

1524.] It was not till the year 1524, that France attempted discoveries on the American coast. Stimulated by his enterprising neighbors, Francis I. who possessed a great and active mind, sent John Verrazano, a Florentine, to America, for the purpose of making discoveries. He traversed the coast from latitude 28° to 50° north. In a second voyage, sometime after, he was lost.

1525.] The next year Stephen Gomez, the first Spaniard

who came upon the American coast for discovery, sailed from Groyn, in Spain, to Cuba and Florida, thence northward to Cape Razo or Race, in latitude 46° north, in search of a northern passage to the East Indies.

1528.] Pamphilo de Narvaez, in the service of Spain; sailed from Cuba with 400 men to conquer Florida; but he was wrecked on the coast by a tempest, and his purpose defeated.

1534.] In the spring of 1534, by the direction of Francis I. a fleet was fitted out at St. Malo's in France, with design to make discoveries in America. The command of this fleet was given to James Cartier. He arrived at Newfoundland in May of this year. Thence he sailed northerly; and on the day of the festival of St. Lawrence, he found himself in about latitude $48^{\circ} 30'$ north, in the midst of a broad gulf, which he named St. Lawrence. He gave the same name to the river which empties into it. In this voyage, he sailed as far north as latitude 51° , expecting in vain to find a passage to China.

1535.] The next year he sailed up the river St. Lawrence 300 leagues, to the great and swift fall. He called the country New France; built a fort near the west end of the isle of Orleans, which he called *Port de St. Croix*, in which he spent the winter, and returned in the following spring to France, carrying with him some of the natives.

1539.] On the 12th of May, 1539, Ferdinand de Soto, with 900 men, besides seamen, sailed from Cuba, having for his object the conquest of Florida. On the 30th of May he arrived at Spirito Santo, from whence he traveled northward to the Chickasaw country, in about latitude 35° or 36° . He died, after having spent three years in this country, and was buried on the bank of Mississippi River, May, 1542, aged 42 years. Alverdo succeeded him.

1540.] Cartier made a third voyage to Canada, built a fort and begun a settlement in 1541 or 1542, which he called *Charlebourg*, four leagues above Port de St. Croix. He soon after broke up the settlement and sailed to Newfoundland.

1542.] In 1542, Francis la Roche, Lord Roberval, was sent to Canada, by the French king, with three ships and 200 men,

women and children. They wintered there in a fort which they had built, and returned in the spring. About the year 1560, a large number of adventurers sailed for Canada, but were never after heard of. In 1598, the king of France commissioned the Marquis De la Roche to conquer Canada, and other countries not possessed by any Christian Prince. We do not learn, however, that la Roche ever attempted to execute his commission, or that any further attempts were made to settle Canada during this century.

During the succeeding 30 years, the passion for discovery took another direction. Adventurers from Europe were seeking a passage to India and China by the N. E. but were prevented from accomplishing their views by the cold and ice of those inhospitable regions. In this interval, the French of Brittany, the Spaniards of Biscay, and the Portuguese, enjoyed the fishery on the banks of Newfoundland, without interruption. [*Bellnap.*]

January 6, 1548-49.] This year king Edward VI. granted a pension for life to Sebastian Cabot, in consideration of the important services he had rendered to the kingdom by his discoveries in America. Very respectable descendents of the Cabot family now live in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

1562.] The Admiral of France, Chatillon, early in this year, sent out a fleet under the command of John Ribalt. He arrived at Cape Francis on the Coast of Florida, near which, on the first of May, he discovered and entered a river which he called May river. It is more than probable that this river is the same which we now call St. Mary's which forms a part of the southern boundary of the United States. As he coasted northward he discovered eight other rivers, one of which he called Port Royal, and sailed up it several leagues. On one of the rivers he built a fort and called it *Charles*, in which he left a colony under the direction of Captain Albert. The severity of Albert's measures excited a mutiny, in which, to the ruin of the colony, he was slain. Two years after, Chatillon sent Rene Laudonier with three ships to Florida. In June he arrived at the river *May*, on which he built a fort, and, in honor to his king, Charles IX. he called it CAROLINA.

In August, this year, Capt. Ribalt arrived at Florida the second time, with a fleet of seven vessels, to recruit the colony, which, two years before, he had left under the direction of the unfortunate Capt. Albert.

The September following, Pedro Melandes, with six Spanish ships, pursued Ribalt up the river on which he had settled, and overpowering him in numbers, cruelly massacred him and his whole company. Melandes having in this way taken possession of the country, built three forts, and left them garrisoned with 1200 soldiers. Laudonier and his colony on May River, receiving information of the fate of Ribalt, took the alarm and escaped to France.

1567.] A fleet of three ships was this year sent from France to Florida, under the command of Dominique de Gourges. The object of this expedition, was to dispossess the Spaniards of that part of Florida which they had cruelly and unjustly seized three years before. He arrived on the coast of Florida, April, 1568, and soon after made a successful attack upon the forts. The recent cruelty of Melandes and his company excited revenge in the breast of Gourges, and roused the unjustifiable principle of retaliation. He took the forts; put most of the Spaniards to the sword; and having burned and demolished all their fortresses, returned to France. During the 50 years next after this event, the French enterprized no settlements in America.

1576.] All attempts to find a N. E. passage to India being frustrated, Capt. Frobisher was sent this year to find a N. W. passage to that country. The first land which he made on the coast was a cape, which, in honor to the Queen he called *Queen Elizabeth's Foreland*. In coasting northerly he discovered the straits which bear his name, and which are now impassable by reason of fixed ice. He prosecuted his search for a passage into the western ocean till he was prevented by the ice, and then returned to England. The two following years he made a second and a third voyage, but produced no material discovery.

Sir Francis Drake, being on a cruise against the Spaniards in the South Sea, landed on the continent of America, northward

of California, took possession of a harbor, and called the circumjacent country between lat. 38° and 42° , *New Albion*, which name it has ever since retained.

1579.] In 1579, Sir Humphry Gilbert obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth, for lands not yet possessed by any Christian prince, provided he would take possession within six years.—With this encouragement he sailed to Newfoundland, and on the first of August, 1583, anchored in Conception Bay. He took formal possession of the continent of North-America for the crown of England. In pursuing his discoveries he lost one of his ships on the shoals of Sable, and on his return home, a storm overtook him, in which he was unfortunately lost, and the intended settlement was prevented.

1584.] This year two patents were granted by Queen Elizabeth, one to Adrian Gilbert, (Feb. 6,) the other to Sir Walter Raleigh, (March 25,) for lands not possessed by any Christian prince. By the direction of Sir Walter, two ships were fitted and sent out under the command of Philip Amidas, and Arthur Barlow, with 107 passengers. In June 1585 they arrived on the coast, and anchored in a harbor seven leagues west of the Roanoke. This colony returned to England with Sir Francis Drake, in June, 1586. On the 13th of July, they, in a formal manner, took possession of the country, and in honor of their virgin queen Elizabeth, they called it *Virginia*. Till this time the country was known by the general name of *Florida*. After this VIRGINIA became the common name for all North-America.

1586.] This year, Sir Walter Raleigh sent Sir Richard Grenville to America, with seven ships. He arrived at Wococon harbor in June. Having stationed a colony of more than an hundred people at Roanoke, under the direction of Capt. Ralph Lane, he coasted northeasterly as far as Chesapeake Bay and returned to England.

The colony under Capt. Lane, endured extreme hardships, and must have perished, had not Sir Francis Drake fortunately returned to Virginia, and carried them to England, after having

made several conquests for the queen in the West Indies and other places.

A fortnight after, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with new recruits; and although he did not find the colony which he had before left, and knew not but they had perished, he had the rashness to leave fifty men at the same place.

1587.] The year following, Sir Walter sent another company to Virginia, under Governor White, with a charter and twelve assistants. In July he arrived at Roanoke. Not one of the second company remained. He determined, however, to risk a *third* colony. Accordingly he left 115 people at the old settlement, and returned to England.

This year (Aug. 13.) *Manteo* was baptised in Virginia. He was the first native Indian who received that ordinance in that part of America. He, with Towaye, another Indian, had visited England, and returned home to Virginia with the colony. On the 18th of August, Mrs. Dare was delivered of a daughter, whom she called VIRGINIA. She was born at Roanoke, and was the first English child that was born in North-America.

1590.] In the year 1590, Governor White came over to Virginia with supplies and recruits for his colony; but, to his great grief, not a man was to be found. They had all miserably famished with hunger, or were massacred by the Indians.

1592.] Juan de Fuca, a Greek, in the service of Spain, was sent by the viceroy of Mexico, to discover a N. W. passage, by exploring the *western* side of the American continent. He discovered a strait which bears his name in the 48th deg. N. lat. and supposed it to be the long desired passage. [*Purchas.—Belknap.*]

1598.] De la Loche obtained from Henry IV. of France, a commission to conquer Canada, and other countries not possessed by any christian prince. He sailed from France with a company of *convicts* from the prisons; landed 40 on the *isle of Sable*. Seven years after, the survivors, being 12 in number, were taken off and carried home to France; Henry pardoned them, and gave them 50 crowns each, as a recompense for their sufferings. [*Purchas.—Forster.*]

1602.] In the spring of this year, Bartholomew Gosnold, with 32 persons, made a voyage to North Virginia, and discovered and gave names to Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Elizabeth Islands, and to Dover Cliff. Elizabeth Island was the place which they fixed for their first settlement. But the courage of those who were to have tarried, failing, they all went on board and returned to England. All the attempts to settle this continent which were made by the Dutch, French, and English, from its discovery to the present time, a period of 110 years, proved ineffectual. The Spaniards only, of all the European nations, had been successful. There is no account of there having been one European family, at this time, in all the vast extent of coast from Florida to Greenland.

1603.] Martin Pring and William Brown, were this year sent by Sir Walter Raleigh, with two small vessels, to make discoveries in North Virginia. They came upon the coast, which was broken with a multitude of islands, in latitude $43^{\circ} 30'$ north. They coasted southward to Cape Cod Bay; thence round the Cape into a commodious harbor in lat. $41^{\circ} 25'$, where they went ashore and tarried seven weeks, during which time they loaded one of their vessels with sassafras, and returned to England.

Bartholomew Gilbert, in a voyage to South Virginia, in search of the third colony which had been left there by Governor White, in 1587, having touched at several of the West India Islands, landed near Chesapeake Bay, where, in a skirmish with the Indians, he and four of his men were unfortunately slain.—The rest, without any further search for the colony, returned to England.

France, being at this time in a state of tranquility, in consequence of the edict of Nantz in favor of the Protestants, passed by Henry IV. (April 1598) and of the peace with Philip, king of Spain and Portugal, was induced to pursue her discoveries in America. Accordingly the king signed a patent in favor of De Mons or Monts, (November 8, 1603) of all the country from the 40th to the 46th degree of north latitude, under the name of *Acadia*.

1604.] The next year De Mons ranged the coast from St. Lawrence to Cape Sable, and round to Cape Cod, and began plantations at Port Royal, St. John's, and St. Croix in the bay of Funda.

1605.] In May 1605, George's Island and Pentecost Harbor were discovered by Capt. George Weymouth. In May he entered a large river in latitude $43^{\circ} 20'$, (variation $11^{\circ} 15'$ west,) supposed to be Kennebeck or Penobscot. Capt. Weymouth carried with him to England five of the natives, whom he delivered to Sir Ferdinando Georges, then Governor of Plymouth.

1606.] April 10th, this year, James I. by patent, divided Virginia into two colonies. The southern included all lands between the 34th and 41st degrees of north latitude. This was styled the first colony, under the name of South Virginia, and was granted to the London Company. The northern, called the second colony, and known by the general name of North Virginia, included all lands between the 38th and 45th degrees north latitude, and was granted to the Plymouth Company. Each of these colonies had a council of thirteen men to govern them.—

To prevent disputes about territory, the colony which should last place themselves was prohibited to plant within an hundred miles of the other. There appears to be an inconsistency in these grants, as the lands lying between the 38th and 41st degrees are covered by both patents.

Both the London and Plymouth companies enterprized settlements within the limits of their respective grants. With what success will now be mentioned.

Mr. Piercy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, in the service of the London Company, went over with a colony to Virginia, and discovered Powhatan, now James River. In the mean time the Plymouth company sent Capt. Henry Challone, in a vessel of fifty five tons, to plant a colony in North Virginia; but in his voyage he was taken by a Spanish fleet and carried to Spain.

1607.] Champlain, by order of De Mons, sailed up the river Canada (now St. Lawrence) and fortified *Quebec*, the name of a strait in the river.

The London Company, in the spring of this year, sent Capt. Christopher Newport, with three vessels, to South Virginia.— On the 26th of April he entered Chesapeake Bay, and landed, and soon after gave to the most southern point the name of *Cape Henry*, which it still retains. May 13th, having elected Mr. Edward Wingfield president for the year, they next day landed all their men, and began a settlement on James river, at a place which they called Jamestown. This is the first town settled by the English in North America. The June following, Capt. Newport sailed for England, leaving with the president one hundred and four persons.

On the 22d day of August died Capt. Bartholomew Gosnold, the first projector of this settlement, and one of the council. The following winter Jamestown was burnt.

During this time, the Plymouth company fitted out two ships under the command of Admiral Rawley Gilbert. They sailed for North Virginia on the 31st of May, with one hundred planters and Capt. George Popham for their president. They arrived in August and settled about nine or ten leagues to the southward of the mouth of Sagadahok river. A great part of the colony, however, disheartened by the severity of the winter, returned to England in December, leaving their president, Capt. Popham, with only forty-five men.

It was in the fall of this year that the famous Mr. Robinson with part of his congregation, who afterwards settled at Plymouth in New England, removed from the north of England to Holland, to avoid the cruelties of persecution, and for the sake of enjoying "purity of worship and liberty of conscience."

This year a small company of merchants at Dieppe and St. Malo's, founded Quebec, or rather the colony which they sent, built a few huts there, which did not take the form of a town until the reign of Lewis XIV.

1608.] Sagadahok colony suffered incredible hardships after the departure of their friends in December. In the depth of winter, which was extremely cold, their storehouse caught fire and was consumed, with most of their provisions and lodgings.

Their misfortunes were increased, soon after, by the death of their president. Rawley Gilbert was appointed to succeed him.

Lord Chief Justice Popham made every exertion to keep this colony alive, by repeatedly sending them supplies. But the circumstance of his death, which happened this year, together with that of president Gilbert's being called to England to settle his affairs, broke up the colony, and they all returned with him to England.

The unfavorable reports which these first unfortunate adventurers propagated respecting the country, prevented any further attempts to settle North Virginia for several years after.

1609.] The London company, last year, sent Capt. Nelson, with two ships and one hundred and twenty persons, to Jamestown; and this year, Capt. John Smith, afterwards president, arrived on the coast of South Virginia, and by sailing up a number of the rivers, discovered the interior of the country.— In September Capt. Newport arrived with seventy persons, which increased the colony to two hundred souls.

Mr. Robinson and his congregation, who had settled at Amsterdam, removed this year to Leyden; where they remained more than eleven years, till a part of them came over to New England.

The council for South Virginia, having resigned their old commission, requested and obtained a new one; in consequence of which, they appointed Sir Thomas West, Lord De la War, general of the colony; Sir Thomas Gates, his lieutenant; Sir George Somers, Admiral; Sir Thomas Dale, high marshal; Sir Ferdinand Wainman, general of the horse; and Capt. Newport, vice admiral.

June 8.] In June Sir Thomas Gates, Admiral Newport, and Sir George Somers, with seven ships, a ketch and a pinnace, having five hundred souls on board, men, women and children, sailed from Falmouth for South Virginia. In crossing the Bahama Gulf, on the 24th of July, the fleet was overtaken by a violent storm, and separated. Four days after, Sir George Somers ran his vessel ashore on one of the Bermuda Islands,

which, from this circumstance, have been called the Somers Islands. The people on board, one hundred and fifty in number, all got safe on shore; and there remained until the following May. The remainder of the fleet arrived at Virginia in August. The colony was now increased to five hundred men. Capt. Smith, then president, a little before the arrival of the fleet, had been very badly burnt by means of some powder which had accidentally caught fire. This unfortunate circumstance together with the opposition he met with from those who had lately arrived, induced him to leave the colony and return to England; which he accordingly did the last of September. Francis West, his successor in office, soon followed him, and George Piercy was elected president.

1610.] The year following, the South Virginia or London company, sealed a patent to Lord De la War, constituting him Governor and Captain General of South Virginia. He soon after embarked for America, with Capt. Argal and one hundred and fifty men, in three ships.

The unfortunate people, who, the year before, had been shipwrecked on the Bermuda Islands, had employed themselves during the winter and spring, under the direction of Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Admiral Newport, in building a sloop to transport themselves to the continent. They embarked for Virginia on the 10th of May, with about one hundred and fifty persons on board; leaving two of their men behind, who chose to stay; and landed at Jamestown on the 23d of the same month. Finding the colony, which at the time of Capt. Smith's departure, consisted of five hundred souls, now reduced to sixty, and those few in a distressed and wretched situation, they with one voice resolved to return to England; and for this purpose, on the 7th of June, the whole colony repaired on board their vessels broke up the settlement, and sailed down the river on their way to their native country.

Fortunately, Lord De la War, who had embarked for Jamestown the March before, met them the day after they sailed, and persuaded them to return with him to Jamestown, where

they arrived and landed the 10th of June. The government of the colony of right devolved upon Lord De la War. From this time we may date the effectual settlement of Virginia. Its history from this period will be given in its proper place.

In 1611, Sir Thomas Dale reinforced the colony of South Virginia with 300 people, and Sir Thomas Gates with 300 more, furnishing them with cattle and swine.

As early as the year 1607 and 1608, Henry Hudson, an Englishman, under a commission from king James, in the employ of the East India Company, made several voyages for the discovery of a north west passage to the East Indies. In 1609, upon some misunderstanding, he engaged in the Dutch service, in the prosecution of the same design, and upon his return ranged along the coast of what has since been called New England, (which three years before was granted by king James to his English subjects, the Plymouth Company,) and entered Hudson's river, giving it his own name. He ascended this river in his boat as far as what has since been called Aurania or Albany. In 1613, the Dutch West India Company, sent some persons to this river, to trade with the Indians; and as early as 1623, the Dutch had a trading house on Connecticut river. In consequence of these discoveries and settlements, the Dutch claimed all the country extending from Cape Cod to Cape Henlopen along the sea coast, and as far back into the country as any of the rivers within those limits extend. But their claim has been disputed. This extensive country the Dutch called *New Netherlands*, and in 1614, the States General granted a patent to sundry merchants for an exclusive trade on Hudson's river, who, the same year, built a fort on the west side near Albany. From this time we may date the settlement of New-York.

Conception Bay, on the Island of Newfoundland, was settled in the year 1610, by about forty planters, under governor John Guy, to whom king James had given a patent of incorporation.

Champlain, a Frenchman, had begun a settlement at Quebec 1608, St. Croix, Mount Mansel, and Port Royal were settled about the same time. These settlements remained undisturbed

till 1613. when the Virginians, hearing that the French had settled within their limits, sent Captain Argal to dislodge them. For this purpose he sailed to Sagadahok, took their forts at Mount Mansel, St. Croix, and Port Royal, with their vessels, ordnance, cattle and provisions, and carried them to Jamestown in Virginia. Quebec was left in possession of the French.

1614.] This year Capt. John Smith, with two ships and forty five men and boys, made a voyage to North Virginia, to make experiments upon a gold and copper mine. His orders were, to fish and trade with the natives, if he should fail in his expectations with regard to the mine. To facilitate this business, he took with him *Tantum*, an Indian, perhaps one that Capt. Weymouth carried to England in 1605. In April he reached the island Monahigan in latitude $43^{\circ} 30'$. Here Capt. Smith was directed to stay and keep possession with ten men, for the purpose of making a trial of the whaling business, but being disappointed in this, he built seven boats, in which thirty-seven men made a very successful fishing voyage. In the mean time the Captain himself, with eight men only, in a small boat, coasted from Penobscot to Sagadahok, Acocisco, Passataquack, Tragabizanda, now called Cape Ann, thence to Acomac, where he skirmished with some Indians; thence to Cape Cod, where he set his Indian *Tantum*, ashore, and left him, and returned to Monahigan. In this voyage he found two French ships in the Bay of Massachusetts, who had come there six weeks before, and during that time, had been trading very advantageously with the Indians. It was conjectured that there were, at this time, three thousand Indians upon the Massachusetts Islands.

In July, Capt. Smith embarked for England in one of the vessels, leaving the other under the command of Capt. Thomas Hunt, to equip for a voyage to Spain. After Capt. Smith's departure, Hunt perfidiously allured twenty Indians (one of whom was *Squanto*, afterwards so serviceable to the English) to come on board his ship at Patuxit, and seven more at Nausit, and carried them to the island of Malaga, where he sold them for twenty pounds each, to be slaves for life. This conduct, which fixes an

indelible stigma upon the character of Hunt, excited in the breast of the Indians such an inveterate hatred of the English, that, for many years after, all commercial intercourse with them was rendered exceedingly dangerous.

Capt. Smith arrived at London the last of August, where he drew a map of the country, and called it *NEW-ENGLAND*. From this time North Virginia assumed the name of *New-England*, and the name *Virginia* was confined to the southern colony.

Between the years 1614 and 1620, several attempts were made by the Plymouth company to settle New England, but from several causes they were all rendered ineffectual. During this time, however, an advantageous trade was carried on with the natives.

1615.] Robert Bylot and William Baffin sailed from England in search of a north-west passage. The following year they made another voyage, and discovered the great northern bay which bears *Baffin's* name.

About this time war, famine, and pestilence raged among the natives of New-England, and swept off great numbers of them. When *Thomas Dermer* arrived in New England in 1619, he found many places, before populous, almost desolate, and the few remaining inhabitants, either sick or but scarcely recovered.

1617.] In the year 1617, Mr. Robinson and his congregation, influenced by several weighty reasons, meditated a removal to America. Various difficulties intervened to prevent the success of their designs until the year 1620, when a part of Mr. Robinson's congregation came over and settled at Plymouth. At this time commenced the settlement of New-England.

The particulars relating to the first immigrations to this northern part of America; the progress of its settlements, &c. will be given in the history of New-England, to which the reader is referred.

1621.] In order to preserve the chronological order in which the several colonies, now grown into independent states, were first settled, it will be necessary that I should mention, that the

next year after the settlement of Plymouth, Capt. John Mason obtained of the Plymouth council a grant of a part of the present state of New-Hampshire. Two years after, under the authority of this grant, a small colony fixed down near the mouth of Piscataqua river. From this period we may date the settlement of NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

1627.] In 1627, a colony of Swedes and Finns came over and landed at Cape Henlopen; and afterwards purchased of the Indians the land from Cape Henlopen to the Falls of Delaware, on both sides the river, which they called *New Swedeland Stream*. On this river they built several forts, and made settlements.

1628.] On the 19th of March, 1628, the council for New-England sold to Sir Henry Roswell, and five others, a large tract of land, lying round Massachusetts Bay. The June following, Capt. John Endicot, with his wife and company, came over and settled at Naumkeag, now called Salem. This was the first English settlement which was made in MASSACHUSETTS BAY. Plymouth, indeed, which is now included in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was settled eight years before, but at this time it was a separate colony, under a distinct government: and continued so, until the second charter of Massachusetts was granted by William and Mary in 1691: by which Plymouth, the Province of Maine and Sagadahok, were annexed to Massachusetts.

June 13, 1633.] In the reign of Charles the first, Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic, applied for, and obtained a grant of a tract of land upon Chesapeake Bay, about one hundred and forty miles long and one hundred and thirty broad. Soon after this, in consequence of the rigor of the laws of England against the Roman Catholics, Lord Baltimore, with a number of his persecuted brethren, came over and settled it, and in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, they called it MARYLAND.

1631.] The first grant of Connecticut was made by Robert, Earl of Warwick, president of the council of Plymouth, to Lord Say and Seal, to Lord Brook and others, in the year 1631. In consequence of several smaller grants made afterwards by

the patentees to particular persons, Mr. Penwick made a settlement at the mouth of Connecticut river, and called it *Saybrook*. About the same time (1636) a number of people from Massachusetts Bay came and began settlements at Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor, on Connecticut river. Thus commenced the English settlement of CONNECTICUT.

Rhode-Island was first settled in consequence of religious persecution. Mr. Roger Williams, who was among those who came early over to Massachusetts, not agreeing with some of his brethren in sentiment, was very unjustifiably banished the colony, and went with twelve others, his adherents, and settled at Providence, 1635. From this beginning arose the colony, now state of RHODE-ISLAND.

1664.] On the 20th of March, 1664, Charles the second granted to the Duke of York, what is now called NEW-JERSEY, then a part of a large tract of country by the name of New-Netherland. Some parts of New-Jersey were settled by the Dutch as early as about 1615.

1662.] In the year 1662, Charles the second, granted to Edward, Earl of Clarendon, and seven others, almost the whole territory of the three Southern States, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Two years after he granted a second charter, enlarging their boundaries. The proprietors, by virtue of authority vested in them by their charter, engaged Mr. Locke to frame a system of laws for the government of their intended colony. Notwithstanding these preparations, no effectual settlement was made until the year 1669, (though one was attempted in 1667,) when Governor Sayle came over with a colony and fixed on a neck of land between Ashly and Cooper Rivers. Thus commenced the settlement of CAROLINA, which then included the whole territory between the 29° and 36° 30 north latitude, together with the Bahama Islands, lying between latitude 22° and 27° north.

1681.] The Royal charter for Pennsylvania was granted to William Penn on the 4th of March, 1681. The first colony came over the next year and settled under the proprietor, Will-

iam Penn, who acted as Governor, from October, 1682, to August, 1684. The first Assembly in the province of Pennsylvania was held at Chester, on the 4th of December, 1682. Thus William Penn, a Quaker, justly celebrated as a great and good man, had the honor of laying the foundation of the present populous and very flourishing State of PENNSYLVANIA.

The proprietary government in Carolina, was attended with so many inconveniencies, and occasioned such violent dissensions among the settlers, that the Parliament of Great Britain was induced to take the province under their immediate care. The proprietors, (except Lord Granville,) accepted of £22, 500 sterling, from the crown, for the property and jurisdiction. This agreement was ratified by act of Parliament in 1729. A clause in this act reserved to Lord Granville his eighth share of the property and arrears of quitrents, which continued legally vested in his family till the revolution in 1776. Lord Granville's share, made a part of the present state of North Carolina. About the year 1729, the extensive territory belonging to the proprietors, was divided into North and South Carolina. They remained separate royal governments until they became independent States.

For the relief of poor indignant people of Great Britain and Ireland, and for the security of Carolina, a project was formed for planting a colony between the river Savannah and Altamaha, Accordingly, application being made to King George the second he issued letters patent, bearing date June 9th, 1732, for legally carrying into execution the benevolent plan. In honor of the King who greatly encouraged the plan, they called the new province GEORGIA. Twenty-one trustees were appointed to conduct the affairs relating to the settlement of the province. The November following, one hundred and fifteen persons, one of whom was General Oglethorpe embarked for Georgia, where they arrived, and landed at Yamacraw. In exploring the country, they found an elevated pleasant spot of ground on the bank of a navigable river, upon which they marked out a town, and from the Indian name of the river which passed by it, called it

Savannah. From this period we may date the settlement of GEORGIA.

The country now called Kentucky, was well known to the Indian traders, many years before its settlement. They gave a description of it to Lewis Evans, who published his first map of it as early as the year 1752. James Macbride, with some others, explored this country in 1754. Col. Daniel Boon visited it in 1769.

1773.] Four years after, Col. Boon and his family, with five other families, who were joined by forty men from Powell's valley, began the settlement of KENTUCKY, which is now one of the most growing colonies, perhaps, in the world; and was erected into an independent state, by act of Congress, December 6th, 1790, and received into the Union, June 1st. 1792.

The tract of country called VERMONT, before the late war, was claimed both by New York and New-Hampshire. When hostilities commenced between Great Britain and her Colonies, the inhabitants considering themselves as in a state of nature, as to civil government, and not within any legal jurisdiction, associated and formed for themselves a constitution of government. Under this constitution, they have ever since continued to exercise all the powers of an independent State. Vermont was not admitted into union with the other states till March 4th, 1791; yet we may venture to date her political existence as a separate government, from the year 1777, because since that time, Vermont has, to all intents and purposes, been a sovereign and independent State. The first settlement in this state was made at Bennington as early as about 1764.

The extensive tract of country lying north-west of the Ohio River, within the limits of the United States, was erected into a separate *temporary* government, by an Ordinance of Congress passed the 13th of July, 1787.

1789.] The *Tennessee government*, or the territory of the United States south of Ohio, has been a separate district since the year 1789.

Thus we have given a summary view of the first discoveries

and progressive settlement of North-America in their chronological order.

The following recapitulation will comprehend the whole in one view.

Quebec, was settled in 1608 by the French.

Virginia, 1610 or 1611 by Lord De la War.

Newfoundland, June, 1610 by Gov. John Guy.

New-York and New-Jersey, about 1614 by the Dutch.

Plymouth, 1620 by part of Mr. Robinson's congregation.

New-Hampshire, 1623 by a small English colony near the mouth of Piscataqua river.

Delaware and Pennsylvania, 1627, by the Swedes and Finns.

Massachusetts Bay, 1628 by Capt. John Endicot and Company.

Maryland, 1633 by Lord Baltimore, with a colony of Roman Catholics.

Connecticut, 1635 by Mr. Fenwick, at Saybrook, near the mouth of Connecticut river.

Rhode-Island, 1635 by Mr. Roger Williams and his persecuted brethren.

New-Jersey, 1664, Granted to the Duke of York by Charles II. and made a distinct government, and settled some time before this by the English.

South-Carolina, 1669, by Governor Sayle.

Pennsylvania, 1682, by William Penn, with a colony of Quakers.

North-Carolina, about 1728, erected into a separate government settled before by the English.

Georgia, 1732, by General Oglethorpe.

Kentucky, 1773, by Col. Daniel Boone.

Vermont, about 1764, by emigrants from Connecticut and other parts of New-England.

Territory N. W. of Ohio River, 1787, by the Ohio and other companies.

Tennessee Government, 1789. became a distinct government, settled many years before.

The above dates are mostly from the periods, when the first permanent settlements were made.

The Indians, naturally jealous, and seeing European settlements daily encroaching on their ancient rights, felt then an injustice, that a period of two hundred years has fully evinced to every candid reader was correct. They then determined on their bloody mode of warfare, and with all the savage fury that has characterized the Indian name since that important period, spread devastation, murder, death, and all the vindictive feeling of inventive demons to the right and left—a total extermination of Europeans their whole design. The English, to protect their settlements, were obliged to resort to arms, and bloody scenes soon followed. The wilds of America, filled with a vast population of the children of the forest, became a general slaughter house for both parties. The intriguing arts of the whites pressing on their rear, extermination seemed too much the order of the day. Claiming the country by right of discovery, the crowned heads of Europe set up geographical discriminations which soon aroused different pretensions to the same tract—England and France being the principal actors. Each of these nations invited the Indians to enlist in their cause; and soon brought into coalition their infant colonies. Then massacre, and all the fangs of Indian cruelties stalked the wilds of America by night and by day. Ignorance being easily flattered, the poor Indian was a mere dupe to each party, as fortune shifted sides. Having the Indians to contend with, besides subduing a forest inhabited by wild beasts, and the wants of life to provide for, three thousand miles from any immediate help, was enough to fill the stoutest hearts with forbodings of the issue, without the interposition of Jehovah in their favor. Under all these gloomy circumstances our ancestors had to contend. And with patience under sufferings, diligence and energy in performing, and the protection of an all-wise providence, the forest fell before them, the Indians retreated slowly, bountiful nature yielded them her productions, and the blessings of Heaven protected them through the bloody and heart-rending scenes, in which thousands were slaughtered by the horrid tomahawk, bayonet, sword, rifle, and musket. The Indians on the first

arrival of Europeans were taught the use of fire-arms; and were furnished with ammunition, sometimes by the English, and sometimes by the French, as occasion required. The early apprehension, of hostilities on the part of the savages convinced the English that there was no safety but in constant readiness to meet their artifices in a summary way.

The English, commanded by Capt. Benjamin Church, during this war displayed great bravery, and convinced the poor Indians that peace with their white neighbors was better than war.

After Philip's death one of his chief captains, named Annawon, with a party of about sixty Indians, sought shelter in secluded retreats, and evaded Capt. Church for a time; till Church, by a bold and daring adventure, caught the old fox in his cage—which stratagem was so well executed that it deserves a place in this work. I accordingly extract the following account from the History of Philip's War:

Their next motion was towards the place where the prisoners told them that they had left their women and children, and surprised them all; and some others that had newly come to them. And upon examination they held to one story, that it was hard to tell where to find Annawon, for he never roosted twice in a place.

Now a certain Indian soldier, that Capt. Church had gained over to be on his side, prayed that he might have liberty to go and fetch in his father, who, he said, was about four miles from that place, in a swamp, with no other than a young squaw. Capt. Church inclined to go with him, thinking that it might be in his way to gain some intelligence of Annawon; and so taking one Englishman and a few Indians with him, leaving the rest there, he went with his new soldier to look after his father.

When he came to the swamp, he bid the Indian go and see if he could find his father. He was no sooner gone, but Capt. Church discovered a track coming down out of the woods; upon which he and his little company lay close, some on one side of

the track, and some on the other. They heard the Indian soldier making a howling for his father, and at length somebody answered him; but while they were listening, they thought that they heard somebody coming towards them; presently they saw an old man coming up with a gun on his shoulder, and a young woman following the track which they lay by. They let them come up between them, and then started up and laid hold of them both. Capt. Church immediately examined them apart, telling them what they must trust to, if they told false stories. He asked the young woman what company they came from last? She said, "From Capt. Annawon's." He asked how many were in company with him when she left him? She said, "Fifty or sixty." He asked how many miles it was to the place where she left him? She said that she did not understand miles, but he was up in Squannaconk swamp.

The old man, who had been one of Philip's council, upon examination, gave exactly the same account. Capt. Church asked him if they could get there that night? He said, that if they went presently, and traveled stoutly, they might get there by sunset. He asked whither he was going? He answered, that Annawon had sent him down to look for some Indians, that had gone down into Mount hope neck to kill provisions. Capt. Church let him know that those Indians were all his prisoners.

By this time came the Indian soldier and brought his father and one Indian more. The Captain was now in a great strait of mind what to do next; he had a mind to give Annawon a visit, now he knew where to find him. But his company was very small, only half a dozen men beside himself, and was under a necessity to send some body back to acquaint his Lieutenant and his company with his proceedings. However, he asked his small company that were with him, whether they would willingly go with him and give Annawon a visit? They told him, that they were always ready to obey his commands, &c.; but withal told him, that they knew this Capt. Annawon was a great soldier; and that he had been a valiant Captain under

Asuhmequin, Philip's father; and that he had been Philip's chieftain all this war. A very subtle man, of great resolution, and had often said, that he would never be taken alive by the English. And moreover they knew that the men that were with him were resolute fellows, some of Philip's chief soldiers; and, therefore, feared whether it was practicable to make an attempt upon him with so small a handful of assailants as were now with him. Told him further, that it would be a pity, after all the great things he had done, that he should throw away his life at last. Upon which he replied, that he doubted not Annawon was a subtle and a valiant man; that he had a long time, but in vain, sought for him, and never till now could find his quarters, and he was very loath to miss of the opportunity; and doubted not, that if they would cheerfully go with him, the same almighty Providence that had hitherto protected and befriended them, would do so still, &c.

Upon this with one consent they said that they would go. Capt. Church then turned to one Cook of Plymouth, (the only Englishman then with him) and asked him, what he thought of it? He replied, "Sir, I am never afraid of going any where when you are with me." Then Capt. Church asked the old Indian, if he could carry his horse with him? (For he conveyed a horse thus far with him.) He replied that it was impossible for a horse to pass the swamps. Therefore, he sent away his new Indian soldier with his father, and the Captain's horse, to his Lieutenant, and orders for him to move to Taunton with the prisoners, to secure them there, and to come out in the morning in the Rehoboth road, in which he might expect to meet him, if he were alive and had success.

The Captain then asked the old fellow if he would pilot him to Annawon? He answered, that he having given him his life, he was obliged to serve him. He bid him move on then, and they followed. The old man would out travel them so far sometimes, that they were almost out of sight; and looking over his shoulder, and seeing them behind, he would halt.

Just as the sun was setting, the old man made a full stop and

sat down; the company coming up, also sat down, being all weary. Capt. Church asked, "What news?" He answered, that about that time in the evening, Annawon sent out his scouts to see if the coast was clear, and as soon as it began to grow dark, the scouts returned, and then, said he, "we may move again securely." When it began to grow dark, the old man stood up again, and Capt. Church asked him if he would take a gun and fight for him? He bowed very low, and prayed him not to impose such a thing upon him, as to fight against Capt. Annawon, his old friend. But, says he, "I will go along with you, and be helpful to you, and will lay hands on any man that shall offer to hurt you."

It being now pretty dark, they moved close together; anon they heard a noise. The Captain stayed the old man with his hand, and asked his own men what noise they thought it might be? They concluded it to be the pounding of a mortar. The old man had given Capt. Church a description of the place where Annawon now lay, and of the difficulty of getting at him. Being sensible that they were pretty near them, with two of his Indians he creeps to the edge of the rocks, from whence he could see their camps. He saw three companies of Indians at a little distance from each other; being easy to be discovered by the light of their fires. He also saw the great *Annawon* and his company, who had formed his camp or kenneling place by falling a tree under the side of the great cliffs of rocks, and setting a row of birch bushes up against it; where he himself, his son, and some of his chiefs had taken up their lodgings, and made great fires without them, and had their pots and kettles boiling and their spits roasting. Their arms also he discovered, all set together, in a place fitted for the purpose, standing up an end against a stick lodged in two crotches, and a mat placed over them, to keep them from the wet or dew. The old Annawon's feet and his son's head were so near the arms, as almost to touch them.

The rocks were so steep that it was impossible to get down, only as they lowered themselves by the boughs, and the bushes that grew in the cracks of the rocks. Capt. Church creeping

back again to the old man, asked him, if there was no possibility of getting at them some other way? He answered, "No." That he and all that belonged to Annawon, were ordered to come that way, and none would come any other way without difficulty, or danger of being shot.

Capt. Church then ordered the old man and his daughter to go down foremost with their baskets at their backs, that when Annawon saw them with their baskets he would not mistrust the intrigue. Capt. Church and his handful of soldiers crept down also, under the shadow of those two and their baskets. The Captain himself crept close behind the old man, with his hatchet in his hand, and stepped over the young man's head to the arms. The young Annawon discovering him, whipped his blanket over his head and shrunk up in a heap. The old Capt. Annawon started up on his breech, and cried out, "Howoh," which, according to tradition, signified "I am taken." And despairing of escape, threw himself back again, and lay silent until Capt. Church had secured all the arms, &c. And having secured that company, he sent his Indian soldiers to the other fires and companies, giving them instructions what to do and say. Accordingly they went into the midst of them. When they had discovered themselves to the enemy, they told them that their Capt. Annawon was taken, and that it would be best for them quietly and peaceably to surrender themselves, which would procure good quarter for them; otherwise, if they should pretend to resist or make their escape, it would be in vain, and they could expect no other but that Capt. Church, with his great army, who had now entrapped them, would cut them to pieces. Told them, also, that if they would submit themselves, and deliver up all their arms unto them, and keep every man in his place until it was day, they would assure them that their Capt. Church, who had been so kind to themselves when they surrendered to him, should be as kind to them. Now they being old acquaintance, and many of them relations, did much the readier give heed to what they said; so complied, and surrendered up their arms unto them, both their guns and hatchets, &c. and were forthwith carried to Capt. Church.

Things being thus far settled, Capt. Church asked Annawon "what he had for supper? for (said he) I am come to sup with you." "Taubut," said Annawon, with a big voice, and looking about upon his women, bid them hasten and get Capt. Church and his company some supper. He then turned to Capt. Church and asked him whether he would eat cow beef or horse beef? The Captain told him that cow beef would be most acceptable. It was soon got ready, and pulling his little bag of salt out of his pocket, which was all the provision he had brought with him. This seasoned his cow beef. So that with it and the dried green corn, which the old squaw was pounding in the mortar, while they were sliding down the rocks, he made a very hearty supper. And this pounding in the mortar proved very lucky for Capt. Church's getting down the rocks; for when the old squaw pounded, they moved, and when she ceased, to turn the corn, they ceased creeping. The noise of the mortar prevented the enemy's hearing their creeping, and the corn being now dressed, supplied the want of bread, and gave a fine relish with the cow beef.

Supper being over, Capt. Church sent two of his men to inform the other companions, that he had killed Philip, and taken their friends in Mounthope neck, but had spared their lives, and that he had subdued now all the enemy, he supposed, except this company of Annawon; and now if they would be orderly and keep their places until morning, they should have good quarter, and that he would carry them to Taunton, where they might expect to see their friends again, &c.

The messengers returned, and informed that the Indians yielded to his proposals.

Capt. Church thought it was now time for him to take a nap having had no sleep in two days and one night before. So he told his men, that if they would let him sleep two hours, they should sleep all the rest of the night. He laid himself down and endeavored to sleep, but all disposition to sleep departed from him.

After he had lain a little while, he looked up to see how his watch managed, but found them all fast asleep. Now Capt..

Church had told Capt. Annawon's company, as he had ordered his Indians to tell the others; namely, that their lives should all be spared, excepting Capt. Annawon's, and it was not in his power to promise him his life, but he must carry him to his masters at Plymouth, and he would entreat them for his life.

Now when Capt. Church found not only his own men, but all the Indians fast asleep, Annawon only excepted, who, he perceived was as broad awake as himself; and so they lay looking one upon the other, perhaps an hour. Capt. Church said nothing to him, for he could not speak Indian, and thought Annawon could not speak English.

At length Annawon raised himself up, and cast off his blanket, and with no more clothes than his small breeches, walked a little way back from the company. Capt. Church thought no other but that he had occasion to ease himself, and so walked to some distance rather than offend them with the stink. But by and by he was gone out of sight and hearing, and then Capt. Church began to suspect some ill design in him; and got all the guns close to him, and crowded himself close under young Annawon: that if he should anywhere get a gun, he should not make a shot at him without endangering his son. Lying very still awhile, waiting for the event, at length, he heard somebody coming the same way that Annawon went. The moon shining bright, he saw him at a distance coming with something in his hands, and coming up to Capt. Church, he fell upon his knees before him, and offered him what he had brought, and speaking in plain English, said, "Great Captain, you have killed Philip, and conquered his country; for I believe that I and my company are the last that war against the English, so suppose the war is ended by your means; and therefore these things belong to you." Then opening his pack, he pulled out Philip's belt, curiously wrought with wompom, being nine inches broad, wrought with black and white wompom, in various figures, and flowers and pictures of many birds and beasts. This, when hanged upon Capt. Church's shoulders, reached his ancles; and another belt of wompom he presented him with, wrought after the

former manner, which Philip was wont to put upon his head. It had two flags on the back part, which hung down on his back, and another small belt with a star upon the end of it, which he used to hang on his breast, and they were all edged with red hair which Annawon said they got in the Mohawk's country. Then he pulled out two horns of glazed powder, and a red cloth blanket. He told Capt. Church that these were Philip's royalties which he was wont to adorn himself with, when he sat in state, that he thought himself happy that he had an opportunity to present them to Capt. Church, who had won them them, &c. They spent the remainder of the night in discourse. And Capt. Annawon gave an account of what mighty success he had had formerly in wars against many nations of Indians, when he served Asahmequin, Philip's father, &c.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, the Captain marched with his prisoners out of that swampy country towards Taunton. He met his Lieutenant and company about four miles out of town, who expressed a great deal of joy to see him again, and said that it was more than ever they expected. They went into Taunton, were civilly and kindly treated by the inhabitants. Here they refreshed and rested themselves that night.

Early next morning, the Captain took old Annawon, and a half dozen of his Indian soldiers, and his own man, and went to Rhode-Island; sending the rest of his company, and his prisoners by his Lieutenant, to Plymouth. Tarrying two or three days upon the Island, he went to Plymouth, and carried his wife and his two children with him.

Capt. Church had been but a little while at Plymouth, when he was informed of a parcel of Indians who had haunted the the woods between Plymouth and Sippican; that did great damage to the English, in killing their cattle, horses, and swine. The Captain was soon in pursuit of them. He went out from Plymouth the next Monday in the afternoon, and next morning early they discovered a track. The Captain sent two Indians on the track to see what they could discover, whilst he and his company followed gently after. But the two Indians soon returned with tidings, that they discovered the enemy sitting round their

fires, in a thick place of brush. When they came pretty near the place, the Captain ordered every man to creep as he did, and surround them by creeping as near as they could, till they should be discovered, and then to run upon them, and take them alive if possible, (for their prisoners were their pay.) They did so, taking every one that were at the fires, not one escaping.

Upon examination they agreed in their stories, that they belonged to Tispaquin, who was gone with John Bump, and one more, to Agawom and Sippican to kill horses; and were not expected back in two or three days.

This same Tispaquin had been a great Captain, and the Indians reported that he was such a *Pauwau*, that no bullet could enter him, &c. Capt. Church said, that he would not have him killed, for there was a war broke out in the eastern part of the country, and he would have him saved to go with him to fight the eastern Indians. Agreeably he left two old squaws, of the prisoners, and bid them tarry there until their Captain, Tispaquin, returned, and to tell him that Church had been there, and had taken his wife and children, and company, and carried them down to Plymouth, and would spare all their lives, and his too, if he would come down to them, and bring the other two that were with him, and they should be his soldiers, &c.

Capt. Church then returned to Plymouth, leaving the old squaws well provided for, and biseuit for Tispaquin when he returned; telling his soldiers, that he doubted not, but he had laid a trap that would take him. Capt. Church two days after went to Boston, (the commissioners then sitting,) and waited upon the honorable Governor Leverett, who then lay sick. He requested Capt. Church to give him some account of the war, who readily obliged his honor therein, to his great satisfaction, as he was pleased to express himself; taking him by the hand, and telling him, that if it pleased God that he lived, he would make it a brace of a hundred pounds advantage to him out of the Massachusetts colony, and would endeavor that the rest of the colonies should do proportionably. But he died within a fortnight after, and so nothing was done of that nature.

The same day Tispaquin came in and those that were with him. But when Capt. Church returned from Boston, he found, to his grief, the heads of Annawon, Tispaquin, &c. cut off, which were the last of Philip's friends.

With the death of Annawon, ended this war, and Indian hostilities ceased for a time.

“Indulge, our native land, indulge a tear,
That steals impassioned o'er a nation's doom,
To us, each twig of Adam's stock is dear,
And tears of sorrow deck an Indian's tomb.”—DWIGHT.

But new jealousies soon aroused the feelings of the Indians to war, which has ranged the wilds of America to the present day.

STANZAS.

*The tragic scenes that stained the age with blood,
Through Indian wars, three hundred years and more,
Darken the records earth transmits to God,
Sullied with crime and sealed with human gore.
Harsh note of murder in the war-whoop sounds,
Chilling the blood as it rolls through the air,
Horror's whole form, the sense of hearing wounds,
The savage comes, and with him comes despair ;
Captivity and murder lead the van,
Grim death starts back, and veils his eyes with dread ;
Before him, horror all its terrors man
In characters too awful to be read—
Painted, equipped, behold the savage foe,
In all the wantonness of fury armed,
His eyes flash fire, and sudden comes the blow,
While wounded nature groans with dread alarm.
Cries, moans, and lamentations, are not heard,
Mocked are entreaties, all in vain are tears ;
Mothers and fathers, with their children shared,
One common butchery, meets the eyes and ears.
These devastating scenes, America
Hath long experienced, on her wild frontiers.
Pressing poor Indian westward, day by day,
Reluctant yield necessity to fears.
Reduced in power, his warriors killed and slain,
Hedged round by white men, whither can he fly?

West, west he's journeying, pilgrim o'er the plain,
To an extinguished race, whose destiny
Seems sealed by fate on doom's book of the day.
'The page of life, that's civilized too long,
Hath groaned beneath war's heavy handed power—
Oppression's, lullaby and syren song,
'The chant of tyrants, can please no more.
The world's long roll, and catalogue of crime,
And muster records, of all nations shew
A list of vices, that makes rolling time
Urge on its wheels, its ranks to overthrow.
Bemoaning nature, sees the savage sway,
That rules her children, civilized in crime;
Time cannot wipe the deadly stain away,
Nor cleanse the page, nor erase the bloody line.
Havoc and slaughter for three thousand years,
With misery and the fangs of war in arms,
Have traversed earth and bathed her vales in tears,
With chilling sounds of war-whoop and alarms.
Our country, now, the abode of honest fame,
Has witnessed deeds revolting to the mind:
The powers of Europe, have given up their claim
And yielded to the force of rights defined;
As nature's laws, and laws of nature's God—
The laws of equal rights and liberty,
The laws of reason, virtue, understood,
Sanctioned by mankind and the Deity.
Oppression, tyranny, and war's stern power,
Before the gospel, must to justice bow;
The cannon's roar shall rend the air no more,
Nor trumpet's sound through ether's region plow;
Joy mounts the gale—peace, peace, the joyful sound,
Arabia's fragrance floats around the world;
Mount Gilcad's balm heals death's eternal wound,
And nations' union, is the flag unfurled.

Europe, and Asia; and 'America,

The time 's arrived to lay the sword aside,
And send a herald to poor Africa,

And for the wants and lives of all provide.

To God eternal, let all nations join ;

In one grand anthem, sing Emanuel's praise ;
Let echo bear the sound to every clime,

And one vast hallelujah end the phrase.

THE WARRIOR'S TOMB.

These beautiful lines, written by Thomas C. Upham, a New-Hampshire poet, are a finished epitaph on the tablets of all conquering time, exhibiting the silence that sleeps in solemn memento around and over the warrior's tomb :

Ah ! where are the soldiers, that fought there of yore ?
The sod is upon them ; they'll struggle no more ;
The hatchet is fallen ; the red man is low ;
And near him reposes the arm of his foe .
The bugle is silent, the war-whoop is dead ;
There 's a murmur of waters and woods in their stead.
Where the raven and owl chaunt a symphony dear,
From the dark waving pines, o'er the combatants bier :
The light of the sun has sunk in the wave,
And a long time ago sat the sun of the brave ;
The waters complain as they roll o'er the stones,
While the rank grass encircles a few scattered bones :
The names of the fallen the traveler leaves,
Cut out with his knife, on the bark of the trees ;
But little avails his affectionate art,
For the names of the fallen are engraved on the heart.
The voice of the hunter is loud on the breeze,
There 's a dashing of water, a rustling of trees,
But the clashing of armor hath long passed away—
No wounded or dying are seen here to-day.
The eye that once sparkled no longer is bright,
The arm of the mighty lies vanquished in night,

'The bosom that once for his country beat high,
'To that bosom the clods of the valley are nigh.
Sleep! soldiers of merit; sleep! gallants of yore;
'The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er:
While the fir-tree is green, and the wind rolls a wave,
'The tear-drop shall brighten the turf of the brave.

INDIAN TRAGEDIES.

War's dreadful sound and cruelty,
 Echoing through forests' long repose!
Thy wilds, ah! North-America,
 From slumbers long affrighted rose.
While jealous hatred, black with rage,
 With all the powers of malice fraught,
The red and white in wars engage,
 Destruction's grasp, the common lot;
One scene of horror, marked the wild,
 Of savage power and lawless sway,
The father, mother and the child, .
 Butchered and slaughtered day by day.
Humanity revolts the sight
 Of slaughtered victims, stained with gore,
While all the shades of ancient night,
 The features of these monsters wore.
The midnight hour, the fire-side,
 The home, protection can't secure,
The cottage flames through ether glide,
 Heighten the dregs of death the more.
The morning light often surveys,
 Horrors too shocking to relate;
All sex—the child, the youth, the aged—
 The victims of their savage hate.
Horror's whole form one terror wore,
 Magera's Crest, the infernal flame,

The tyrant death, and hell's grim power,
Forced many a mortal from their home.
Would to heaven barbaric rage
Was to the Indian race confined;
But ah! our history's modern page,
Sees Christian names with them combined.
France hath her sacred name disgraced,
And stained her character with guilt,
Allied with nature's barbarous race,
She must atone for blood she's spilt.
Vengeance hath satisfied its rage,
History deep record the wound,
While Revolution's powers engage,
And earth's whole regions hear the sounds,
Montcalm is slain, Quebec is lost,
Disasters punish nations' sins;
Her crime hath dear the nation cost,
And every soul engage therein.
Rebellions, revolutions dire,
Conspiracy and massacres;
Murat, and hell-born Robespierre,
With guillotine and hell agree.
Bonaparte, earth's heavy scourge,
Made Europe tremble with dismay;
And France the force of death to charge,
And Waterloo decide the day.
The tragic scenes of Muscovy,
The world records—ah! sad to tell,
The dreadful sufferings of that day,
Of armies that by thousands fell.
Nature laments the fatal drama,
Men swept like stubble from the earth;
Earth groans, as she beholds the army
Engage the terribles of death.
Destruction marked the dreadful way,

See frost and snow, sufferings complete,
Hunger, fatigue, and dire dismay,
Sealed, sealed their everlasting fate.
But to return to my narration,
Indian horrors to relate ;
Sad the tale to every nation,
Who the scenes of horror hate.
Every Christian ought to shudder
At the crime of cruelty,
Kings and Princes, armies gather,
To defend their tyranny.
War 's a scourge, with all its honors,
Its tender mercies are severe ;
Kings should disdain the Indian manners,
Of war in all its cursed career.
America hath borne the scourge,
Of savages in dread array ;
Spreading destruction like a surge,
Blood-thirsty, as the beasts of prey.
European Christians led the van
Of these wild sons, 'gainst innocence,
Encourage them, contrive and plan,
The dark design of malevolence.
The savage marked his path with blood,
And conflagration's flame arose
Through smoke, where villages once stood,
To cool the rage of savage foes.
Relentless cruelty and rage,
Stains the black page of every clime ;
Waged against man in every age,
Of ancient or in modern time.
But Indian warfare knows no bounds,
Extermination ends their rage ;
Recitals of their history, wounds
The feelings of the present age.

His nature jealous, soon provoked,
To arms, in haste, is his resort ;
Sudden and fatal is the stroke,
His haste, urge wrong, to wrong by force.
Retaliation rules his mind,
All hardships, he to gratify,
Freely endures, his foe to find ;
Rather than yield, we see him die.
Insidious, artful to beguile,
Ignorance rules his ignorance;
Stubborn revenge, this dreadful child,
He wants the guide of common sense.
Often provoked, the wrong we own,
Redress is right, justice demands ;
Haste always ends a syren song,
When it the passions' flame commands.
Enthusiasm fires his breast,
Staunch in his friendship as in war ;
A foe or friend, stands to the test,
And both with him, contrast, alike shall share.
Columbus found them friends sincere,
Native simplicity their grace ;
Civility their nature cheers,
And smiles showed pleasure on each face:
Europeans began the wrong,
Discovery lit the torch of flame ;
Foul Demons urged the parties on,
To deeds of an eternal shame.
Thousands have suffered horror's fate,
And died beneath their brutal hands ;
So barbarous here, once, to relate,
Whose bare recital dread commands.
The gestures of a savage foe,
When mad with rage, devils defy ;
And spectres from the world below,

Are not more dreadful to the eye.
Painted in all of horror's forms,
Dressed in the costume of despair ;
While malice every bosom warms,
His actions, words, and eyes roll fire.
His voice more dreadful than the wolf, .
His war-whoop, chills the air of June ;
Sight, dreadful as John Milton's death,
Or all the awfuls of the tomb.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH WAR, IN 1754.

The treaty of Aux la Chapelle, concluded in 1748, between France and England, restored peace to America, which had been long disturbed by French and Indian hostilities. At this period, the inhabitants of the thirteen colonies amounted to 1,000,000, being mostly confined to the sea coast, and extending from Newfoundland to Florida. The French settlements at the north, extended from the mouth of St. Lawrence river to Montreal: and even on Lake Ontario they had built a fort and trading houses. At the south, they had discovered the Mississippi, and planted New-Orleans; and claimed the whole of that majestic river. They at length determined to connect the northern and southern settlements by a chain of posts along the frontier of the English colonies, from Lake Ontario to the Ohio river, and down that river and the Mississippi, to New-Orleans. While this scheme was in contemplation in the French cabinet, the English established trading houses on the Ohio. The French, in the meantime, seized on some of their traders, and sent them prisoners to Canada. The British complained of this infringement on their rights, to Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia—the land having been granted, in part, to that province. He determined to send a message to the French commander on the Ohio, to withdraw his troops. For this important service, he selected our beloved Washington, then a youth, hardly 21 years of age. To this letter the French commander replied, that he was ordered to take possession of that post by his General, to whom he would transmit this letter, and implicitly obey his orders. The reply not being satisfactory to the Governor, preparations were immediately

made to support the British claim. Troops were raised; and the command given to Col. Washington.

Attack on Fort Necessity.

At the head of 400 men, he advanced, early in the spring, into the wilderness. On his route, he met and defeated a party of French, who approached in a hostile manner. He then proceeded toward fort Du Quesne, (now Pittsburgh); situated at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers. From this fort, De Villiers, at the head of 900 troops, advanced to meet Washington. Hearing of his approach, Washington halted, and hastily erected a small stockade, which he called fort Necessity, where he determined to defend himself till reinforcements might arrive. He was immediately attacked, and closely invested by De Villiers; but making a brave and terrible resistance, he was offered the most honorable terms of capitulation, by the generous De Villiers, to save the needless waste of human life—which he accepted. Villiers, not like Montcalm at Oswego and fort William Henry, strictly adhered to the conditions agreed upon, and let our young hero and companions depart, who returned to Virginia, and joined his regiment, with the distinguished honor of being praised for his skill and bravery by an enemy.

The colonies concerted measures for their mutual defence. held a conference with the Six Nations of Indians; and formed a plan of union. This plan provided that delegates to a general government should be chosen by the representatives of the people; and that a President General should be named by the King. This was rejected by Parliament, because the delegates were to be chosen by the representatives of the people—which was denied by the colonies, they contending that otherwise it would be placing too much power in the hands of the crown. In England, jealousies were entertained of the rapid growth of the colonial assemblies. In America, the people, even at this early day, began to feel actuated by the spirit of independence.

The conduct of the French, on the Ohio, soon convinced British cabinet that their claim to the country through which

the Mississippi flowed, must be maintained by the sword, or relinquished. They chose the first. And, accordingly, in the spring of 1755, they sent Gen. Braddock, and a large force, to America, to dislodge the French, and take possession of the country claimed by that nation. In April, Gen. Braddock met the colonial assemblies, to concert measures for the ensuing campaign. Three expeditions were resolved on. One against fort Du Quesne, commanded by Gen. Braddock, in person; one against Niagara and fort Frontinac, commanded by Gen. Shirley; and one against Crown-Point, commanded by Gen. Johnson.

The last mentioned post lay nearest New-England, from which the Indian excursions were frequent against the frontier settlements, being supported by French influence, in all their mad career. This expedition was to be executed by troops raised in New-England and New-York. While these expeditions were preparing for execution, another was carried on against the French in Nova-Scotia, which province was ceded to the British by the treaty of Utrecht. About two thousand militia, commanded by Col. Winslow, embarked at Boston, and being joined by three hundred regulars on their passage, arrived in April, at their rendezvous. The fort was invested, the resistance feeble and ineffectual; in a short time the British gained possession of the province, with the loss of only three privates. The preparations of Gen. Braddock, in Virginia, proceeded slowly. It had been found extremely difficult to furnish the necessary supplies. Impatient of delay, he determined to march with twelve hundred men, selected from the corps, and to proceed as rapidly as possible towards Fort Du Quesne; while the residue of the army and heavy baggage, under the command of Col. Dunbar, was to follow as soon as in readiness. The General had been educated in the English army, in Europe, and in the science of war as practiced there. He was a brave officer, possessed of more than ordinary skill; of his reputation he was vain, haughty and arrogant, and disdained to gain knowledge from Col. Washington and others, of bush fighting in America,

with savages,—whose mode of warfare ill suits the tactics of European skill. Before he left England, he was repeatedly cautioned to beware of surprise. And on his march through the wilderness, the provincial officers frequently entreated with him to scour the surrounding thickets: but he held the officers and the enemy in too much contempt to take their advice. Col. Washington made a last attempt to induce him to change his order of march. He explained the mode of Indian warfare, and represented the danger, and offered to take command of the provincials and place himself in advance of the army; to which the haughty fool, strutting with his arms a kim-bow, replied, high times, high times, by God; shall an American buck-skin teach a British General how to fight? Thus, Braddock, confident in his own skill and merit, marched himself and army on to certain destruction, while Col. Washington and other American officers, seeing ruin impending, through the rashness of ignorance, trembled as they advanced.

Braddock's Defeat.

The 9th of July, the army crossed the Monongahela, a few miles from fort Du Quesne. Their route lay through a defile, which they had nearly passed, when a tremendous yell, and a heavy discharge of fire-arms suddenly burst upon them from an unseen foe. The van was thrown into confusion; the General led the main body to their support; for a moment, order was restored, and a short cessation of the enemy's fire, on account of the death of their officer, seemed to indicate that all was over. But the demons of destruction soon renewed the attack with redoubled fury; concealed behind trees, logs, rocks, and every covert they could find—the woods seemed in a blaze, and a tempest of lead from an almost invisible hand. Here, haughtiness too late, found its mistake, and pride, that insignia of folly, saw its own littleness. Death overwhelmed the ranks that fell like stubble before a raging fire. Those who survived, saw nothing to contend with, but death; no place of refuge, but the wilderness, filled with hell-hounds, scenting carnage. The English line of battle, was all confusion; the General obstinately courageous,

bent his whole effort to restore order. He persisted in his mad career, till five horses were shot under him, and every officer on horseback, except Col. Washington, was killed or wounded. Braddock was soon shot from his horse; when the rout became general. Col. Washington rallied his provincials, and covered the retreat, until they met Col. Dunbar, sixty miles in the rear, and communicated to him the fatal intelligence. On holding a council, it was agreed to leave the wilderness, and seek safety by flight—though no enemy had been seen during the engagement, or afterwards. The retreat was continued to fort Cumberland, one hundred and twenty miles from the scene of action; where they recruited the army for a short time, when Col. Dunbar, on whom the command devolved after the death of Braddock, with the remainder of the army, fifteen hundred strong, marched to Philadelphia, leaving the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia to the mercy of the merciless Indians.

The provincial troops, whom Braddock so much despised, displayed, during the engagement, the courage of veterans, and calmness of heroes. Though placed in the rear, they alone, led on by our young hero, Washington, after the defeat, still took the rear, and stepped in between the living and the dead, covered the retreat, and brought off the survivors from the field of sorrow, with honor to themselves, and credit to their country.

In this bloody battle, sixty-four, out of the eighty-four officers, were either killed or wounded, and at least one half of the army.

The two northern expeditions, though not so disastrous, were both unsuccessful. Gov. Shirley, who commanded the Niagara expedition, met with so many delays that he did not reach Oswego till late in August. While embarking, to proceed against Niagara, the fall rains commenced; his troops became discouraged; his Indian allies deserted him, and he relinquished the design as impracticable, for the present.

The army designed to act against Crown-Point, with the requisite military stores, could not be collected at Albany till the last of August. Thence the army, under the command of Gen. Johnson, proceeded to Lake George, on their way to their place

of destination. Here he learned that the army fitted out from France, had eluded the British squadron, and had arrived safe at Quebec; and that Baron Dieskau, the commander of the French forces, was advancing towards the English settlements. Gen. Johnson immediately prepared to receive him; throwing up a temporary breast-work, and sent Col. Williams, with a thousand men, to impede the progress of the approaching enemy. Dieskau, who had advanced near, was informed of Williams' approach, without losing a moment, ordered his soldiers to conceal themselves. The English marched into the midst of their enemy, and from every quarter received a sudden and deadly fire. Col. Williams was killed, and his men fled to the main army, at the lake. They were closely pursued by the French, who approached within one hundred and fifty yards of the breast-work; and had they made an instantaneous attack, they might, probably, have carried the works by assault. But halting to make dispositions for a regular attack, the Indians and Canadians were detached to the flanks, and the regulars commenced the action by firing platoons. The firing was ineffectual, and the provincials, recovering from their first panic, resumed their courage. A few discharges from the artillery, drove the Canadians and Indians into the camp. The regulars maintained the conflict, for more than an hour, with courage and resolution. The Baron Dieskau, seeing all future efforts unavailing, ordered a retreat. On which the provincials, without orders, leaped over the entrenchments, and killed and drove the French from the field. The Baron was wounded, and made prisoner.

The next day, Col. Blancher, who commanded at fort Edward, dispatched Capt. Folsom, of New-Hampshire, with two hundred men, to reinforce Gen. Johnson. On his way he discovered three or four hundred of the enemy, seated round a small pond, (now called Bloody Pond,) not far from the place where Col. Williams had been defeated and slain. Notwithstanding his inferiority in numbers, he determined to attack them. So sudden and furious was the onset, mingled with surprise, that after

a bloody and sharp contest, he drove them, with the point of the bayonet, and they fled from this consecrated spot in confusion.

In the several engagements, the colonies lost two hundred men, and the enemy seven hundred. Gen. Johnson, though strongly solicited by Massachusetts to proceed on the expedition, refused, and most of his troops returned home. Thus ended the campaign of 1755. It was opened with the brightest prospects of success. Immense preparations had been made; yet, not one of the contemplated objects of the three great expeditions had been achieved. The southern frontiers being left unprotected, the usual depredations of the savages were dreadful and frequent.

Campaign of 1756.

The colonies, undismayed by the ill fortune of the last year, renewed their exertions to face the terrors of war, the next campaign. Gen. Shirley assembled a council of war at New-York, to consult measures for the ensuing year. He proposed an expedition against fort Du Quesne, Niagara, and Crown-Point; and that an army should be sent by the way of the river Chaudiere, to Canada, to alarm the French for the safety of Quebec. The plan was approved of by the council. Gov. Shirley, on the last of January, returned to Boston. He endeavored to persuade them to adopt the measures agreed on at New-York; but, disgusted with the proceedings of the last campaign, and especially with Gen. Johnson's refusing to pursue the advantages gained, they were unwilling to engage in offensive operations, unless the command should be given to Gen. Winslow, whose popularity rose with his success in Nova-Scotia. Their wish was granted by the Governor, and arrangements were accordingly made.

In April, news arrived from England sanctioning the conduct of Gen. Johnson; considering it highly meritorious, and as a reward for his courage they conferred on him the title of baronet, and Parliament voted him £5000 sterling. And, also, his

determination to remove him from office. This information, not being official, Gov. Shirley made his arrangements for the next year with activity and zeal. While engaged in collecting troops, from the different colonies, at Albany, Gen. Webb arrived from England with official intelligence of the Governor's removal. On the 25th of June, Gen. Abercrombie arrived, and took command of the army, consisting now of twelve thousand men. It was better organized, and more in number than ever was brought into the field in America, while war was raging between the two nations in America. Their friendship at home remained as usual, till England, in May, 1756, declared war, and France, in June following.

An Attack on Oswego, by Montcalm.

The charge of commanders delayed the operations of the English army. The French were very active; and on the 12th of July, Gen. Abercrombie received certain intelligence of a contemplated attack, by the French, on the garrison of Oswego. Gen. Webb was ordered to march with a regiment to its immediate relief. In the meantime Lord Loudon, who had been appointed generalissimo of the British armies in America, arrived. In the midst of the ceremonies attending so august an occasion, war was forgotten by those preyers on the public purse, and Oswego fell a sacrifice to public folly. Gen. Webb did not march till the 12th of August. Intelligence soon met him, that Montcalm, with a large force had besieged Oswego. Alarmed, this enterprizing, petticoated General, consulting his own safety more than his country's honor, immediately halted and fortified his camp.

On the 12th, the day Webb commenced his march, the fort was invested. On the 14th, the English commander having been killed, terms of surrender were proposed by the garrison; which were accepted by Montcalm, whose word was deceit, whose honor a name, whose humanity the tiger would despise. The terms agreed to were shamefully violated. Several of the British officers and soldiers were insulted, robbed, and massacred, by the Indians. Most of the sick were killed and scalped

in the hospital, while the gallant Monsieur Montcalm feasted his eyes with savage barbarity, that now haunts his smutty ghost in Erebus. And, to climax the whole, he gave up twenty persons, taken prisoners, to his copper colored brethren, (that being the number of Indians killed during the siege,) as an offering to appease the god of war, and satiate his blood-thirsty dispositions. Who, like Cyrns of old, ought, by the hand of a woman, to have his head cut from his savage carcass, and thrown, like Cyrus', into a bowl of blood, that it might drink its fill.

Gen. Webb retreated, unmolested, to Albany. Lord Loudon pretended that it was too late in the season to attempt any thing further, though Gen. Winslow's troops were within a few days' march of Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, with numbers apparently sufficient to justify an attack upon those places. :

The spring had opened, promising much, and closed without achieving a single event, honorable to the British crown, or advantageous to the colonies. This want of success was justly attributed to the removal of the provincial officers, owing to the jealousy of the British ministers, who, to check the growth of talents in the colonies, were unwilling to employ them. The several provincial assemblies, although they saw themselves slighted, and their money squandered away, made all the preparations that were required of them for the next campaign:

Campaign of 1757.

The reduction of Louisburgh was the great object of ministers; to which they directed the attention of Lord Loudon. In the spring of 1757, he sailed from New-York with six thousand men, and, at Halifax, met Admiral Holborn, with transports, and an equal number of troops, and a naval force consisting of fifteen sail of the line. Shortly after, intelligence arrived that a large reinforcement of French troops had lately landed at Louisburgh, and expressed their readiness to wait on the British at any hour they thought fit to pay them a visit. Disheartened by this intelligence, the General and Admiral abandoned the expedition.

While the English commanders were idle, the French were enterprising and active. In March, Gen. Montcalm made a descent on fort William Henry, situated on the south end of Lake George, but was defeated by the vigilance of the British garrison. He returned to Crown-Point, leaving a party of troops at Ticonderoga. Against this fortress the English commander sent Col. Parker with four hundred men. The Colonel was deceived in his intelligence, decoyed into an ambuscade, and attacked with such fury that he lost three hundred of his men, and the rest saved themselves by flight.

A Second Attack on Fort William Henry,

Montcalm, encouraged by this success, determined to pay fort William Henry another visit. For this enterprize he assembled ten thousand men, regulars, Canadians, and Indians. Major Putnam, apprised of Montcalm's approach, informed Gen. Webb. The General enjoined silence, and took no measures to meet the threatened danger, although he lay at fort Edward, only fourteen miles distant, with four thousand men, and could call on the provincial governments for reinforcements. He only sent Col. Monroe to take command, who was ignorant of the danger. The day after this officer took command, to his surprize he saw the lake covered with boats, filled with an assembly of earth's miscreants, swiftly approaching the shore. A landing was soon effected, and the siege commenced. The garrison, twenty-five hundred strong, expecting immediate relief, made a brave resistance. Col. Monroe sent an express to that dastardly coward, Webb, for assistance. These notices he disregarded, and seemed indifferent to their situation. At length, on the 9th day of the siege, Gen. Webb despatched Sir William Johnson, with a body of men, to his relief. They had proceeded three miles, when the command was countermanded. Webb then wrote to Col. Monroe that he could afford him no assistance, and advised him to surrender on the best conditions he could obtain. This letter was intercepted by Montcalm, who handed it himself to Col. Monroe. All hopes of relief being extinguished, articles of capitulation were agreed upon. The prisoners were to be pro-

tected from the savages, and the sick and wounded to be treated with humanity. But, next morning, a great number of savages were admitted within the lines; where they began to plunder, and, meeting with no opposition, they fell upon the sick and wounded, whom they immediately butchered. The unarmed troops were then surrounded by these monsters of cruelty, and a general massacre ensued. Col. Monroe hastened to Montcalm, imploring him to regard the stipulations, but in vain. This hellish miscreant of earth witnessed this horrid sight with indifference, while pity only wept over her children. All was dread and horror. On every side, savage fury reigned. Murder, butchery, massacre, the scalping knife, the hideous yells, the groans of the dying, the frantic gestures of others, shrinking from the uplifted tomahawk, excited no sympathy from their French neighbors, who stood unmoved at a sight so detestable. The fury of the savages was permitted to rage without restraint, till a large number were killed, or hurried into captivity.

The day after this tragedy, Maj. Putnam was sent, with his rangers, to watch the motion of the enemy. When he came to the shore of the lake, the enemy's rear was hardly out of the reach of musket shot. The prospect was truly horrid and appalling to sight. The fort was demolished, the barracks and buildings were yet burning, innumerable fragments of human carcasses were broiling in the decaying fires; dead bodies with scalping knives and tomahawks, in all the wantonness of Indian cruelty, assisted by French demagogues, scattered on the blood-stained earth, of horror rendered horrible to sight of those called Christians.

The British government, on the news of these disasters, resulting from folly, dismissed their minister, and placed the celebrated William Pitt at the head of affairs: whose perseverance and industry for his country's welfare, the sequel shows.

Campaign of 1758.

The next campaign opens with three expeditions planned. One of 12,000 men against Louisburgh; 16,000 against Ticon-

deroga and Crown-Point, and one against fort Du Quesne, of 800 strong. The colonies were to lend all the assistance in their power.

Louisburgh Taken.

Gen. Amherst commanded the Louisburgh expedition under whom Wolfe served as a brigadier. Louisburgh surrendered on the 26th of July, after a siege of forty-six days.

Ticonderoga Attacked.

Gen. Abercrombie commanded the Ticonderoga enterprize; and with an army of 17,000, attacked that fortress, and, after four hours hard fought, was defeated, with the loss of Lord Howe, and nearly two thousand men.

Fort Frontinac Taken.

To retrieve this loss in part, Gen. Abercrombie despatched Col. Bradstreet, with 3000 men, against fort Frontinac, (now Kingston,) at the out-let of Lake Ontario; which soon surrendered, with all its stores, merchandize, provisions, &c.; which assisted the third expedition, as it deprived the Indians of their stipulated supplies.

Fort Du Quesne Evacuated.

The third expedition, commanded by Gen. Forbs, marched from Philadelphia the beginning of July. After a tedious tour they arrived at Raystown, ninety miles from fort Du Quesne; where his advance was met by the enemy, who, after an obstinate resistance, was defeated with great slaughter. Gen. Forbs advanced cautiously towards the fort. The enemy, dreading a siege, destroyed the fort and works, and retreated down the Ohio.

Lord Pitt's commanding talents inspired confidence. The successes of these campaigns roused the spirit of the nation to redoubled exertions, to wrest from the French the remaining territory they possessed in America.

Campaign of 1759.

The campaign of 1758, was highly honorable to the British armies. Of the three expeditions, two completely succeeded, and the leader of the third had made an important conquest.

Lord Pitt's plans evinced his bold and energetic mind. Anticipated conquest, for the next campaign, roused the nation to redouble its exertions; with such a man as Lord Pitt at the helm, they thought success almost certain. Three different armies were ordered to be ready for the next campaign, to attack the three yet remaining strong posts of the French in America—Niagara, Ticonderoga and Quebec.

Niagara Taken.

In July, 1759, Gen. Prideaux embarked on Lake Ontario, with an army against Niagara. On the 6th, landed about three miles from the fort. He, without delay, marched against the fortress, and commenced a siege. In the prosecution of which, he was accidentally killed by the bursting of a shell. The command devolved on Sir William Johnson. He was soon attacked by the French and Indians; over them he triumphed in a decisive victory, which was followed by a surrender.

Ticonderoga Evacuated.

Gen. Amherst, who commanded the Ticonderoga enterprise, found so many difficulties to encounter, that he was not able to appear before that garrison till late in July. The French, fearing the issue of a siege, abandoned the works. Gen. Amherst repaired the fortifications, and then proceeded against Crown-Point. The enemy deserted this post, also, and retired to Isle Aux Noix. To drive the French from this station, great efforts were made by the British commander. Much time was spent, but the weather proving boisterous, the lake presented a barrier to victory. Gen. Amherst led back his army to Crown-Point, and encamped for the winter.

The Expedition against Quebec.

This expedition was far the most important of the three. The point of land on which the city stands, is strong by nature, and rendered doubly so by art. It may be justly called the American Gibraltar. Situated on the north side of the river St. Lawrence, on a point of land formed by the junction of St. Charles river from the north. The St. Lawrence, to the south of the town is scarce a mile wide. Point Levi, lies opposite on the

south shore, within cannon shot. Immediately below the town the river widens to nearly two miles, which still widens eastward towards the gulf as far as the eye can survey from the upper town ; so called from its standing on a rock, nearly or quite 100 feet above the lower town, or the river bank. Enclosing in its bosom four miles from Quebec, the beautiful Isle of Orleans, with a sufficient depth of water on either side, for ships of the heaviest burden to navigate. The falls on the river Montmerancy, nine miles below Quebec, said to be three hundred feet high, and which fall into the north channel, are in plain view from the upper town, and Cape Diamond. The plains of Abraham lie to the west of the city. The walls of the town, extend from the edges of the rock, near the river St. Lawrence northwardly, inclining east to the river St. Charles, and thence to the deep waters in the bay, or projecting rocks.

Every expedition against this place had failed. Montcalm commanded the French army—that savage monster of cruelty, still red with slaughter from the awful tragedy of fort William Henry, on the shores of Lake George, and the horrid, savage butchery of Oswego. Although tiger by nature, and savage hearted, he was an able and experienced officer.

The strength of Quebec only increased the marshal powers of such a man as Lord Pitt, to engage in its conquest. He judged, and rightly, that the most daring enterprises were often attended with the best success, where energy exerts its powers. To such a character as young Wolfe, whose mind ranked him on the list of earth's greatness, was assigned the bold and hazardous undertaking. His conduct during the last campaign in the reduction of Louisburg, recommended him to ministerial favor : who appoints him to that important command, and gave him for assistants, Generals Murry, Townsend, Monston, brigadiers, all like himself, young and ardent. Early in the season of 1759, he sailed from Halifax, in company with Admiral Sanders, and eight thousand men. The last of June, he landed on the Isle of Orleans, a few miles east of Quebec. From this situation, he could take a full view of the obstacles to be overcome.

These appeared so great, that the sanguine spirit of Wolfe, desponding, he wrote to the minister, that he saw more before him to fear than hope.

A large army to conquer, under an able commander, strongly entrenched on the north side of the river, from St. Charles river, to Montmerancy. Gen. Wolfe took possession of Point Levi and commenced a cannonade with little effect. He next resolved to quit Point Levi, and land his army below Montmerancy; cross that river, and attack Montcalm in his entrenchments. He succeeded in landing his troops, and gave particular orders when crossing the Montmerancy for the attack—not to have a charge made on the enemy's works, till the whole army should land, form, and make a general assault at one onset. These orders were disobeyed. A part having crossed and landed, the French opening a galling and heavy fire on their lines, their courage under such circumstances could not brook restraint, they immediately, without orders, rushed upon the French works, but were so warmly saluted from the musketry of their enemy, that they made a hasty retreat; which disconcerted the whole plan, and Gen. Wolfe and army retired on board the shipping, chagrined at defeat. At this moment intelligence arrived, that Niagara was taken; Ticonderoga and Crown-Point had been abandoned; and that Gen. Amherst, instead of pressing forward to their assistance, was preparing to attack Isle Aux Noix. Gen. Wolfe rejoiced at the triumph of his brethren in arms. His mind, lofty and susceptible, was deeply impressed, which preyed on his delicate form, and sensibly effected his health. He was frequently observed to sigh, and declared to his friends that he could not survive the disgrace, which he said must attend the failure of the enterprise.

Despairing of success below the town, he turned his attention above it. Accordingly, Admiral Sanders landed a part of his troops at Point Levi, and sailed with the remainder up the river. Montcalm, immediately despatched D'Boganville, with 1500 men to Cape Rouge, to watch the motion of the English. Here Gen.

Wolfe formed his plan of attack, and made his dispositions accordingly.

Battle on Abraham's Plains.

On the 12th of September, one hour after midnight, Gen. Wolfe and army, leaving their shipping, dropped silently down the current to what is now called Wolte's Cove, one mile above the city. This place was a critical one. They had to navigate in silence down a rapid stream. To hit upon a right place for landing in a dark night, might easily defeat the whole enterprise. The shore was shelving, and bank steep, lofty, and scarcely accessible without opposition. This lulled Montcalm into security. He thought that such an enterprise was absolutely impossible; and therefore had only placed sentinels, and a picket guard along the shore. The attempt was in the greatest danger of being defeated by one circumstance, which is very interesting, as marking more emphatically the very great delicacy of the undertaking. One of the French sentinels, stationed on the shore, challenged one of the British boats, in the customary military language of the French, Who goes there? To which a captain, belonging to Frazier's regiment, who had served in Poland, and was familiar with the French language and customs, promptly replied, La France. The next question was more embarrassing, for the sentinel demanded to what regiment they belonged. The captain who happened to know the name of one of the regiments that was up the river with D'Boganville, replied, the Queen's. The soldier instantly returned, pass. The other sentinels were in a similar manner deceived. But one less credulous than the rest, ran down to the water's edge, called out, Why don't you speak louder? The captain with perfect self command, replied, hush! we shall be overheard and discovered. This satisfied the sentinel, who returned to his post. The British boats were on the point of being fired upon, by a captain of one of their own transports, who, ignorant of what was acting, took them for French. But Gen. Wolfe rowed along side in person, and prevented their firing. Gen. Wolfe, though greatly

reduced by a fever, to which a dysentery was added, was the first man to leap ashore. Here nature saw her children, under covert of her night, making arrangements to deceive, decoy, and concert plans to butcher, murder, and kill their own species. Even Christians against Christians, insulting the laws of God, and trampling under foot humanity, reason, conscience, and every tender feeling that adorns the human heart.

The rugged precipice, full of projecting rocks, shrubs growing everywhere amongst the cliffs, into which the bank was broken, presented a most formidable appearance.

Gen. Wolfe, familiarly speaking to an officer standing by, said, I do not believe it is possible to get up, but you must do your endeavors. The troops, at command, began to climb, laying hold of shrubs and projecting rocks; soon gained the height, and dispersed the guard; the whole army followed, and by day-light were formed under their respective leaders.

This precipice is from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred feet high,—still very rude,

Here, Gen. Wolfe staked all upon a very hazardous enterprise. Had he been discovered by a deserter or a spy, and an alarm given, his army would inevitably have been lost. The plains of Abraham, on which the battle was fought, as before mentioned lies west and south of the town, commencing the moment you leave the walls. They are a very elevated piece of ground, as must of course be the fact, as they are the height of the summit that terminates at the river. Their site is nearly level; free from trees, and all obstructions. About the years 1809 and 1810, the English built on these plains, three stone towers which add much to the strength of the place, as cannon from their obelisks can completely command the plains.

Montcalm at first could not believe that the English had gained the height. When convinced of the fact, he comprehended the full advantage they had gained, and prepared to meet them. He marched his army across the St. Charles, from his entrenchment at Beauport, and between the hour of nine and ten o'clock

the two armies met face to face, to decide the fate of Québec, by all the horrors of 15,000 men determined to kill and destroy each other, with all the means that God, nature, and art, had given them. The plains of Abraham seemed a volcano, rolling thunder, smoke, and fire, through ether, bearing departed spirits from mangled carcasses to the throne of Jehovah. Montcalm's numbers were nearly equal to those of the English army; but nearly half of his troops were Indians and Canadians, while Wolfe's were disciplined troops of the best description. Montcalm made the best disposition possible of his men; apportioning his regulars in such distinct bodies as to support his irregulars in the most effectual manner. In front amongst the corn-fields and bushes, he placed 1500 of his best marksmen, principally Canadians and Indians, whose destructive fire was patiently borne by the British line—but they reserved their own till the enemy, whose main body they perceived was rapidly advancing, was within forty yards, when they gave it, with immense effect. The French fought bravely, but they were soon broken. Notwithstanding one or two attempts to rally, make a stand, and renew the attack, they were so firmly attacked by the British bayonet, and hewn down by the Highland broad-sword, that their discomforture was complete.

The two commanders took their stations—Montcalm on the left, and Wolfe on the right of their respective armies—which brought them together where the battle was most severe; where they both fell in the critical moment that decided the victory. Gen. Wolfe, in the early part of the action, received a ball in the wrist. He bound it up in his handkerchief, and continued to encourage his troops. Soon after, another ball penetrated his groin; but this painful wound he concealed, and persevered till a third ball pierced his breast. He then submitted to be carried into the rear of the line; and the command devolved on Gen. Monston, who was soon mortally wounded. Gen. Townsend then took the command. About this time, D'Boganville returned with 1500 men. The French being

routed and flying, Gen. Townsend ordered two or three regiments to attack them. But the French withdrew and left the field to the conquerors; who pursued the vanquished to the gates of the city—which opened and let the fugitives in.

The French lost about one thousand, killed and wounded; and the English about half that number.

Gen. Wolfe, when he was no longer able to stand, leaned his head on the breast of a lieutenant, who sat down for that purpose. Being roused by the distant sound of "They fly!" he eagerly asked, "Who fly?" and being told, the French, he replied, "I die happy." He asked to be sustained on his feet, that he might once more behold the field; but his sight was gone, and death was fast advancing. He instantly expired. His death has furnished a worthy theme for the poet, historian, or painter. As a specimen of military glory, it has few rivals on the annals of war.

With less of good fortune, but not less of heroism, died the gallant Montcalm.

When told that his wound was mortal, he replied, "So much the better. I shall not, then, live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Gen. Seneargus, the second in command, also fell. And with them fell the city of Qubec, and the last remaining hope of French possessions in America. Four days after the battle, the city surrendered. Montreal and all the French posts in Canada surrendered the following year, (1760.)—Peace was concluded in Paris, early in the year 1763. By this treaty France ceded to Great Britian all her northern settlements in America, which relieved the colonies from the continual dread of savage invasions,

Thirst for power, insatiate fiend,
Disturber of the human soul,
To reason and to justice blind,
When passions have the full control.

Humanity is laid aside,
The sword and spear usurps its place,
The glory honor and the pride
Of battle fields, is fame disgraced.

AN AMERICAN TRAGIC POETICAL HISTORY.

The French War of 1754—63.

In seventeen hundred and fifty five,
The year of war's calamity ;
England its fury realized,
In thy lone wilds, America.
France, to protect her monarch's claim,
To lands, discovery, only sold ;
Sends forth her armies to maintain,
The right that natives ought to hold.
Britain her neighbor's rights denied,
And claimed the coveted transfer ;
Sends forth her haughty sons of pride,
To test the follies found in war.

Braddock's Defeat.

Braddock's defeat through arrogance,
His life paid little of the cost,
The allied savages of France,
Shot this mad Briton from his horse.
Urged on by self-conceit, he dies,
And with him many a hero bold ;
Though warned, he shunned not the surprise,
Of which he frequent had been told ;
Our Washington's advice disdained,
Contemptuous sneers his patience tried,
Suppressing anger saw with pain,
Approaching danger round them glide.
When lo ! the thickets in a blaze,
Burst in a moment with the yells ;
The rifles rattle and amaze,
Changed ether into perfect hells.

Each log, and rock, and tree a covert,
To furies who no mercy knew ;
Pouring destruction in a desert,
On a fear-struck, and trembling crew.
Dreadful the contest to contend
With death in ambush, and unseen ;
Arms, on which armies depend,
Are no protection in such scene.
Havoc and slaughter strew the ground,
The thirsty earth drinks British blood ;
With savage yells, the wilds resound,
While ghosts in scores ascend to God.
Confusion and disorder reigned,
Each moment fell some officer ;
While Braddock's bravery maintained
The ground that cost them many a tear.
Sad to relate the orphan's sigh,
The widow's lamentation hear ;
The field of sorrow, where the cry
For mercy met the savage ear.
The tomahawk and scalping-knife,
The hell-hounds of the wilderness ;
Triumphant took the wounded life,
And vent their rage on the distressed.
Brave Washington rallied his men,
America ! thy sons in arms ;
Stepped in between life and the slain,
And boldly faced war's dread alarms.
Checked the pursuers, and maintained,
The order of skilful retreat ;
Thy fame, America ! sustained,
Till Dunbar's corps they chance to meet.
Which hushed but half their fancied fear,
Dismay stamped deep her character ;
On British valor trembling here,
On war's tremendous bloody car.

Disasters follow British arms;
 This year, records her list on date;
 Braddock's defeat—Indian alarms—
 Her tragic muses must relate.
 Niagara's expedition failed,
 Shirley's campaign disastrous proved,
 Delays are dangers oft entailed,
 On what 's forbid by heaven above,
 Horror's whole form the tyrant wears,
 Justice forbids, resort to arms;
 Life must decide the fate of wars,
 And haunt its actors with alarms.

The contemplated enterprise,
 Of Crown-Point failed in it we see;
 Blasted, anticipated prize,
 Of man for want of energy.
 Johnson gained honor from the crown,
 And why, best known to kings and dukes:
 His country's cause, and her renown,
 He aided battle with his troops.
 Brave Williams fell, we mourn his fate,
 Ambushed, the foe around him rose,
 A deadly fire arrests his date:
 On life's vast roll of death's repose.
 Courage, the breast of Folsom armed,
 Against superior enemies;
 The bayonet and ball alarmed,
 And drove them trembling 'midst the trees.
 Death sports with life, where men are slaves,
 To foul ambitious demagogues;
 The cannon, musket, swords and lives,
 Are sacrificed to please their gods.
 Nine hundred men, an hecatomb,
 Here slaughtered in a little time;
 Dieskau's defeat and armies doom,

Williams' death and murdered line,
Thus ends anticipated fame,
The brightest prospects sickly fade ;
The expectations, this campaign,
Cast a deep gloom, and deeper shade.

Campaign of 1756.

Seventeen hundred fifty-six,
Opens with Mars and eloquence ;
Exertion's powerful plans are fixed,
For storms and sieges and defence.
Great-Britian sends a new recruit,
Of officers to try their skill ;
On war's theatre, and dispute
With France and French, who most could kill.
War now in solemn form declared,
The nations boil with angry mood ;
While all their engines are prepared,
To assist the devil and his brood.
Lord Loudon as chief engineer,
And General Webb to execute ;
Curse to the nation, expensive dear,
Hereditary fools to suit.
The French with animation fired,
All active in the scenes of war,
Montcalm intrepid views inspired ;
To build his fame on ruin's car.
Oswego threatened by the French,
Approaching it in war's array ;
The British had intelligence,
And ordered Webb without delay,
To its relief. But, no ! this sage,
Must wait on Loudon, just arrived,
In ceremonious pomp engage,
While poor Oswego realized,

Oswego Taken.

Her threatened siege, calamity,
Surrendering to a cruel foe,
Whose promise, word and infamy ;
All tell a tale of tragic woe ;
Closely besieged, the second day,
Oswego fell—her Captain slain,
Capitulation ends the fray,
But, savage horrors still remain.
Montcalm, a Nero, from his birth,
Devoid of honor, sense or shame,
All his proffers sink to earth,
Blasted by a liar's name.
Worse than Arnold, as a traitor,
Stipulations disregard ;
Terms agreed on with the prisoner,
Violates in deed and word.
Protection from the savage foe,
The prisoner claimed, Montcalm agreed ;
But faith, in false deceiving show,
Often makes the prisoner bleed.
The sick and wounded he sees butchered,
Scalped and tomahawked and slain,
Regardless of their cries, he boasted,
Exulting in a barbarous name.
He to repay his cursed hell-hounds,
For their smutty numbers killed ;
Triumphant heard the deadly sound,
That mournful echoed o'er the hills.
Twenty victims he delivered,
Whom he promised to protect ;
To the savage all deshivered,
Ghostly damned, in human shape.
While these tragic scenes were acting,
Our illustrious hero—Webb,

Marched half way, prepared for action;
Hearing of the siege, he fled.
Lord Loudon, Britain's favorite guest,
Hereditary recommends;
Titles of honor in the west,
Fight no battles on our plains.
The brilliant prospects of the spring,
Were all frost-bitten, in the fall;
While lullaby, the syrens sing,
To kings, and dukes, and subjects all.
The want of energy is seen,
And British jealousies awake;
America sets as a queen,
And views the strife beyond the lake.
Her officers were unemployed,
Through ministerial jealousy,
They fear that skill and worth employed;
Might learn the road to liberty.
Although we saw the tyrant's aim,
Regardless of his sophistry,
Our money squandered in alarm,
To test our faith in royalty.
When called upon, our sires agreed,
To furnish for the next campaign,
What was required by British creed,
To take the field and try again.

Campaign of 1757.

Seventeen hundred fifty-seven,
Opens the season, Mars in front;
The colonies to arms are driven,
And marshaled for a human hunt.
The British Parliament agree,
To strongly test the power of France,
And try this year by land and sea,
The strength of musket sword and lance.

The minister had formed his plans,
 Marshaled his forces to decide,
The claims of France to foreign lands,
 And sent her navies o'er the tide.
Lord Louden with six thousand men,
 Sailed from New-York for Halifax,
Met Holborn sailing o'er the main,
 To gain in concert and attacks.
The meditated enterprise,
 Of this grand expedition planned;
These champions thought to realize,
 Anticipation led the van.
Their destined object—Louisburgh,
 To anxious gaze, almost in view,
The cannon, musket and the sword,
 Ready to claim King George's due.
When, lo ! intelligence arrived,
 That France, the danger saw displayed;
Stepped in between the royal prize,
 And British calculations made.
Early, the French to reinforce,
 Sent a large corps, to Louisburgh,
Which news confirmed was on the coast;
 And ready to salute the Lord.
Lord Louden and the Admiral,
 Disheartened by this heavy news,
Saw British expectations fail,
 And tame the ministerial views.
Thus British hopes and energy,
 Lay dormant while her officers,
Were idle in America,
 And only thought of knights and sirs.
The French anticipation rose,
 Year after year their rights maintained;
Laughed at the folly of her foes,
 While Britian paid for all she gained.

Montcalm, for enterprize and skill,
 A General brave, courageous, bold,
 Planned an attack. Ambition still,
 Urged on her son, to fame untold.

Attack on Fort William Henry.

Fort William Henry he assailed,
 But fortune frowned, defeat ensues.
 Back to Crown Point, his army sailed,
 While he consults his war-like muse.
 Ticonderoga, reinforced,
 This garrison, the British saw,
 A harbor for the Indian corps,
 Whose dreadful warfare knew no law.
 From William Henry's fortress strong,
 Col. Parker and four thousand men,
 Sailed o'er Lake George with martial song,
 To reunite and form his plan;
 Surprise Ticonderoga, and check
 Montcalm's career and savage sway,
 But ambushed and furious attack,
 Decides the fortune of the day ;
 Dreadful the slaughter—mortals mourn,
 Above three hundred soldiers slain ;
 Disasters, wrathful and forlorn,
 Disgraceful to the christian name.

Second Attack on Fort William Henry.

Montcalm, elate with this success,
 Assembles near ten thousand men,
 Determined to renew the address
 He just received from Englishmen.
 Fort William Henry 'gain assails,
 Two thousand and five hundred strong,
 Against ten thousand, bravery fails,
 Composed of Hell's infernal throng.

'The approaching danger, soon was known
 To Maj. Putnam's watchful eye ;
 His active courage and renown,
 Saw Montcalm's aim and destiny.
 All anxious to afford relief,
 He quick to Gen. Webb made known
 'The intelligence he had received,
 And danger of that garrison.
 Enjoining silence, war's brave sage
 Of courage and humanity,
 Calmly reposing in his cage,
 Without life or energy.
 Old Webb, commanding British troops,
 Stained, stained the honor of his charge,
 Neglecting duty, and the hopes
 Of suppliant soldiers on the verge
 Of ruin, slaughter, havock, death,
 Destruction's grasp, and horrid sight,
 Engulfed in all the fangs of wrath—
 Of war, French, Indians, all to fight.
 'This agent of the confidence
 Of British trust, and soldier's lives,
 Lay at Fort Edwards, and from thence
 Might succor and send on supplies.
 'The distance, only fourteen miles,
 Four thousand men at his command ;
 Few only traversed through the wilds,
 And bade his troops, themselves defend.
 He sends Monroe to take the charge,
 Ignorant of all intelligence ;
 Who, the next day saw boats and barge,
 Advancing, armed with sword and lance.
 'The lake, a scene of sad surprize,
 Covered with hostile enemy ;
 Swiftly advancing to the prize,
 To test their claim for victory,

The sound of war soon meets the ear,
 The yells of savages resound,
 The thundering cannon rends the air,
 And nought is heard but dismal sound ;
 For nine long days, contended sore,
 'Gainst four to one, Monroe contends,
 'Midst din of arms and cannon's roar,
 Asking relief from coward friends.
 This British hero, General Webb,
 Refused to aid, or succor send,
 Though daily urged, this hero's dread,
 Forgets his station, and his friend ;
 The cannon's roar appalls his ear,
 Seems to arouse a martial flame,
 Had nearly banished half his fear,
 To raise his courage and his fame.
 Sir William Johnson, he commanded
 To reinforce that garrison,
 But soon, the order countermands
 And calls the knight and army home.
 Forlorn, he wrote Monroe his mind,
 Indifferent to scenes of distress,
 Not to expect relief, nor friend,
 But what he found in his success.
 Assistance, none could he afford,
 Advised him to capitulate,
 And on the honor and the word,
 To Oswego's traitor, trust his fate.
 All hope, relief, and succor gone,
 Surrender all alternate left,
 Hope, nearly now a syren song,
 Expected from a savage breast.
 Protection, solemnly agreed,
 The garrison, prisoners of war,
 A second tragedy we read
 Of Montcalm, savage as a bear.

Oswego's massacre renewed,
This miscreant of earth and hell,
Regardless of his word, pursued
The deed, his own disgrace can tell.
Humanity bleeding, laments
To see its gifts all misimproved,
Bravery and skill, malevolence;
This mixed hotch-potch, destructive proved.
The prisoners murdered, slaughtered, slain;
Surrounded by the demon race;
Deaf to entreaties, and the pain,
Montcalm sanctioned the disgrace.
The furies of the savage foe,
Turned loose, no language can describe
The dread, the scene, the sight of woe,
The awful horrors all defied.
Reader ! relentless nature mourns,
To view such scenes of misery ;
The yells, the sounds, and piteous groans,
Ascending to the Deity.
Yet, Frenchman of this modern age,
Calmly looked on this dreadful sight,
And see the frantic savage rage,
Which decent devils would affright.
Can we imagine what the mind
Of Major Putnam and his men
Must realize, when sent to find
The mangled, roasted, dead and slain.
The allies scarce had left the shore,
Covered with fragments of their feast,
The savages of France, devour
Men, ravenous as the hungry beast.
The wonton savage, tames his thirst,
With blood and mangled carcasses ;
And Montcalm's character accursed,
Detested stands while life shall live.

Brave General Webb, now wide awake,
The foe's retreat, left him secure ;
His courage roused, calls on each state,
When dangers left the bloody shore,
For reinforcement, as life's guard,
This modern hero to protect
In his markee, his fame reward,
For his grand feats in the attack.
Britain, alarmed, the bloody flag
Waved o'er her territorial claim,
Disasters, following disasters had,
For full three years, the lion tamed.
'The king, who long had been the dupe
Of evil counsellors and knaves,
Saw confidence betrayed, and hope
Cut short in view, with loss of lives.
He changed his ministerial train,
As men unworthy of his trust;
And William Pitt, whose worthy name,
Commissioned premier, rank the first.

Campaign of 1758.

Seventeen hundred and fifty-eight,
Commenced with Mars in armor clad:
Hostile to nature, while the fate
Of nations raging, warriors dead.
Lord Pitt awoke, his genius rose
From a low station, to the king:
His talents scorned his royal foes,
And confidence secured the ring.
Vigor and life, renewed, revived,
The king and nation saw the man
Whose eloquence controlled, advised,
And formed, and organized their plan.
The next campaign with energy
Opens—with enterprizing schemes.
War, thundering, rolled o'er land and sea,

While France and England view the scenes.
Death, toil, fatigue, must gain the day,
And shivering horrors triumph gain ;
And loss of thousands ransom pay,
And fields of carnage bear the pain.
Three expeditions led the van—
Gigantic views, where martial sway
Seek triumph by destroying man,
And virtue 's lost in beasts of prey.
Thirty-six thousand minions, armed,
Great-Britain's projects now advance,
France to oppose in war's alarms,
The tempests gathering round her land.
Louisburgh threatened, and Du Quesne,
Crown-Point, Ticonderoga too,
Anticipated glory's see
In vision, by the murderous crew,
Lord Loudon's date on fame is closed,
Recalled, his name erased, shall stand
Far better fitted for repose,
Than war's dread marshals to command,
General Amherst mounts the stage
Of war's theatre to contend,
The prize with France, and stern engage,
In hostile fury missiles send.
War, christians' war, let hell abashed,
Spurn it, beneath her dignity ;
Where friend with friend, in armor clash,
While pride and power bids them obey.
Strange to relate, can strangers meet
In savage warfare ? where no wrong
Was ever done to engender hate,
To murder each, the weak or strong.
Louisburgh he first assailed ;
Brave General Wolfe, he led the van,
Amherst's approaches, soon, soon entailed

Disasters, surrender, stores and men.
 France saw her struggle to contend,
 With England, Pitt, and soldiery,
 Her former triumph at an end,
 In Louisburgh's sad destiny,
 General Wolfe, young, generous, brave,
 Fired with ambition's confidence;
 Which to his mind immortal, gave,
 An impulse, royal precedence.
 'The enterprize against Crown-Point,
 To Abercrombie was assigned.
 Ticonderoga, the main complaint
 Of Indian haunts and French combined.
 Lord Howe, young, able, noble, bold,
 Accomplished, to perform his task,
 Under 'Crombie to unfold,
 'The tragedy that future masked.
 With seventeen thousand soldiers brave,
 Courageous veterans, famed in war,
 Fronting all danger to the grave,
 'The musket, sword, and cannon's roar.

Attack on Ticonderoga.

Arriving near Ticonderoga,
 Mars, meets our heroes on the plain,
 Skirmish ensued, the passing road
 Sorely beset, Lord Howe is slain.
 The British saw, their leader fall;
 With Spartan bravery charged the foe,
 Havoc, slaughter, powder and ball,
 Cover the field with sickening woe.
 Three hundred victims slaughtered lay,
 Bleeding and gasping, on the ground;
 The blood of Howe avenged—the day
 Records the battle's awful sound.
 'Thus reader! worth and mortal life.

Must bow, in battle's dreadful field ;
 Lord Howe, the brave, immortal strife,
 Lost all his earthly—dead and sealed.
 We mourn his fate, his virtues dear ;
 'Tis all that memory, now can give ;
 A sigh, a tributary tear,
 While his immortal only lives.
 This battle cost the British pain,
 In the result the sequel tells,
 Ardor led on this Spartan train,
 To storm the power of earth and hell.
 Received with compliments of wrath,
 The thundering cannon thinned the ranks ;
 Four hours, the obstinates of earth,
 Exposed their van, their rear, and flanks.
 To mount the ramparts, Mars appears,
 The sons of Britain to command ;
 To scale the walls, a huzza cheers,
 And death the tribute, pay demands.
 Destructive fires, blaze o'er their heads,
 The bastions all one sheet of flame ;
 The ball and sword lay thousands dead,
 Blood and carnage strewed the plain.
 Retreat, at last, the trumpets sound,
 And general orders are obeyed ;
 The army leaves the bloody ground,
 Covered with dying and the dead.
 Nature, lamenting, saw the sight,
 Depicted in this tragedy ;
 While England rues the horrid fight,
 And Frenchmen learned their destiny.

Fort Frontinac, or Kingston, Taken.

After this bloody, sere defeat,
 The General, to repair his loss,
 Detached in arms, Colonel Bradstreet,

'Gainst fort Frontinae, with a corps.
 Three thousand men, marshaled in arms,
 March for this fortress, and arrive;
 Dismay and terror, with alarms,
 Spread through the garrison surprize.
 Capitulation, soon the fate
 Of this supply and magazine,
 Of Indian stores—Ontario's gate,
 Of western waters to the main.
 To France, the loss was felt severe,
 Her stores and Indian supplies gone,
 Their ally saw the danger near,
 Relaxed exertion and the song
 Of conquest dreadful, meets the ear.
 French hopes hemmed in. The tide of war,
 Seemed ebbing in America;
 Mars, riding on his bloody ear,
 Fraught with the Frenchman's destiny.
 Du Quesne, this loss soon felt,
 Cut short of her supplies, she mourns;
 Approaching danger round her knelt,
 While distant sound the bugle horns.
 This expedition General Forbs,
 Had assigned honors to command,
 Leaves Philadelphia with the charge,
 To sieze and take the chartered land.

Fort Du Quesne Taken.

Fort Du Quesne their destiny,
 Through wilderness and morass deep;
 Dangers surrounding day by day,
 The hills and vallies seem to weep.
 At Raystown, Major Grant's advance.
 Was sudden met, and overthrown;
 A party from this fort of France,
 With slaughter strewed the bloody ground.

This tragic scene served to arouse,
 This British General to elude ;
 With cautious steps his route pursue,
 While through the wilds his way pursued.
 The French his presence reconnoiter,
 View his approach, and dread a siege ;
 The fort dismantle, and retreat,
 Rather than risk their French intrigue.
 Down the Ohio in the boats,
 To Mississippi settlements ;
 Safety in flight, the current floats,
 From war to friends, joy and content.
 The conquest gained, the General saw
 The expedition realized ;
 Possession taken—the conqueror's law—
 While Britain's standard o'er it flies.
 In honor to Lord Chatham's name,
 He Pittsburgh called the new conquest ;
 Sanctions the charter with his claim
 To royal favor, in his breast.
 The wisdom of Lord Pitt extolled,
 A counsellor and sage by birth ;
 This year his worthy fame's enrolled
 'Mongst the illustrious of the earth.
 The campaign of this year's renown,
 With honor to the British name,
 Highly important to the crown,
 And Pitt's immortal, lasting fame.
 Anticipation of the last,
 Nearly achieved and realized ;
 The next is realizing fast,
 And Pitt must manage for the prize.
 His genius bold, and popularly strong,
 His whole demeanor energy ;
 The ministerial plans belong
 To cabinet and ministry.

The choice of men to execute
 His views, designs, and bring to bear
 His objects, plans, and foes confute,
 Demands this sage's prudent care.
 England, grown bold by past success,
 Arranged her schemes for next campaign
 The French to vanquish in the west,
 And fully realize her claim.
 Ambition reared her horrid crest;
 America must realize
 The conqueror's views o'er the oppressed,
 That nought but death could harmonize.
 Three armies for the next campaign
 The British Parliament decreed;
 War, still raging, fed the flame
 That caused humanity to bleed.

Campaign of 1758.

The three strong posts must be subdued,
 That France claimed in America;
 Too small this continent is viewed,
 For rival monarch's to agree,
 Quebec, Niagara, are proscribed,
 On records, sealed by future blood;
 Ticonderoga's marshaled pride
 Must bow to Britain's powerful rod;
 Niagara's fate Prideaux decides,
 Who fell a sacrifice to fame,
 Killed by a shell that Mars provides,
 To blast his bloody, hateful name.
 Sir William Johnson, on whom devolved
 The chief command, to front the foe,
 Dispute the prize that war involved,
 In siege and fatal overthrow.
 Death soon decides Niagara's fall;
 The fort surrenders; masters change;

The British musket, sword and ball,
Paid France her balance in exchange.

Ticonderoga Taken.

Ticonderoga next in suit,
To test the strength of the campaign
With Gen. Amherst, and compute
Its triumph, on the loss and gain.
Its last year's bravery had failed,
No hero to dispute the prize ;
Its ramparts soon must be assailed,
And siege must end with test of lives.
While pondering on the frowns of war,
A council called, decides its fate ;
Mars, thundering, made its center jar,
And opens wide its iron gate.
The garrison for safety fled,
Abandoned by the savage foe ;
Amherst the British army led,
To conquest gained without a blow.
Crown-Point next, Amherst assails,
To advance the honor of his King ;
In arms appeared before its walls,
And clash of arms the tidings bring.
The garrison saw nought but siege,
With little prospect of success ;
Gave up the fortress as a pledge
Of safety, to their British guest :
Retreat to Isle Aux Noix, and there
To test the frowns or rights of war,
Amherst in vain tried all his skill
To baffle storms, and waves and lake ;
To arrest the Isle, and Freshmen kill ;
While folly laughs at the mistake.

Secure, amidst the billows stands
Isle Aux Noix ; defiance bids
To Amherst and his hostile bands,
And all the powers of warlike heads.

The Expedition against Quebec.

The third grand expedition planned,
Is unto Gen. Wolfe assigned ;
Against Quebec he takes command,
To try his skill and powers of mind—
A second Gibraltar, known
For strength of nature and of art :
Renowned on fame, its strength alone
Makes courage sicken at the heart.
This fortress, second in renown
Of earth's strong towers, on modern fame,
Had baffled conquest, and it sound
On echo swells its power and name.
Cape Diamond's lofty height commands,
At distant view, the warrior's dread ;
Signal of slaughter, daring stands,
And shows where Wolfe and Montcalm bled ;
Lined with the horrors of war,
Bull-dogs, whose throats are gorged with flame.
Lie, rusting, on its lofty tower—
Their bowels death, and breath the same.
Its lofty site commands a view
Of Abram's plains, where martial strife
Soon must decide the fate 's due
To nation's claim, demanding life.
Two Generals here, antagonists,
Each eager for renown in arms ;
Ambitious to achieve conquest,
And front the dread of war's alarms.

Montcalm, a veteran bold and brave,
Whose hardened heart was steel or brass ;
Who knew no mercy, feared no grave ;
Quebec's protection now his task.
While Wolfe, in pensive thought sedate,
Views from Orleans the enterprize ;
With silent melancholy waits,
The issue to be realized.
His anxious mind, with gloomy fear,
Weighed the full weight in even scale ;
Hope only serves his mind to cheer,
And yet despondence oft prevails.
Hope and fear the alternatives ;
Placed in full view the object lay ;
The price is life, and wounds that give
Possession of defeat, the day.
Here noble genius see employed,
Its powers the living to destroy ;
'The gifts of nature all alloyed
With proud ambition's selfish toy.
Lord Pitt, whose energetic mind
Soars lofty, where the danger rose,
Conceived the enterprize, designed
As bold and daring, 'gainst his foes ;
Selected Wolfe, and for his aids
Gave Generals Mourton and Townsend,
With Murray. Thus the plan was laid.
All young, well disciplined and trained,
The army near eight thousand strong,
From Halifax, in June set sail ;
Chanting the warrior's syren song,
They spread their canvass to the gale ;
The gulf of St. Lawrence bore the fleet,
Admiral Saunders had command,
Advancing armed, the French to meet,
And conquest gained by sea and land ;

With martial pomp, a grand display,
Before Québec with fifty sail ;
The navy floating in the bay,
And future ages read the tale.
Montcalm entrenched on the north shore,
Québec in front, presents a view ;
Defiance almost writes her power,
And proudly scorns the British crew ;
The adamantine towering rock,
Presents its front to baffled skill ,
While walls and bastions, scornful mock
The rash assailant's stubborn will.
This bulwark of destruction armed,
Wolfe must subdue to gain the prize ;
Anticipation spread alarms,
Before our hero's watchful eyes.
The die is cast, strength must be tried,
And stratagems decide the day,
Wolfe's army floating on the tide.
While Montcalm's, at the Beauport lay.
Defeated on the northern shore,
Wolfe formed a bold and daring plan,
And landed at a midnight hour,
The army under his command.
One mile above the town, this sage,
With courage bold, the heights ascends,
His troops all obstacles engage,
Surmount the whole, and join their frie:
In open view, on Abram's plain,
Wolfe's army marshaled in array ;
Ready for battle, to maintain,
Its ranks present at break of day.
Soon as Aurora skirts the east,
With dappled grey, and crimsoned hue,
Sol's chariot, rolling to the west,
Enlightens nature's future view.

To ! in the west, on Abram's plain,
 From Diamond's towers, the foe is seen,
 The glimmering steel glistening disdain;
 While proud defiance stalks between.
 The brazen front of war's attire,
 Bold Mars in armor, sounds alarm;
 Death ! ready with a torch of fire,
 To mount the terrors of the storm.
 Montcalm full weighed the loss or gain,
 Prepared to fight the valliant foe,
 And risk a battle on the plain,
 For victory, or overthrow.
 He crossed St. Charles and gained the height,
 Where in full view, his enemy,
 Ready prepared, to test their right,
 Arranged in batt'e's dread array.
 Like two huge clouds, whose lowering fronts
 Rolling in angry surges bear,
 Destruction on its fury mounts,
 To guide the 'chariot of despair.
 Suddenly and swiftly to the charge,
 Each champion rushed through sheets of fire,
 Triumphant death, rides with the surge,
 That cleaves the smokey, sulphurous air.

" In fifteen minutes there was slain,
 " Fifteen hundred on the plain,
 " The dead men fell like drops of rain,
 " The battle was quickly won.
 " Soon as Wolfe's breast felt the ball,
 " He found that he must surely fall;
 " He spoke to his army, one and all,
 " Our cause is surely right.
 " And whilst his reason did remain,
 " The blood fast gushing from his veins,
 " He raised his voice, in a lofty strain,
 " Saying, the battle, ye Gods ! pray fight.

" 'Twas for Christ's Church, king George's crown,
 " He hazarded his life, and laid it down,
 " As soon as he had taken the town,
 " He said, he was willing to die.
 " Brave Wolfe is dead, his flesh must rot,
 " His memory ne'er shall be forgot,
 " Remember the blood spilt on the spot,
 " From whence his soul must fly.
 " Montcalm is dead, his flesh must rot,
 " His admiral in the march was shot;
 " These rogues, how soon they'll be forgot,
 " We scarce have them in mind.
 " Montcalm did oft-times boast and say,
 " Boston, in ashes, he would lay;
 " These rogues, how soon they are cast away,
 " And leave their dust behind."

The battle gained, its purchase, blood,
 The triumph cost the British dear,
 Brave Wolfe was slain, and home to God
 His soul's returned, its doom to hear.
 With thousands more, who from the field
 Of slaughter, carnage, death and woe,
 Laid down their lives, with besom steeled
 'To conquer and subdue their foe.
 Montcalm is slain; his hardened heart
 Is forced to yield before the ball;
 His tiger nature felt the dart,
 And he before Quebec must fall.
 His conscience, seared with crime and guilt,
 Stained deep with bloody massacre;
 Before his eyes the blood he's spilt,
 Stands registered with Deity—
 A horrid scrawl of black despair,
 Which his poor soul is doomed to bear.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY SCENES, IN 1764.

The British Parliament, flushed with the late brilliant success, although at a vast expense of blood and treasure; having increased her national debt about \$320,000,000, took early means to defray the annual charges of this debt, and her other expenditures. In this difficult task of their finances, the British government thought to lay a part of the burden on her American colonies; on whose account they argued the war had been carried on against the French. To bring about this measure, the ministry supposed the colonies to be dependent on England, and entirely subservient to her aggrandizement and prosperity. Acting upon these principles, Parliament restricted her American colonial trade, nearly all to herself; even, in many instances prohibited the erection of manufacturing establishments in America, to encourage her subjects at home. These restrictions bore hard upon the colonies, while they increased her wealth, in Europe. These edicts soon roused the spirit of a proud, enterprising and enlightened people, whose natural rights were well known, and as ably defended. Those rights they claimed as British subjects, secured to them by different colonial charters. Early in this year Parliament passed a law imposing duties to be paid on certain articles of merchandize in the colonial ports. Mr. Granville, the prime minister, proposed the infamous stamp duty; but layed it over till another session. It was foreseen that these oppressive measures must be backed by energetic means; penalties, fines and inquisitional tyranny in a court of admiralty where the judges were solely dependent on the king, and his ill advisers, without the aid of a jury, and then decided by the

royal nod of a duped king, and his infatuated cabinet. Intelligence of these proceedings soon reached America, and gave universal alarm. This system of taxation, without their consent, the colonies saw, if not vigorously resisted, would naturally involve every article of commerce in its grasp, and if denied the right of a jury in one case, why not in all?

Massachusetts, went spiritually into the matter—sent instruction to their agents in England, denying the right of taxation without legislation, and directing him to remonstrate against the duties imposed, and the stamp act, contemplated. They acquainted the other colonies with their views on the subject; the instructions given their agent, and their avowal of a continuance in the mode of opposition to the measures taken by the British. In the course of the year, several of the colonies, particularly New-York and Virginia, remonstrated in respectfully, but in decided terms. In the several states, the right of Great Britain to collect taxes in the colonies was explicitly denied, and the denial was supported by clear and powerful arguments. It was argued, that taxes were but grants, by the representative, of a portion of his own property, and of those who had authorized him to act in their behalf. Could it be just? it was asked, that the representatives of Englishmen should “give and grant the property of Americans, 3000 miles distant, over whom they had no control, and whose interest would impel them to make the burden of the colonies heavy that their own might be light. The colonies said they had domestic concerns of their own. In the late war their exertions had been greater in proportion to their abilities than those of England, they had, also, contracted debts which they must pay.”

Upon men, who entertained an idea of colonial dependence, and parliamentary supremacy, the arguments had little effect. The minister, still bent on mischief, urged on his stamp act. On its first reading it was warmly opposed by some, who termed it impolitic—by two, only, because it was a violation of rights. This bill was supported by Charles Townsend, a brilliant orator, on the side of the minister. At the conclusion of an animated

address, he demanded: "And these American children, planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, protected by our arms, until they have grown to a good degree of opulence—will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy load of national expenses which we lie under?"

Col. Barre, immediately arising, indignantly and eloquently exclaimed, "Children planted by your care? No! Your oppression planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny into that uncultivated land, where they were exposed to all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and amongst others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say, the most terrible, that ever inhabited any part of God's earth. And yet actuated by principles of true British liberty, they met all these hardships with pleasure, when they compared them with those they suffered in their own country, from men who should have been their friends. They nourished by your indulgence? No! They grew by your neglect. When you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule over them, who were the deputies of some deputy sent to prey upon them, spy out their liberties, and misrepresent their actions; whose behaviour has in many instances made the blood of these sons of liberty recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some of whom were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to a bar of justice in their own. They protected by your arms? No! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence; they have exerted their valor amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country, while its frontiers were drenched in blood, which has yielded all its little savings to your emolument. Believe me, and remember I this day told you so, the same spirit that actuated this people at first, still continues with them. I have been fifteen years a resident of America, and am well acquainted with their genius and enterprising spirit. They have contributed, in the late war, to our aid, all that a magnanimous people could do, under similar circumstances; and now, ask them in a constitutional way, and

they will still contribute. But they are too much like ourselves to be driven. God knows I do not at this time speak from any party heat. However superior to me in knowledge and experience any one here may be, I claim to know more of America, having been conversant in that country. The people there, are as truly loyal as any subjects the King has; but they are jealous of their liberties, and will vindicate them should they be violated. But the subject is too delicate—I will say no more."

Eloquence and argument availed nothing. The bill passed almost unanimously.

The night after, Dr. Franklin, then in England as the agent of Pennsylvania, wrote to Charles Thompson, "The sun of liberty is set. You must light up the candle of industry and economy." "Be assured," said Mr. Thomson, in reply, "we shall light up torches of quite another sort." Thus predicting the revolution that followed.

The die was cast. Americans saw that resistance or submission must be the result. The act passed, provided that all contracts and legal processes should be written on stamped paper, which was to be furnished by government, at exorbitant prices, or should have no force in law. This intelligence spread horror and dismay through the colonies. They saw their liberties were attacked, and that they must fight or surrender. The latter was beneath their dignity as freemen. The former almost too stupendous to encounter with one of the most powerful nations on earth.

On the arrival of the news in Virginia, the General Assembly was in session. Of that body Patrick Henry, a young and able attorney, was a member; who warmly espoused the cause of the people. He proposed five resolutions; in the first four of which were asserted the various rights and privileges claimed by the colonies, and in the fifth the right of Parliament was boldly and explicitly denied. These he defended by strong reasoning and irresistible eloquence; and they were adopted by a majority of one. The next day, in Mr. Henry's absence, the fifth resolution was rescinded. But all had gone to the world,

and were privately circulated in the principal cities, and highly applauded. When these resolves reached New-England, they were fearlessly published in the newspapers.

About the same time, Massachusetts passed a resolution to procure a combined opposition to the offensive laws, and to call on the several colonies to send delegates to a general Congress, to be held in the city of New-York, to consult on future operations. These legislative proceedings took place in May and June, 1765. In New-England, associations for the purpose of resisting the laws, were organized, assuming from Barre's speech, the appellation of "the sons of liberty; pamphlets were published, vindicating the rights of the colonies; and the public journals were filled with essays pointing out the danger that threatened the cause of liberty, and encouraged a bold and manly resistance. Excited by these publications, a multitude assembled on the 14th of August, burnt the effigy of Andrus Oliver, who had been appointed stamp distributor, and demolished a building which they suppose he had erected for an office. Fearful of further injury, Mr. Oliver declared his intention to resign, when the people desisted from molesting him. Several days after, a mob beset the house of Mr. Stores, an officer of the detested Admiralty Court, broke his windows destroyed his furniture, and burnt his papers. They then proceeded to the house of Lieut. Governor Hutchinson, by whose advice, it was supposed that the stamp act was passed. They entered it by force. Himself, his wife, and children, fled. His elegant furniture was either carried off or destroyed; the partitions of the house were broken down, and next morning, nothing remained but the bare walls.

When intelligence of these proceedings reached Rhode-Island, the people of that colony assembled; committed similar outrages; two houses were pillaged, and the stamp distributor, to preserve his own, was obliged to give to the leader of the exasperated populace, a written resignation of his office.

In Connecticut, similar convulsions were appeased by the distributor resigning his office. In New-York, the people dis-

played an equal patriotism, but less turbulence and rage. The obnoxious act was printed under the title of "The folly of England, and the ruin of America;" and thus exhibited for sale in the streets. At an early period the stamp distributor resigned his office; and when the stamped paper arrived, it was deposited in the fort. A mob required the Lieutenant Governor to place it in their hands, but he refused. Terrified by their menaces, he consented to deliver it to their magistrates; who deposited it in the city hall. Ten boxes, which afterwards arrived, were seized by the people, and committed to the flames. So general was the opposition to the law, that the distributors in all the colonies were compelled to resign. In Boston, care was taken on the one hand, to prevent the recurrence of violent proceedings, and, on the other, to keep in full vigor the spirit of resistance. A newspaper was established, having for its device, a snake, divided into as many parts as there were colonies, and for its motto, "Join, or die."

In October, the Congress recommended by Massachusetts, met at New-York. Delegates from six of the provinces, were present. Their first act was a declaration of rights, in which they all asserted that the colonists, were entitled to all the rights and liberties of natural born subjects within the kingdom of Great Britain. The most essential right is, the exclusive privilege of taxing ourselves, and also that of trial by jury. A petition to the king, and a memorial to both houses of Parliament, were also agreed on; and the colonial assemblies were advised to appoint special agents to solicit in concert, a redress of grievances. In the meantime, the British ministry was changed, and with it a change of measures were advised, and laid before Parliament. The obnoxious stamp act, the new ministry thought best to repeal. An interesting debate ensued. The late minister, Mr. Granville, declared, that to repeal that act, as matters now stood, would degrade the government, and encourage rebellion. When, he demanded, when were the Americans emancipated? By what law, by what reason do they claim exemption from defraying expenses increased, in protecting

them?" That mighty orator, whose words wrought conviction and whose eloquence ranks with a Demosthenes or Cicero. William Pitt arose to reply. "He regreted he had not been able to attend in his place, to the stamp bill in its passing. It is now a law; and has passed. I would speak with decency of every act of Parliament; but I must beg the indulgence of this house to speak of it with freedom. A more important subject never engaged your attention; that subject, only excepted, which nearly a century ago, it was, whether you yourselves were bond or free?"

Those who have spoken before me, with vehemence, would maintain the act, because your honor demands it. But can the point of honor stand opposed against justice; against reason: against right? It is my opinion, that England has no right to tax the colonies. At the same time I assert, this kingdom has a sovereign and supreme authority over the colonies; in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift, or grant, of the commons alone. When, in this house, we give and grant, we dispose of what is our own. But in an American tax, what do we do? Your majesty's commons of Great-Britain, give and grant to your majesty—what? our own property? No. We give and grant to your Majesty, the property of your Commons in America. It is an absurdity in terms. It has been asked, when were the Americans emancipated? But I desire to know when they were made slaves. I hear it said, that America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to have made slaves of us. The gentleman has said, for he is fluent in words of bitterness, that America is ungrateful. He boasts of his bounties towards her. But are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of his kingdom? The profits of Great-Britain from her commerce with the colonies, are two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphant through

the last war. The estates that were rented at two thousand pounds a year, seventy years ago, are at three thousand pounds at present. You owe this to America. This is the price she pays for your protection. A great deal has been said without doors, and more than is discreet, of the power, or the strength, of America. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. But on the ground of this tax, when it is wished to prosecute an evident injustice, I am one who will lift up my hand and my voice against it. In such a case, success would be deplorable, and victory hazardous. America, if she falls, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her."

These sentiments of Lord Chatham, and the manifest injustice of the act prevailed. The stamp act was repealed, but another equally as unjust, originated on its repeal; determined to drive America to the test of power. The Parliament passed a law, declaring that "the Legislature of England has authority to make laws to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

The merchants in London, rejoiced at the fall of the folly of England in the stamp act, but dreaded her still mad pretensions.

The rejoicings in America was still greater, but of short continuance. The cloud only burst to show its hidden terrors. They (the Americans,) obtained the object they contended for. They returned their thanks, in a respectful manner to Mr. Pitt, and to others in England, who supported their cause.

By the people of New-England and New-York, less joy was felt. The law demanding duties on merchandize. The odious Court of Admiralty, setting without juries, and their repeated contests with their Governors, alienated their former attachment to that nation, whose avowed principles showed hostility to freedom. The past was so deeply rooted, as not to presage a doubtful issue.

The next year, lays open to view the suspicions of the last. A law of Parliament, which remained unrepealed, directed that

when any troops should be marched into any of the colonies, quarters, rum and other necessary articles, should be furnished for them at the expense of that colony. New-York refused compliance, alledging it to be an indirect tax without their consent. To punish this, Parliament immediately suspended the authority of the Assembly. The features of tyranny were visible in the display of this despotic power, and the general excitement great.

In June 1767, a duty was laid on glass, tea, and other enumerated articles, imported into America. Massachusetts remonstrated as usual, against this act, and sent circular letters to the other colonies, requesting the expediency of acting in concert in all endeavors to obtain redress.

These proceedings alarmed the ministry. They feared a joint coalition, and determined if possible to defeat the object.— They instructed Sir John Barnard, the Gov. of Massachusetts, to require the general court to rescind the vote, and in case of refusal to dissolve it. The Governor, obedient to the ministerial mandate, made known his instructions to the House of Representatives, which, by a vote of 92 to 17, refused. On which the Governor vetoed the whole, cleared the house and shut the doors. This attempt to intimidate, served to rouse the spirit of opposition. The non-importation agreement which had been abandoned by the colonies was renewed and more extensively adopted. The citizens of Boston, called on the several towns in the province to send delegates to that town. Nearly every town in the province sent members to the convention. Its proceedings were unimportant.

On so many occasions had the refractory spirit of the citizens of Boston been displayed, that Gen. Gage, commander in chief of all the troops in the colonies, was ordered to place a regiment in that town, as well to overawe the citizens as to protect the revenue officers in the discharge of their duties. The seizure of a sloop, belonging to Mr. Hancock, a popular leader, occasioned a riot, in which the officers were insulted and abused. The General on receiving information of this event, sent two regiments

instead of one; and on the first of October, they arrived in the harbor. The ships that brought them, taking a station that commanded the whole town, lay with their broad-sides towards it, ready to fire should resistance be attempted, the troops, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, landed. The select-men having refused to provide quarters, they took possession of the state house. All the rooms, except one reserved for the council, were filled, and two pieces of cannon were placed near the principal entrance. This threatening display of military power, exasperated the feelings of the people. Soldiers parading the streets, and guards mounted at the corners, chilling the passengers; martial music and the din of arms, all conspired to kindle a flame not easily quenched. The people well knew that the object of the ministry was to frighten them into submission; but this dastardly sight, only animated them to courage, rather than fear. While Britain triumphed in shame, the hardy sons of America saw all her intrigues with disdain, and defied the tyrant with all his chains and fetters, and laughed at his folly and mocked when his fear cometh.

Parliament, determining to crush the growing discontent, ordered the Governor to make strict enquiry and arrest all persons guilty of treason, and send them to England for trial. These resolutions plainly showed that England regarded the Americans as their vassals, and entertained an idea that scare-crow pictures of tyranny would frighten freemen to resign their rights and dignity as men, to infatuation and pride. The right of taxation being denied by the colonies—the right to arrest persons and send them beyond the seas for trial for supposed crimes, was a flagrant violation of rights belonging to British subjects, as it deprived them of a trial by a jury of their countrymen, and of procuring witnesses in their behalf.

While these resolutions were under discussion in Virginia, the House of Assembly, apprehensive of its dissolution by the royal agent, or Governor, closed the doors. The moment the doors were opened, a message royal was announced, requesting the attendance of the members before him. "Mr. Speaker," said

the Governor, "and gentlemen burgesses, I have heard of your resolves, and argue ill of their effects. You have made it my duty to dissolve your body, and you are dismissed accordingly." This mandate of despotism, was treated with scorn. The members assembled at a private house, chose a moderator, and unanimously formed a non-importation bill, which was followed by most of the southern provinces.

The citizens of Boston, still groaned under the burden of an oppressive soldiery. Quarrels daily occurring between them and the people, increased the animosity of each to the rankest hatred. On the evening of the 5th March, 1770, an affray took place in King-street (since called State-street) with a detachment of troops, commanded by Capt. Preston. The troops, after being insulted, and pelted with stones, and dared to fire, discharged their muskets upon the multitude, and killed four and wounded others. The drums immediately beat to arms, and several thousands of people assembled, who, enraged at the sight of their dead companions, slain in the cause of liberty, prepared to attack a large detachment that was sent to aid their comrades. In this state of excitement, they were addressed by Gov. Hutchinson, who appeared in the midst of them, and prevailed on them to disperse till morning.

The next day, Capt. Preston and his party were arrested and committed to prison. The citizens met, and demanded an immediate removal of the troops from the town. Samuel Adams, a true patriot in the cause, distinguished himself for his bold decision and courage. After some hesitations on the part of the commander they were sent to Castle William, and were accompanied by several officers of the customs, who dreaded the indignation of the people.

Three days after, the funeral of the deceased took place. It was conducted with great pomp, and much ceremony, expressive of the public feeling. The shops were closed, the bells of Boston, Roxbury, and Charlestown were tolled: four processions moving from different parts of the town, met at the fatal spot and proceeded to the place of interment. This united proces-

sion comprised an immense number of people, on foot and in carriages, all displaying the deepest sympathy and indignation. The bodies were deposited in one vault. The passions of the people having in some degree subsided, Capt. Preston and his soldiers were brought to trial.

They were defended by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, two able Attornies and distinguished popular leaders of the people. For near six weeks the court was employed in examining witnesses, and in listening to the arguments advanced in council, Capt. Preston, not ordering his men to fire, was acquitted by a Jury. Of the soldiers, six were acquitted, there being no positive proof that they fired upon the people, and two were acquitted of murder, as the greatest of insults was offered, but found guilty of man-slaughter.

Here the first blood in freedom's cause,

Stained, stained the earth, and bid arise ;

Columbia's sons 'gainst British laws,

And for their country risk their lives.

The tyrant staunch, pursues his plan,

To trample charters under feet ;

And all the rights of God and man,

To crush by power and acts sedate.

While these events were transacting in the colonies, the British minister began to repent of his rash career, and proposed to repeal all the laws for raising a revenue in America.

The Parliament, between fear and obstinacy, relinquished all the duties but those on tea, and this they unwisely retained to support their supremacy over the colonies. This partial repeal produced no change in the sentiments of the people. The non-importation agreement, however, was made to correspond with the altered law. Tea only, was to be excluded from the country ; and this article of luxury, was banished from the table of all who were friendly to American rights.

The years 1771 and 1772, were unimportant in events. Still a jealous spirit manifested by the government, and agents of

Great-Britain kept alive the Discontent of the colonies, and produced many remonstrances. In 1773, Doct. Franklin, obtained in London a number of original letters from Gov. Hutchinson, Lieut. Gov. Oliver and others, to their correspondents in Parliament. In these letters, the opposition in Massachusetts was stated to be confined to a few factious individuals, who were emboldened by the weakness of the means used to restrain them. Measures more energetic were recommended, and the ministers were urged to take from the people, and exercise themselves, the power of appointing councillors and all colonial magistrates. These letters, Doct. Franklin transmitted to Boston. This disclosed the whole proceedings of Parliament. The passions of the people were highly enflamed, and the weight of popular indignation fell upon the authors of these letters.

Meanwhile, the tea of the East India Company, not finding market, in America, continued to increase in their ware-houses in England. Encouraged by government, they resolved to export it on their own account, and appointed consignees in various sea-ports in the colonies. Those in Philadelphia were induced, by the disapprobation expressed by the citizens to decline their appointments. In New-York, spirited hand-bills were circulated, menacing with ruin every person who should be concerned in vending tea, and requiring pilots not to conduct any ship loaded with that article into the harbor.

Intimidated by these proceedings, the captains of the tea ships, bound to those ports, returned with their cargoes to England:

In Boston, inflammatory hand-bills were circulated, and meetings held; but the consignees, being mostly relatives of the Governor, and relying on his support, accepted the appointment. Their acceptance enraged the citizens, and the community became agitated by highly excited passions. The people of the country exhorted their brethren in Boston to act worthy of their former character: worthy of "Sons of Liberty"—upon whose conduct, in the present emergency, every thing depended.

On the 29th of November, a ship, loaded with tea, came into the harbor. Notifications were immediately posted up, inviting

every friend of his country to meet forthwith, and concert united resistance to the arbitrary measures of Great-Britain. A meeting was immediately held, and resolutions adopted, that the tea should not be landed; that no duties should be paid, and that it should be sent back in the same vessel. A watch was placed to prevent its being secretly brought on shore. A short time was then allowed for the captain to return home with his cargo. Gov. Hutchinson refused to grant him the requisite permission to pass the castle. Other vessels, laden with tea, arrived. The agitation increased, and on the 18th of December the inhabitants of Boston and the adjoining towns, assembled to determine what course to pursue. At this important meeting, John Quincy, desirous that the consequences of the measures to be adopted should be seriously contemplated, thus addressed the assembly:—"It is not, Mr. Moderator, the spirit that vapors in these walls, that will sustain us in the hour of need. The proceedings of this day will call forth events, which will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Whoever supposes that shouts and huzzas will terminate our trials, entertains a childish fancy. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend; we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to the inveterate malice and insatiate revenge that actuates our enemies abroad, and in our own bosom, to hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts—or, to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harrangues, and popular acclamations, will vanquish our foes. Let us consider the issue; let us look to the end; let us weigh and deliberate, before we advance to those measures which will bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw."

In the evening, the question was put—"Do you abide by your former resolution, to prevent the landing of the tea?" The vote was unanimous in the affirmative. Application was again made to the Governor. After a short delay, his refusal was communicated to the Assembly. Instantly, a person disguised as an

Indian, gave the war-whoop from the gallery. At this period the people rushed out of the house, and hastened to the wharves. About twenty persons, dressed in the Mohawk costume, boarded the vessel, and, protected by the crowd on shore, broke open three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and emptied their contents into the sea. Their purpose being accomplished, the multitude returned, without tumult, to their habitations.

Old Neptune's supper cost the nation
Three hundred chests, besides his ration ;
The cup was strong ; the dregs he salted,
To pay the duty, when 'twas wanted.

Parliament, on receiving this intelligence, expressed its keen displeasure, and immediately passed an act, closing the port of Boston, and removing the custom-house to Salem, which was to be continued in force till compensation should be made for the tea destroyed, and payment made for old Neptune's supper. Another act was passed, taking from the General Court, and giving to the Crown the appointment of counsellors, and Gen. Gage was made Governor in the place of Mr. Hutchinson dismissed.

Intelligence of the Boston Port bill, occasioned a meeting of the citizens of that town. They were sensible that the most trying and terrible struggle was indeed now approaching ; but felt unawed by its terrors. They sought not to shelter themselves from the storm, by submission. They declared the act to be unjust and inhuman, and invited their brethren in the other colonies to unite with them in a general non-importation system. A similar spirit prevailed, and animated the whole country. Addresses from the adjacent towns, and from every part of the continent, were sent to the citizens of Boston, applauding their resolutions, exhorting them to perseverance, and assuring them that they were considered as suffering in the common cause.

In Virginia, the first day of June, when the law began to operate, was observed as a public and a solemn fast. With devout feelings, the divine interposition was implored, in all the

churches, to avert the horrors of a civil war, and to give the people one heart and one mind, firmly to oppose every invasion of their liberty. The same day was observed with similar solemnity, in most of the other colonies. And thus an opportunity was presented to the ministers of the gospel, to dispense political instruction; to paint in vivid colors the sufferings of the citizens of Boston, and to warn their congregations, that should Great-Britain succeed in her scheme, the danger to their religion would be as great as to their civil privileges. • That a tame submission to the will of Parliament, would inevitably be followed by bishops, tythes, tests, acts and ecclesiastical tribunals.

The sufferings of the inhabitants of Boston were indeed severe. Nearly all were compelled to be idle. Many by loss of employment, lost their only means of support. In this extremity, contributions in money, and provisions were sent them from all her sister colonies. As a proof of sympathy in their distresses, and of approbation of their having met and manfully withstood the first shock of an arbitrary power.

Gradually and constantly, for a number of years, had the minds and feelings of Americans been preparing for this event. The threatening storm had awoke the patriotism of every true American to all the considerations of interest, danger and friendship. The inhabitants of Salem, spurned advantages to be derived from a punishment to be inflicted on a sister town, for its zeal in a sacred and general cause. We must, (said they, in a remonstrance to their Governor,) be dead to every idea of justice, lost to every feeling of humanity, could we indulge one thought to seize on wealth, and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors.

In June, the General Court assembled at Salem, and among the first acts were the recommendation of a Continental Congress, which had been suggested by the committee of Correspondence in Virginia, and the choice of delegates to attend it. While engaged, with closed doors, in this business, Gen. Gage, who had received private intimation of their purposes, dissolved the Court, by a proclamation, which was read upon the steps.

In all the other colonies, delegates were also chosen. On the 5th of Sept. these delegates assembled at Philadelphia. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was unanimously elected President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary. It was determined that each colony should have but one vote, whatever be the number of its deputies, and that all transactions except such as they might resolve to publish, should be kept an inviolate secret.

Resolves were then adopted, expressing the sympathy of Congress in the sufferings of their countrymen in Massachusetts, and highly approving the wisdom and fortitude of their conduct. They also resolved that the importation of goods from Great-Britain should cease, on the first day of the ensuing December, and all the exports to that country on the 10th of September, 1775, unless American grievances should be sooner redressed.

In other resolutions, they enumerated certain rights, which, as men, and as British subjects, "they claimed, demanded, and insisted on;" and recounted numerous violations of those rights by Parliament. Addresses, to the people of Great-Britain, to the inhabitants of Canada, and to their constituents, were prepared and published; and an affectionate petition to the King was agreed on. In these memorials were stated the claims, the feelings, and the principles of their constituents, in a clear and eloquent manner. They glow with a love of liberty; they display a determination too firm to be shaken by the threats of tyrants. They contain the strongest professions of attachment to the mother country, and of loyalty to the King. A desire of independence is expressly disavowed. "Place us," says the Congress, "in the condition we were in at the close of the last war, and our former harmony will be restored. "We ask," say they, in their petition, "but for peace, liberty, and safety. We wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favor. Your royal authority over us, and our connection with Great-Britain, we shall always carefully and zealously endeavor to support and maintain."

These papers going forth to the world, made the cause of the colonies known throughout Europe, and made a deep impres-

sion on the feelings of those who were friendly to liberal principles. All felt displeased at the haughty arrogance of Britain. Their tone of manly energy, and the knowledge they displayed of political science, excited universal applause and admiration.

"When your lordships," said Mr. Pitt, in the British Senate, "shall have perused the papers transmitted to us from America; when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom, with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my lords, has been my favorite study, and in the celebrated writings of antiquity, I have often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome. But, my lords, I must declare and avow, that in the master states of the world, I know not the people or the Senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude on such men; to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain—must be futile."

In America, the proceedings of Congress were read with the deepest interest. Their reasonings confirmed the absolute necessity of energetic measures. The perfect justice of the cause was plainly visible to a people determined to be free. They were admonished to extend their views to mournful events; marching of armies, fields of battle stained with blood of dear relations, the news of defeat, victory, death of a husband, father, brother, and sons, and to be prepared in all respects for every emergency. Great efforts were made to provide arms, ammunition, and all the necessary articles of war. Independent companies were formed, the militia were trained. The old and the young, the rich and the poor, prepared by learning the duty of soldiers, for the approaching conflict. The country was alive with making the necessary arrangements, and every countenance bespoke the melancholy task each had to perform, in the tragic drama before them. A mind that is not callous to every feeling of humanity must revolt at the pictured vision of war, in all its cursed deformity. As mankind are as various in their

mind as in their look, it was natural to expect difference in sentiment would exist at this most momentous period. Those who held offices under the crown, the new emigrants, the timid and ignorant, who were more easily led by fear than manly courage; such magnified the terror, and clung to the authority of their royal master, three thousand miles from America, and as far distant from the dictates of conscience and the rights of humanity. These received the appellation of tories. The friends of liberty, that of whigs. Names by which the advocates of arbitrary power, and the friends of constitutional liberty, were known in England. Gen. Gage, now Governor of Massachusetts, withdrew several regiments of troops, and encamped them on the common at Boston. He afterwards erected fortifications on the neck, a narrow isthmus that unites the town with the main land; and on the night of the first of September, he seized the powder deposited in the provincial arsenal at Cambridge. The people in the mean time, were not idle. They appointed delegates to a provincial Congress, which assembled early in October. Mr. Hancock was chosen president. The delegates resolved that, for the defence of the province, a military force, to consist of one fourth of the militia, should be organized and stand ready to march at a minute's warning; that money should be raised to purchase military stores; they appointed a committee of supplies, and a committee of safety, to act during the recess of Congress. The more southern provinces, particularly Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland, displayed the same love of liberty, and determination to resist. Provincial Congresses were convened, committees appointed, and resolutions passed, designed and adapted to animate those, who, in Massachusetts stood in the post of danger, and to raise that ambition so much wanted to face the threatening danger, in an unequal struggle with a haughty foe.

1775 commenced. The Parliament of Britain soon entered on the discussion of the American affairs. Several plans were brought forward by the opposition party and rejected; but one, proposed by Lord North, the prime minister, was adopted. The

purport of it was, that if any colony would engage to contribute a sum, satisfactory to his majesty, for the common defence, the Parliament should forbear to tax that colony, so long as the contribution was punctually paid. This plan conceded nothing. This artifice to divide the colonies, was too plain to be misunderstood; it was treated with the merit it deserved—indignant scorn and contempt.

In connection with this mighty offer of North's, measures were taken to punish and intimidate. The northern colonies were prohibited from fishing on the banks of Newfoundland; additional restrictions were imposed upon the trade of all the provinces, and several ships of the line, and ten thousand troops were ordered to America.

In the debates of Parliament, the friends of the colonies, although few, were animated in their praise, and eloquent in their defence. The adherents of the ministry, indulged in the grossest abuse and ridicule.

"The Americans," they said, "were naturally cowards, habitually lazy, and constitutionally feeble; they were incapable of discipline; and a small force would be sufficient to conquer them."

This ignorance of our character, preached up by haughty self-important knaves, who preyed on the vitals of government for their support, doubtless caused the ministry to persist in measures, which, had their information been correct, they would never have undertaken the enterprize that after a severe struggle of seven long years, they were obliged to abandon, with shame to themselves and dishonor to the nation. The prophetic conjectures of Charles Carroll, some years before the revolutionary war, to a member of the British Parliament, has been fully realized in the result. He says in his letter, "your thousands of soldiers may come, but they will be masters only of the spot on which they encamp. They will find nought but enemies before and around them. If we are beaten on our plains, we will retreat to our mountains, and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties; necessity will force us to exer-

tions ; until tired of combating in vain, against a spirit, which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire an immense loser from the contest. No, sir, we have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle ; and though much blood may be spilled we have no doubt of our ultimate success."

What is Aristocracy?

It is a government made up of hereditary noblemen, wise men or fools, as nature or vicious conduct makes them—having the power granted by some mighty earthly monarch, to make laws to rob the people of their just earnings, through which state of royal robbery they accumulate immense wealth, without any service to the kingdom or empire on which they prey for a living. In the Glasgow Radical Reformed Gazette, the subject of this question is rightly delineated in poetry.

"What is a Peer?"

"What is a Peer? An useless thing,

A costly toy, to please a King ;

A bubble near the throne.

A lump of animated clay,

A gaudy pageant of the day,

An incubus, a drone.

What is a Peer? A nation's curse,

A pauper on the public purse,

Corruption's own jackall,

A haughty, domineering blade,

A cuckold at a masquerade,

A dandy at a ball.

Ye butterflies, whom Kings create,

Ye caterpillars of the state,

Know that your time is near,

Enlightened France will lead the van,

To overthrow your worthless clan,

This mortals, learn—that God made man,

But never made a Peer."

Self-created, or created by earthly power, for selfish purposes, is as silly as ambition in a madman. Each wants a chain to keep him in the bounds of reason. Earth's creation is like snow in July—it instantly disappears. The vapors of nobility vanish at death, and leave a phantom of mortal poverty, where virtue is wanting.

Matters with the colonies had now arrived at a period that must eventually decide the state of peace or war. Great-Britain, on the one hand, demanded almost unconditional submission—sending her thousands to support her royal master's claim; thinking thereby to intimidate into submission those whom he could neither deceive, or awe by threats and menaces. On the other hand, America determined to defend her injured rights, and support her liberty and natural citizenship with the rest of British subjects, even at the hazard of life, property, peril, fatigue or dangers, incident to war.

Lexington Battle.

On the evening of the 18th of April, Gen. Gage detached from Boston, eight hundred troops to commence the great event, in destroying the military stores collected by the committee of supplies and deposited in Concord. They marched out with the greatest secrecy, wishing if possible, to achieve the enterprise without alarming the country—but in vain. News spread faster than they marched. The country rallied in arms before them; the bells rung, signal guns were fired, the militia assembled at Lexington, on the morning of the 19th, shortly after the advance of the British were in sight, and approached to within musket shot. Major Pitcairn rode forward and exclaimed “disperse, you rebels, throw down your arms and disperse!” Not being instantly obeyed, he discharged his pistol, and ordered his men to fire. Several were killed and wounded. The militia dispersed; the firing continued; eight were killed. The British continued their march to Concord, and destroyed the stores. The minute-men being reinforced, advanced; a skirmish ensued, in which Capt. Davis was killed; the British leaving several

killed, were compelled to retreat. The whole of the country aroused to arms; militia pressing on the rear, placing themselves behind trees, stone walls, rocks and every covert along the road, exceedingly annoyed the British on their retreat. At Lexington they were met by a reinforcement under command of Lord Percy, whom General Gage had detached on receiving information of what had happened in the morning. After resting for a few minutes, they proceeded on to Boston. In their retreat they were much annoyed by the provincials, whose number hourly increased; meeting the enemy at every bend of the road, and being experienced marksmen, their shots, nearly all took effect. At sunset, the regulars, almost overcome with fatigue, passed along Charleston creek and found on Bunker's Hill, a place of repose and safety. In this engagement, sixty-five of the British were killed, and one hundred and eighty wounded and twenty-eight taken prisoners. Of the provincials, fifty were killed, thirty-four wounded, and four missing. Here was spilt the first blood in this memorable contest, a contest that placed a new and independent nation on the annals of the world, and has decided the great question as to republican principles governing a nation, when boundaries, and resources, are as extensive as ours.

Intelligence of this battle spread like lightning through the colonies. The farmer left his plough in the furrow; the mechanic dropped his tools and seized his arms; and in a few days Boston was environed by a large army, commanded by Generals Ward and Putnam—which alarmed Gen. Gates for the safety of his garrison. The great drama opened a scene, and each party had no alternative but to choose their possession. Unanimity prevailed in nearly all the colonies, with a determination to unite their fortunes with their lives, in the general cause.

Col. Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold formed, with others the bold design to surprise Ticonderoga, a fort situated on the western shore of Lake Champlain. Allen and Arnold, at the head of the Green Mountain Boys, hastened to Ticonderoga.

On the night of the 9th of May, with about eighty men—all the boats could carry, crossed the lake, and at dawn of day landed near the fortress. They advanced to the gate-way. A sentinel snapped his fusée at Col. Allen and retreated. The Americans followed and found the commander in bed. Col. Allen demanded a surrender of the fort. "By what authority do you demand it?" "In the name" replied Allen, "of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." The British officer having but fifty men, now saw that resistance would be in vain, agreed to surrender.

Bunker's Hill Battle.

The heights of Charleston are so situated as to make the possession of them, a matter of great consequence to either of the contending parties. The militia assembling from the country, invested Boston in such numbers, that Gage was alarmed for his safety, and made arrangements to penetrate with his army into the country in preference of being besieged. To prevent this, the provincial generals resolved to take possession of Bunker's Hill, a commanding eminence in Charleston. On the evening of the 16th June, a thousand men, commanded by Gen. Prescott of Massachusetts, Col. Starks of New-Hampshire, and Capt. Knowlton from Connecticut, were ordered to that place. Here the Americans between midnight and morning, with uncommon expedition and silence, threw up a small redoubt, which the British did not discover till the morning of the 17th, when they commenced a heavy cannonading and continued until afternoon. The Americans with intrepid bravery, regardless of their fire, continued their works on Breed's Hill, which through mistake in the night, being situated nearer the water than Bunker's Hill, was the post now occupied, and finished the redoubt, and while arrangements were making in Boston, to drive the yankees from the hill, the rebels, as the British termed us, were not idle in preparing to receive their royal guests. They extended a breast work from the redoubt eastward to the water. About noon, Gen. Gage detached Maj. Gen. Howe, and Briga-

dier Gen. Pigott, with the flower of the army in two detachments, amounting in the whole to near three thousand men. They landed at a point 150 or 200 rods south-east of the redoubt, and deliberately prepared for the conflict. While the troops who first landed were waiting for a reinforcement, the Americans on the left wing, towards Mystic river, for their security, pulled up some adjoining post and rail fence, and set it down in two parallel lines near each other, and filled the space with hay, which the day before was mowed and remained in the fields. The British troops in the meantime formed in two lines, and about 3 o'clock advanced slowly towards the Americans. The hills, steeples, and every commanding eminence, around this field of destruction, a golgotha for tyrants, were crowded with anxious spectators, to behold the awful and dubious conflict. Deep anxiety pervaded every bosom. America commencing an arduous struggle to support her liberties at the point of the bayonet, on the one hand; while some felt for the British honor on the other. The attack commenced on the part of the British troops. The Americans were ordered by Gen. Putnam to reserve their fire, till they could see the white of their enemies' eye; they accordingly, suffered the British to advance within ten or twelve rods of their works, when they met them with a storm of lead, that stopped their advance; mowed down their ranks, and occasioned a precipitate retreat. Their officers rallied them with difficulty, and pushed them forward with their swords to a second attack. They were in the same manner put to flight. With greater difficulty, they were forced by Gen. Howe to a third attack; the other officers declaring it downright butchery. By this time the powder of the Americans began to fail, and their redoubt was attacked on two sides. Under these circumstances, a retreat was ordered. The left wing of the American army, north-east of the redoubt, ignorant of what had passed, defended themselves, fighting with the butts of their muskets, (not having bayonets,) till nearly surrounded by the British; when they retreated with inconsiderable loss, considering the

ground they had to pass lay completely exposed to a tremendous fire from the Glasgow man-of-war.

During the scene of this bloody action, Charlestown was set on fire by order of that British incendiary, Gen. Gage, from a battery on Cope's Hill, in Boston; and a party from the Somerset man-of-war, lying in Charles' River; and nearly 400 houses, including six public buildings, were consumed, with their furniture, valued by nineteen men, under oath, at \$524,000. Two thousand persons were thus reduced from affluence and mediocrity, to the most aggravated poverty and exile. The number of Americans engaged in this memorable battle, amounted to fifteen hundred only. Modern wars hardly show a more bloody and stubborn fought battle, considering the numbers engaged, than was witnessed in this short action. Many a parent mourned a son; many a wife an husband slain. The loss of the British, as acknowledged by Gen. Gage, amounted to one thousand fifty-four men. Nineteen commissioned officers were killed, and seventy wounded. The loss of the Americans was seventy-seven killed, and two hundred seventy-eight wounded and missing.

The death of Maj. Gen. Warren, who four days before, had received his commission, and having no command assigned him, fought this day as a volunteer, was greatly lamented. "To the purest patriotism, and the most undaunted bravery, he added the eloquence of an accomplished orator and the wisdom of an able statesman." He was beloved and respected by his republican associates, in a cause where liberty was blended with life, and must be defended by the sword and point of the bayonet.

In the midst of these military movements, the colonies, animated with their former invincible spirit against oppression, determined, under heaven's Supreme, to front all danger, and with Spartan bravery stand the test while life lent them aid to charge their haughty foe. A Congress was summoned to convene at Philadelphia; twelve of the thirteen colonies sent delegates; resolutions were adopted, to oppose in all its views Parliamentary

taxation. A majority had not made up their minds as to a separation from their mother country, and of a decided claim to independence. Measures at this date, partook of the opposite feelings of the delegates. Mr. John Hancock, the proscribed leader of rebels, was chosen President; and it was unanimously agreed to remonstrate against the late proceedings, and humbly petition the king for redress of repeated wrongs. They also resolved to provide means of defence, and select proper officers to organize an army, and provide for the public safety—relying on God for protection, the only help when dangers surround, and war's calamities threaten to involve fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, in one common calamity. Each reflecting mind saw the perilous situation of this country, consisting only of three millions of souls, in open arms, contending for denied rights, against four times that number—and all the means to subdue by force, bribery and power added to their strength by sea and land.

The colonies, to arouse the martial spirit of their southern brethren, and influence them to embark warmly in the cause of resistance, selected George Washington, of Virginia, and by a unanimous vote of the Delegates present, appointed him Commander-in-Chief of our armies. His past military achievements, his great wealth and commanding aspect, his ardent patriotism and zeal for his country, all conspire to show to the world a character suited to the present emergency, and rightly calculated to illustrate a celebrated Cincinnatus of America. He accepted the appointment with that diffidence which spoke his greatness of soul, assuring Congress, that no pecuniary compensation could induce him to quit his retirement and domestic ease, for the toils, fatigues and dangers of the camp. But, says the sage and hero, "my country calls, her rights are invaded, her honor is at stake, and I must obey." He would accept of no pay, but his necessary expenses. Artimus Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler and Israel Putnam, were then chosen Maj. Generals; and Horatio Gates, Adjutant General. Congress then resolved to issue bills of credit to the amount of \$3,000,000; pledging

the colonies as security. A solemn and dignified declaration, setting forth the cause and necessity of taking up arms, was prepared, to be delivered to the army in orders, and to the people from the pulpit. After enumerating the aggressions of Great-Britain, with the energy of men feeling unmerited injury, they exclaim, "But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail? By one statute, it is declared that Parliament can, of rights, make laws to bind us in all cases whatsoever. What is to defend us against so enormous, so unlimited a power? Not a single man of those who assume it was chosen by us, or is subject to our control or influence: but on the contrary, they are all exempt from the operations of our laws; and an American revenue, if not diverted from the ostensible purpose for which it is raised, would actually lighten their own burdens, in proportion as it increases ours. We saw the miseries that such despotism would reduce us to; we for ten years incessantly besieged the throne as supplicants; we reasoned, we remonstrated with Parliament in friendly terms: we are now reduced to the alternative of choosing an unconditional submission to the will of irritated ministers, or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery. Honor, justice and humanity, forbids us tamely to surrender that freedom which we received from our gallant ancestors, and which our growing posterity have a right to receive from us. We cannot endure the infamy and guilt of resigning succeeding generations to that wretchedness that inevitably await them, if we basely entail hereditary bondage upon them. Our cause is just; our union is perfect; our internal resources are great; and if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly obtainable. We gratefully acknowledge as a signal instance of divine favor towards us, that his providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy until we were grown up to our present strength: had been previously exercised in warlike operations; and possessed the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified by these animating reflections, we solemn-

ly declare before God, and the world, that exerting the utmost energy of those powers which our beneficent Creator hath graciously bestowed, the arms we have been compelled to assume, we will in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance employ for the preservation of our liberties, being with one heart and one mind resolved to die freemen rather than live slaves."

Soon after their appointment, Gen. Washington, accompanied by Gen. Lee and several other gentlemen, set out for the camp at Cambridge. In every place through which he passed he received the highest honors. A committee from the provincial congress in Massachusetts, met him at Springfield, and conducted him to head-quarters; where another committee addressed him in a respectful and affectionate manner. "He found the army, consisting of fourteen thousand men, posted on the heights around Boston, forming a line which extended on the right to Mystic river, and on the left a distance of twelve miles. The troops were ardently devoted to the cause of liberty, but poorly disciplined and badly supplied with the munitions of war; without tents; averse to subordination, and wanting most of the necessaries usually provided for a regular army. Gen. Washington instantly set about the necessary reform, and with the assistance of Gen. Gates, he soon introduced some degree of regularity. Some powder was obtained from New-Jersey, and Capt. Manly, commander of the privateer *Lee* captured an ordnance ship, containing arms, ammunition, and a complete assortment of such working tools as were most needed in the American camp. This providential capture, and others of a similar nature, supplied the present wants, and enabled the army to continue the blockade of Boston, and greatly distress the enemy, who depended on those cargoes for supplies.

The occurrences of this year, in the southern colonies, served to alienate the attachment of the people from Great-Britain, and heighten the flame of discord. In Virginia, Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor, seized by night some powder, belonging to the colony, and conveyed it on board a British ship, in James

river. Intelligence of this affair reached Patrick Henry, who took command of some independent volunteer companies, stationed near where he lived, and fired with that patriotic zeal incident to his character, marched toward the seat of government with the avowed purpose of obtaining by force restitution of the powder, or its value. He was met by a messenger who paid for the powder, when he and the militia returned to their homes. Alarmed by this courageous procedure, Lord Dunmore fortified his palace. From this castle he issued a proclamation, charging Henry and associates with rebellious practices;—which offended the people, who highly approved of their conduct. Other causes increased the popular ferment. He quitted his palace and repaired on board his fleet, then lying at York-Town. In November, he issued a formal proclamation, offering freedom to slaves belonging to rebel masters, who would join his majesty's troops at York-Town. Several hundred, in consequence, repaired to that place. A body of militia immediately assembled, and while posted near that city, were attacked with great bravery by the regular troops, the royalists and negroes. The militia repelled the attack with equal bravery and gained a decisive victory.

Lord Dunmore then left the city, and followed by his whole white and black forces, sought safety on board his Majesty's ships, then lying at anchor in the harbor. Soon after, this royal coward gave orders to set fire to the flourishing town of Norfolk, and wantonly laid the most of it in ashes. Such was the effect of cramped authority in a royal governor, that only served to enflame the populace, whose minds, already heated by repeated wrongs, were ready to burst into a flame. The colonies, instead of being intimidated into submission by such flagrant violations of justice, raised the standard of liberty, assembled in companies, battalions and regiments, and bade defiance to such meanness, as manifested its vile character in this British incendiary's wantonness.

The Governor of North-Carolina, followed the example of Lord Dunmore, and fortified his palace at Newburn. This

caused a great excitement among the people; he retired on board a ship in the harbor, and made exertions to raise and organize a party in his favor. A number of Highlanders enlisted, but being soon met by the militia, they were glad to find safety in flight; when the whigs in triumph crushed the faction and hopes of the spirit of royalty, and secured the predominance of martial power over the minions of a royal master.

South-Carolina, unanimous in zeal, resisted the invasion of parliamentary pretensions to taxation, and soon after the battle of Lexington, the Governor, Lord William Campbell, seeing threatening storms advance, retired from the province.

In July, Georgia chose delegates to the Congress of the thirteen colonies, and united with the Union.

The province of New-York warmly advocated the course pursued; but many of the principal inhabitants, contracting the royal principles, had become advocates of the royal banner; the people declined sanctioning their opinion, chose a provincial Congress for the state, to represent the claims of emancipation. When intelligence of the battle of Lexington reached the city, Capt. Sears, whose mind disdained servitude, took measures to stop vessels bound to New-York, favoring the royal cause.

The principal inhabitants assembled at the altar of liberty, determined to assist in carrying into effect the recommendations of a continental Congress, to cramp the power of oppression, and acts of British usurpation.

The British ministry, eager to retain in obedience this important colony, appointed the infamous Tryon, Governor. He had with ability filled the same office before; was a man of address, and generally esteemed by the people. He was empowered to grant pardons, rewards, and to gain adherents by proffers of money at discretion. This intriguing emissary of liberty alarmed Congress, which instantly gave orders to arrest any person whose measures were unfriendly to the cause of freedom, and confine them in custody as disturbers of the peace. Gaining early intelligence of this, he sought safety by flight on board a ship in the harbor.

Although the autumn of 1775 was not distinguished by any important achievement, Congress and the commander-in-chief employed every moment to raise and discipline troops, lay in a supply of ammunition, provisions and clothing for an army, and build and equip a naval force as fast as possible. Two expeditions were planned against Canada, by the way of lake Champlain, and Kennebec river. Gen. Lee, with 1200 men was ordered to the city of New-York, to fortify the town. The abolition of all royal authority made it necessary to provide means to repel what must be expected from a gang of ministerial despots, with Lords North and Bute at their head.

New-Hampshire, desirous of advice on the occasion, applied to Congress; whose zealous patriotism recommended a remedy for the evil, which would exhibit in practice the fundamental principles of their political creed—that all legitimate authority originated with the people, and should lead them to the desired object of freedom and independence.

Resolutions were adopted, which recommended that a convention of representatives, freely elected by the freemen of the colonies, should be called for the purpose of establishing such a form of government as the present time demanded. It was warmly opposed by those members who were yet desirous of an accommodation with England. The resolutions passed with amendments, providing that the government should continue in the hands of the people, till matters were adjusted with Great-Britain. Representatives were accordingly chosen, who, on the 3d of January, 1776, adopted a written constitution, acknowledging no power but the people. In other colonies the same course of policy was pursued.

In October, a transaction occurred, displaying the vindictive feelings of the British ministry. Orders were issued to the navy to proceed, as in case of rebellion, against all the colonial sea-ports, accessible to ships of war—which aided the general cause of liberty. Falmouth, a flourishing town in Massachusetts, having offended their royal master, was proscribed by those Nero's to destruction, and Capt. Mowatt, with four ships, was ordered

to execute his master's revenge on this devoted place. The inhabitants made an effort, by negotiation, to save the town, but the terms proposed were rejected. A bombardment soon commenced, and fire and devastation followed. The town was immediately in flames, rolling to heaven her complaints against desposts. Four hundred buildings were wantonly laid in ashes, and hundreds of families reduced in a few hours from affluence to poverty and despair. This act of savage devastation, was strongly reprobated in America, and served to increase the fire already begun, to a flame not easily subdued by threats, or the menaces of a haughty and tyrannical foe. This town, has since been called Portland, and is now the capital of the State of Maine.

As the year 1775 drew near to a close, and all prospects of an accommodation with England was at end, and arms, and strength of battle, with the assistance of Heaven, the only alternative left—submission disdained; the standard of freemen unfurled; while the animating voice of liberty echoed o'er hills, mountains and vallies, calling our patriots from the east, from the west, from the north, and from the south, to take the field, and manfully oppose the hydra of oppression, and level the authority of usurpation with the filth of infamy, to converse with fallen grandeur and the rich names of European folly.

The term of enlistment of our troops, for this year, expired the first day of January; and as the blockade of Boston, by our armies, must be maintained, the early attention of Congress was called to measures adequate to meet the present situation of affairs. It was immediately resolved to raise an army of 20,000 men; to be re-enlisted as soon as possible, from those in service. Unfortunately for the struggle that ensued for independence, it was agreed to enlist for one year only—an error, afterwards severely felt. But when the experiment was tried, it was found that the ardor of the troops then in service had much abated, and that the blockade of Boston presented no opportunity of acquiring glory to the American army by daring deeds of skill and patriotism; and that fatigue and the disasters of a camp, sensibly effected their health; that homes and families called many

to domestic concerns, and more to the fire-side, through a cold and approaching winter. Although great exertions were made by Gen. Washington and other officers, no more than half the estimated number were enlisted at the close of the year. The people and the troops, supposing the army much stronger than it actually was, expressed great dissatisfaction toward the commander-in-chief, which some imputed to dishonorable motives. An attack on Boston was loudly demanded. Gen. Washington proposed it three times in a council of war. In every instance the decision was unanimous against it. At last the council agreed that the town should be more closely invested.

EXPEDITION AGAINST CANADA, IN 1775.

Two enterprises were planned. One by the way of lake Champlain, commanded by Gen. Schuyler, with about three thousand men, to which was attached Brigadier Gen. Montgomery, a young officer of distinguished talents and ambitious of glory. Gov. Carlton had early intelligence of this enterprise, and immediately detached eight hundred men to strengthen St. Johns, a post of consequence, situated on Sorell river, and commanding the entrance into Canada. By this route Gen. Montgomery proceeded with the troops in readiness, to Isle aux Noix, and Gen. Schuyler soon followed.

Gen. Montgomery, when commencing his military career, said to his wife at parting, "you shall never blush for your Montgomery."

Here Gen. Schuyler published his manifesto to the Canadians, exhorting them to join their brethren in the cause of liberty; stating that Americans came as friends to the inhabitants, and enemies only to those they found in arms against them. Gen. Schuyler finding St. Johns stronger than was anticipated, returned to Albany, to hasten on a reinforcement, and being taken sick, the command devolved on Gen. Montgomery; who on receiving the reinforcement, invested St. Johns. But wanting battering cannon, he made slow advances. Col. Allen, with Maj. Brown, having been detached into the interior of Canada, had the rashness to attack Montreal. Maj. Brown, failing to execute his part of the plan, Col. Allen attacked the whole force under Gov. Carlton, and was overpowered by numbers, and taken prisoner. The Governor loaded him with irons, and sent him as a rebel to England. Gen. Montgomery, on the 18th of October attacked fort Chambley, a few miles north of St. Johns,

and carried it with little loss, taking several cannon and one hundred and twenty barrels of powder. The Americans, encouraged by this success, prepared to attack St. Johns. Gov. Carlton, on perceiving its danger, immediately detached eight hundred regulars and Indians to its relief. When near the south shore of the St. Lawrence, Col. Warner concealed three hundred men in the bushes on its banks, who on their approach, gave them a yankee salute of powder and ball, which stopped their career and made his excellency hasten back to Montreal, and leave St. Johns to its fate.

November 1st, Gen. Montgomery commenced a terrible cannonade on St. Johns, which continued through the day. In the evening he sent to the British commander, by one of the Governor's men, who was a prisoner, a message, demanding a surrender of the garrison, informing him of the Governor's defeat. It was accordingly surrendered next morning. Gen. Montgomery then hastened to Montreal, which surrendered without opposition. Gov. Carlton quitting it the night before, believing the town not tenable. Montgomery treated the citizens with kindness, granting them all their rights, as to property and religion. With the remainder of his army, only three hundred strong, he embarked for Quebec, to form a junction with Col. Arnold's corps.

Col. Arnold, who, as a soldier, was adventurous, imperious and fearless; as a man was overbearing, avaricious, and profligate. He was sent from Boston with one thousand men, by Kennebeck river, over mountains high and lofty, to the river St. Lawrence. The 22d of September, they embarked up the Kennebeck, whose current was rapid and full of cataracts. This they had to encounter, and climb craggy mountains, passing deep swamps; and they suffered hunger to such a degree as to eat dogs, leather and cartridge boxes, and old shoes. When within one hundred miles of the settlements or any hopes of relief, they divided their stock of provisions, to each man his share, (which was only two quarts of flour,) with orders to make their best way through the wilderness, by companies or singly

to the first Canadian settlements. When those of the company whose superior strength enabled them to advance, were thirty miles from any habitation, their last morsel of food was consumed. Col. Arnold, and a few of the most robust, pressed forward to the French settlements; procured food, and returned back to their starving companions. The inhabitants welcomed them with cordial hospitality. Arnold distributed proclamations amongst them, similar to those issued by Gen. Schuyler.

On the 9th of November, Arnold arrived at Point Levi, opposite to Quebec. Nothing could exceed the surprise and astonishment of the inhabitants on seeing a body of hostile troops emerge from the wilderness. Had Col. Arnold at this juncture been able to cross the river, the city must have fallen an easy conquest. But boats not being ready, and a furious storm commencing, he could not pass. Having procured some boats, he crossed on the night of the 13th, and landed near where Wolfe landed in former wars. Mounting the same steep ascent, he formed his troops on the plains of Abraham, and marched towards the city. Perceiving by the cannonade from the walls that the British were ready to receive him, he encamped on the plains; and on the 18th marched to Point Aux Tremble, twenty miles from Quebec, there to await Gen. Montgomery's arrival.

December 1st, to the great joy of both armies, Montgomery arrived, with clothing, supplies, &c. Their united forces amounted to only nine hundred effective men.

On the fifth, they appeared before the city and demanded a surrender. Gov. Carlton ordered his troops to fire on the flag bearer. Perceiving what they had got to encounter, and that nothing was to be gained from defection to the royal cause, and that force of arms, with blood and slaughter, must decide the victory—the garrison fifteen hundred strong; a walled city to assault against almost double numbers, and a cold and snowy winter to expect—conquest looked doubtful, and almost too desperate for an attempt. Yet, ambitious of honor, our young heroes determined to try the event.

Accordingly, on the 31st of December, arrangements being

made, at 4 o'clock, while a violent snow storm was raging, the troops marched to the assault in four columns, commanded by Arnold, Montgomery, Livingston and Brown. Impeded by the snow, they did not arrive in time to execute thier plans. Montgomery advanced at the head of his column along the banks of the St. Lawrence; came to a barrier or stockade of strong posts, two of which he sawed off with his own hands; he passed the opening, encouraging his men to follow him; the guard fled to the guard-house, that was over the gate-way leading to the upper town. At this moment Montgomery halted to form his men. Observing his delay, a Canadian returned into the guard-house, seized a match that was burning, and discharged a cannon loaded with grape shot, fortuitously pointed at this little band, which was instantly fatal to Montgomery and several officers around him. Col. Campbell, the next in command, ordered a retreat; which left the garrison at liberty to hasten to the relief of other parts of the town, alarmed from Arnold's attack.

This officer entered the town at the head of his corps, advanced along a narrow street which was swept by grape shot; received a severe wound in his leg, and was carried off. Col. Morgan assumed the command; advanced, and drove the enemy from their guns. Here he halted to have his column come up. When time was given for reflection, the officers saw the danger of their situation—in the heart of a city, surrounded by enemies, a great distance from home and friends, was an unpleasant theme for the reflection of the bravest. Yet, facing death and all the instruments of war, he ordered his troops to storm the second battery. But the firing from the windows of the houses caused the troops, who were already benumbed with cold, after they had mounted the ramparts, to recoil from the danger. Weary with exertion; exposed to a deadly fire from every quarter; their arms rendered useless by the snow that continued to fall, the soldiers sought refuge in houses. Perceiving that all further attempts would only result in the loss of lives, Col. Morgan gave the signal for retreat. Some fled; but

most of the men being unwilling to encounter another storm of lead, refused to yield until assured of the death of Gen. Montgomery; when, losing all hope of escape or success they surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The loss of the Americans in this desperate attack was four hundred men, of whom one hundred and fifty were killed.

On the news of this melancholy disaster, a general murmur pervaded every part of the Union. The loss of the brave and patriotic Montgomery, at this trying hour for liberty—whose generous soul rose on wings to the pinnacle of future fame, and bid fair to record his name amongst the heroes in war, the sages of moderns, and philanthropists of earth, was deeply and universally lamented. His amiable qualities had procured an uncommon share of public and private esteem. His great abilities were conspicuous in life; his virtues shone bright till death, and his untimely fall was a loss to his family, to his country, and the world. The British minister respected his merit and acknowledged his worth, while he reprobated the cause in which he fell. He concluded an involuntary panegyric by saying, "Curse on his virtues; they have undone his country."*

STANZA.

Thus all that 's mortal here must die,
The world records illustrious birth;
Creation in the dust must lie,
While all must perish here on earth.

* Gen. Montgomery descended from a respectable family in the north of Ireland, and was born in 1737. His attachment to liberty was innate, and matured by a fine education and an excellent understanding. After his marriage he removed to the state of New-York, where he purchased an estate. From principles of nature, he early embarked in the cause of liberty; leaving an easy fortune, and the enjoyment of domestic and social life, to take an active share in all the toils, fatigue and danger, attending a camp. Before he came over to America he had been an officer in the service of England, and had fought her battles with the immortal Wolfe, in the war of 1759, on or near the very spot where, fighting under the banner of freedom, he was doomed to fall in arms against her.

Illustrious birth and pedigree
The royal archives may recount,
But what are they with Deity,
When summed up with the last account?
Montgomery's death and Washington's,
And all the illustrious earth can name—
Alas! recorded dead and gone,
While knaves and villains dead the same.
The vilest wretches earth produce
In this are equal with the wise:
One death the lot—unerring truth—
Of him who lives, or him who dies.
The immortal only lives at death,
Earth entombs the mortal part;
The vile and worthless souls of earth
To dust return, their works desert.
Nothing in heaven shall ever live
But what adorns this earthly frame.
Virtue this life to mortals give,
While vice blanks all things with her name.
The life that lives a living life
Must be immortalized in time;
Annihilation ends the strife
That vice and folly hold sublime.
Modern or ancients—where the name,
From Adam to the present day,
That adorns the list of earthly fame
But those whose mind its powers obey,
In some renowned, immortal deed,
To immortalize mortality?
While vicious views make mortals bleed
And turn immortal powers to clay.
Montgomery, nor Washington,
Nor all the sages earth can name,
Can immortalize a vicious son—
Nor all the blood of heroes slain.

Death elevates the mortal part
 Of those whose animated mind
 Raises the mortal mental chart
 Of life's vast worth to frail mankind.
 The dictates of an honest heart
 Are joys unsullied by time or age—
 A treasure that shall ne'er depart,
 But live, eternal, with the sage.
 The warrior's greatness must agree
 With Washington's—whose fame shall live—
 And with our brave Montgomery's,
 Which realizing worth can give.
 America! adorn the page
 Of future history's growing fame.
 Thy youth! immortalize the age
 With life that animates the flame,
 To spread its influence far and wide,
 O'er land and ocean's broad domain;
 To help the poor; for wants provide,
 And free the oppressed from slavery's chain—
 Emancipate the world of life;
 Let freeman's voice reverberate,
 While martial powers hush all their strife,
 And freedom opens wide her gate.

To the memory of this distinguished officer and patriot Congress resolved that a monument should be erected. In 1818, New-York, his adopted state, removed his remains from Quebec to her metropolis, where the monument was erected, and near it the place of repose.

Some of the Americans who escaped from Quebec, retreated to Montreal. Col. Arnold, with difficulty retained in service about four hundred, who breaking up their camp, retired about three miles from the city. Here Arnold and army went into winter quarters. Though much inferior to the enemy in numbers, they annoyed them exceedingly; and preventing all com-

munication with the country, reduced the city to great distress for want of provisions.

Congress, on receiving information of this disaster at Quebec, the 31st of December, directed reinforcements to be sent to Canada. On the first of May, Gen. Thomas, who had been appointed to succeed Gen. Montgomery, arrived from the camp at Roxbury. Small detachments after the 1st of March joined Col. Arnold's army, which, when reviewed by Gen. Thomas on the 1st of May, amounted to less than two thousand men, of whom not one half were fit for service.

A council of war was held, which determined it expedient to take a more defensible position higher up the St. Lawrence. To this decision they were led by a supposition that the ice must soon leave the river, and that a reinforcement from England must of course be expected to relieve the city. The next morning, while the Americans were removing their sick, several ships appeared in sight, and sailed up to the harbor. A heavy reinforcement soon landed and entered the city. At one o'clock, Gov. Carlton made a sortie at the head of one thousand men, to which force Gen. Thomas could oppose but three hundred troops. Of course, all the stores and many of the sick fell into the hands of the enemy. The prisoners were treated by Gov. Carlton with tenderness, and when restored to health, were assisted by this generous hearted enemy, to return home to their friends.

Here generous nature showed herself,
Amidst the frowns of war ;
This kind Samaritan himself
Records his worth and virtues there.
The first of principles on earth,
Is pure benevolence and love ;
Carlton's honor at his birth,
Received the smiles of heaven above.

The Americans retreated to Sorel, where they were joined by several regiments, and where their worthy and respected com-

mander died of the small pox, much lamented by his country. While patriotism and valor were in this section of the country unsuccessful, contending with superior force, the Americans sustained a heavy loss, resulting from cowardice in another.

At a fort, called the Ceders, forty miles above Montreal, Col. Bedell was stationed with four hundred men, and two pieces of cannon. Assembling a force of four hundred, mostly Indian warriors, Capt. Foster, who commanded at Oswegatchie, descended the river to attack this post. Col. Bedell leaving the command of the fort with Maj. Butterfield, repaired to Montreal to obtain assistance. Shortly after, Capt. Foster arrived, and invested the place. He had no artillery, and in the course of two days, but one man was wounded. More successful than in arms, Capt. Foster intimated that if any of his Indians should be killed, it would be impossible for him to restrain their rage from a general massacre of the garrison. Intimidated by this, Maj. Butterfield, unworthy of the trust assigned him, and better fitted to command a flock of sheep than American soldiers, surrendered the fort without resistance; stipulating only for baggage and lives. Col. Bedell resigned the command to Maj. Sherborne, who instantly marched to its relief. The day after the surrender of the fort, when within four miles of the place, ignorant of what had happened, he was met in ambush by a large body of Indians, when an obstinate and bloody battle ensued. The slaughter was great; being disputed with valor for four hours; Maj. Sherborne was obliged to surrender to his merciless foe; who, having several of their number killed, and one of their chiefs being pierced by seven balls, determined to vent their rage on their defenseless prisoners. Accordingly, stripping them of their clothing, to their shirts and trowsers, drew them up in a line for a general massacre: which was only averted by the entreaties, tears and persuasions of that humane and tender-hearted British officer, Capt. Foster; whose unavailing exertions for a long time made no impressions on the tiger hearted savages. While tears ran down his manly cheeks, he exclaimed, "That it was more than his mind could bear, or his

eyes behold—such wanton destruction of his brave countrymen and former friends, only now at a little variance in war.” He finally offered them, as his last resource, leave to strip the prisoners of the captured garrison. To this proffer the savage hordes assented and spared their lives. The whole loss of the Americans was at least five hundred.

Gen. Sullivan, who was appointed to succeed Gen. Thomas on the first of June arrived at Sorel, where he found four or five thousand men. The enemy was thirteen thousand strong. Commanding a force so decided by superior, Gov. Carlton pressed forward in pursuit, while the American army retreated reluctantly before him. At St. Johns the pursuit ceased; and Gen. Sullivan, in obedience to orders from Gen. Schuyler, continued his march to Crown-Point, at the head of Lake Champlain.

Thus terminated the unsuccessful expedition into Canada. Its plan was bold and daring, with the numbers engaged in its execution. In its progress were displayed, fortitude and unavailing bravery, seldom read on the annals of history. The tragic death of Montgomery, on or near the fatal spot where Gen. Wolfe and Monston of the British army, and Montcalm and Seneergus of the French corps, fell on the field of battle, fought on Abraham’s plains sixteen years before, was irreparable. Its failure was a painful disappointment to the patriots of that day. But as our boundaries are extensive enough, without the Canadas, we may regret the failure only from the loss of life and property in this fruitless and desperate expedition.

CAMPAIGN OF 1775.

The tragic scenes of oppression, manifested by the British Parliament at this period, were plainly seen by her edicts, her stamp acts, and her repeated injustice, to abridge the rights of her colonies, which terminated in the Revolution of 1775.

Soon another scene is opened,
Oppression shows her horrid form ;
English laws are tyrant's token,
To bind the slave and rights disarm.
Chartered rights and sacred contracts,
Are no guarantee to freedom ;
Oppressive edicts, and a compact
Of Lords and Kings combined to seal them.
Lords North and Bute, two great projectors
Of oppression's hateful chains ;
Stamp acts, and duties, seals and fetters,
Sent to suppress the rising flames.
'Taxation without legislation,
Was the voice of Parliament ;
'Tyranny and rank oppression.
Was by Britain forward sent.
Freighted with threats the stygian bark,
Sailed from our mother country ;
Her cargoes and demeanor marked
The mandates of conspiracy.
Oppression, slavery and death,
'These three great captains had command ;
The ocean groaned at every breath,
While pity raised her trembling hand.
O, God! she cries, can this be true,
Is this a fostering mother's care—

Magare's form, the infernal crew,
 The feature of this mother wear.
 The elements seem black with rage,
 The dusky sky obscures the day ;
 While clouds stands ready to engage,
 And join old Neptune in the affray.
 Thunders await the dread comand,
 And winds, the onset to be given ;
 To drive the monsters from the land,
 Say ! some Syreanian island driven.
 Borne western still she plowed the main,
 The rolling waves in murmurs rose ;
 While nature felt a mother's pain,
 And sighed as she surveyed her foes.
 Minions of Britain, slaves at best,
 Who knew no right but to obey ;
 Oppression's servants to oppress,
 The rights of North-America.
 Heaven saw the scene and straight did send,
 Old Vulcan with his bolts of thunder,
 To drive the monster to the land,
 Earth's terror and Earth's greatest wonder.

A BLOODY CONTEST BETWEEN MARS AND LIBERTY.

When Jove drove the car of oppression ashore,
 On Columbian's wild desert, the sons of the free;
 Recoiled at the monster, and roused at his roar,
 Determined to drive him from earth to the sea.
 Though fierce the encounter, and long the contest,
 Though dreadful the slaughter and darksome the day
 The heroes that fought for the pride of the west,
 Flinched not at his thunder, nor turned for dismay.
 Old Mars marched forward, in brazen attire,
 And frowns on our fathers in visage severe,

Who met him, with thunderbolts forged in our fire,
And stopped the old veteran in his wild career.
His courage is staggered and wild in commotion,
He calls on the tyrant to aid his design ;
While Washington flew to his country's devotion,
And vanquished his schemes by a power half divine,
Old England's brave veterans with courage advance,
Display all the dread that war can endure,
Columbia's brave yankees have taught them to dance
To a tune from their drums that baffles all cure,
Independence unfurls her flag to the world,
And calls on her sons to aid her design ;
On high see her flag and her stars float unfurled,
Her rights to defend 'gainst tyrants combined;
She prays to the God of the armies above
To aid in her cause, to support her just right ;
Protection she claims as an heir of his love,
While his name on her shield and her banner she writes,
Her name hath enkindled a pleasing desire,
That spreads like the morn from the east to the west,
The tyrant has fled at the sound of her lyre,
To heal up his wounds through the loss of his guest

POETICAL HISTORY.

The Marseilles Hymn.

The author of this celebrated production was Joseph Rouget de Lisle, born in the year 1760. He was the nephew of J. S. Bailly, Mayor of Paris, who was killed in a popular tumult. At the commencement of the French revolution, Rouget was stationed at Strasburg, as an officer of an engineer corps. At that time nothing but low, vulgar ballads were sung in praise of war. Rouget, being a man of talents, and a great enthusiast, was solicited to furnish a war song. In a moment of enthusiasm he retired to his chamber, and in one night produced the words of a piece which in every respect are worthy of admiration. The effect of this hymn, or march, in the army of the revolution, is well known. It first appeared by the title of "l'Offrande à la Liberty;" but is universally known as the Marseilles Hymn or March. The service of Rouget de Lisle in the cause of liberty did not shield him from the persecution of the toryists. He fled to Germany. In Hamburg he had an interview with the great poet Klopstock, who intimated that this hymn alone had caused the death of fifty thousand brave Germans.

Ye sons of Freedom! wake to glory!

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you raise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,

Affright and desolate our land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

'To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !
The avenging sword unsheath ;
March on ! march on ! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now ! now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise ;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And, lo ! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spread desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave ! &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
'Their thirst of power and gold unbounded ,
'To mete and vend the lighter air.
Like beasts of burden would they lead us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore ;
But man is man, and who is more ?
Here shall they longer dare to goad us ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave ! &c.

Oh, Liberty ! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame ?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee ?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
'Too long the world hath wept, bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield ;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave ! &c.

THE BRITISH DRAMA—CONTINUED.

At Lexington the drama opens,
Nineteenth of April, seventy-five ;
Drums, muskets, cannon, are the token—
To arms ! to arms ! my country cries.
The sound of war rolls through the air.
Earth groans beneath. In echo swells
The rending elements afar
With dying groans and savage yells.
Blood stained the ground ; the wound is deep.
Arouse ! arouse ! my country calls !
Freemen ! to arms ! while widows weep.
Fear not their cannon or their balls,
Courage ! Minerva takes the field,
To aid her sons with sword and lance ;
While Juno, with her conquering shield,
In foremost of our ranks advance.
Freedom and liberty our motto ;
Death to slavery is the cry—
War, with all its dread and horror,
We Americans defy.

War's dread engines are in motion,
Expresses fly by land and sea ;
While every heart with pure devotion,
And pulse beat high, curse slavery.
Gen. Gage sees the commotion,
Dangers are thickening day by day ;
Perfidious wretch, whose words and notions
All mark the tyrant in dismay.
The tragic scene of Bunker's Hill,
Fatal to thousands—ah ! the wound,

Like canker deepens, sure to kill,
The world records the dreadful sound.
Brave Warren fell ; his country mourns ;
Charlestown in flames ascends on high ;
Smoke rolls in columns in angry forms,
Home to the sovereign of the sky.
While bombs and cannon shake the ground
Convulsed nature deeply sighed,
And death rolled echoing in the sound,
While deep with blood the hill was dyed.

War, dreadful scourge ! the tyrant's law,
Death's monstrous engines to destroy,
Where mothers, wives, and children saw
Their all, their friends, in death's employ.
To God for help each parent dear,
Each child in veneration bow ;
The only hope when danger 's near,
The only aid expected now.
Jehovah saw the storm's advance,
And heard thy prayers, America,
While o'er thy fields the sword and lance
Threatened thy future destiny.
From Heaven's court an herald sent
To our beloved Washington,
Commissioned for the great event
That time 's unfolded through her son.
Though dead, yet lives his virtuous fame ;
Ages shall ne'er obliterate
The sage, the hero, and that name
Which nature's God pronounces great.

Lo ! Washington the call obeys,
Flies to his suffering country's aid ;
The tyrant and his strength defies,
And all the laws by despots made.

Like Cincinnatus, famed on history,
 Rome's brave and virtuous citizen,
 Staunch to thy cause, America,
 Was thy famed hero, Washington.
 War now an aspect did assume
 Of opposition to decrees,
 And British laws to chaos doom,
 While fleets and armies cross the seas.
 Heaven saw a heavy storm a-gathering
 O'er her beloved America ;
 Sighing nature agonizing,
 Calling on the Deity.
 Oppression and an iron age,
 Hearts, marble grown, that tigers sucked ;
 Mad tyrants freemen's rights engage,
 Humanity with terror shook.

At this critical period of our history our illustrious chief

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

accepted the appointment of generalissimo of our armies and took command. The following lines, written on the character of this illustrious personage, show him the father, protector, and defender of that liberty so highly prized at the present day by each true America.

'This sun of fair freedom that rose in bright lustre,
 Increased in effulgence and set in the west,
 Who marshaled our forces and taught us to muster ;
 Fathers, tell to your children his worth in your story.
 He lived to behold
 His country unfold
 Fair liberty's volume
 To the young and the old ;
 Who fled from oppression and sought to be free,
 In an asylum planted by blest liberty.

Heaven's shield was his banner when dangers oppress,
 When death, blood and slaughter encrimsoned the ground,
 This hero, the glory and pride of the west,
 Gave tyrants a fatal, and despots a wound.

A wound past all cure,
 Death stands at the door,
 And monarchs all dread
 His embrace and power,
 They tremble, turn pale, shrink back, and exclaim,
 We grant your request and sanction your claim.

Our Washington's laurels shall flourish and grow,
 And spread forth its branches o'er slaveholding lands;
 Its cions transplanted and grafted in wo,
 Shall root out the tyrant and break his commands;
 A wreath for the brave
 Who fought for the slave,
 A garland of glory
 That round them must wave,
 Shall spread far and wide the nations to cheer,
 Who hate independence, and banish all fear.

He planted our standard, and called forth to war
 Our bold hearted yeomen, who scorn to be slaves,
 To meet the bold strangers who came from afar,
 And offer him freedom or find him a grave.

He defended our rights,
 And taught us to fight;
 When tyrant's oppress,
 To rise in our might,
 And conquer or die, but never to yield,
 While life lends us aid to charge on the field.

He led forth our armies where slaughter and death
 Poured volleys of thunder from the loud belching cannon,
 Where the blood of the slain encrimsoned the earth
 And humbled the pride of the proud British minion.

Though dreadful the slaughter
And long the contest,
Though doubtful the conflict
And darksome the day,

The heroes that fought for the pride of the west
Flinched not at its thunders or turned for dismay.

The contest decided, with victory crowned,
Independence secure, we rejoice in its sway ;
Peace spreads her balmy, mild influence around,
While triumph is wrote on the blaze of the day.

Earth's sons shall rejoice,
While Washington's voice,
Proclaiming peace,
Shall gain an increase,

On the swell of the echo, which spreads as it rolls,
And fills up all space between earth and the poles.

When called by the voice of his country, he came
To set in her councils and govern her helm,
With reluctance he yields to comply with her claim,
To quit his retirement for the good of the realm.

A father, a son,
Beloved all in one,
A husband, a friend,
Abroad and at home ;

His worth stands confessed, acknowledged his fame,
A greater to rival, we can't find a name.

He's called to the chamber of the councils above,
To receive his reward and a crown of bright color,
To share with the angels in that perfect love

That smiles in the morn from the charms of Aurora
In the mansions of bliss
Our Washington rests,
A robe of salvation
Composes his vest.

While pleasing sensations awaken his mind,
To reflect on the good he has done for mankind.

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS

To the Army of the United States, on taking the command at Roxbury, near Boston, 1775.

When freedom midst the battle's rage,
Sat on the towers of fame,
And saw her heroes fierce engaged
With curs'd oppression's train ;
Amid the ranks, beneath the smoke,
Great Washington appears ;
Whose presence to his army spoke,
And banished all their fears.
In arms defend ; your country bleeds,
Our hero loud exclaims,
Heroic valor tells its needs—
Of British power complains.
Your wives, your children, and your friends,
Earth's dearest treasures call,
Unsheath the sword, our homes depend,
On, bayonet, sword, and ball.
Spurn, spurn the tyrant and his laws,
Be generous, brave, and free ;
Protecting heaven will aid our cause,
And guard our liberty.
'Thy flag, the gems of ether grace,
'The glowing stars adorn,
Illumined banner of a race
That all oppression scorn.
Go, tell the world that freedom waves
Her banner, decked with stars,
Where western suns in splendor's blaze,
Blasts all the plans of Mars.

Be just, be brave, and let thy name,

Henceforth Columbia be.

Rank honor with thy growing fame,

As heirs of liberty.

Maintain your cause, Columbia's sons,

Brave Washington exclaims,

March forward with your swords and guns.

Charge, charge the foe who vaunting comes,

Exulting o'er the plains.

He said, and lo, the stars of night

Forth to our banners flew,

And morn with pencil dipt in light,

Her blushes on it drew.

Columbia's chieftain siezed the prize,

And gloriously unfurled ;

Soared with it to his native skies,

And waved it o'er the world.

The nations of the earth behold

A wonder spread on high,

Where freedom all her laws unfold

Her banner shrouds the sky.

Mankind may view an ensign there,

Of all that's grand, sublime,

Illustrious emblem, in a star

That at our birth day shined,

As Bethlehem's symbol of a birth,

That marked the shepherd's way

To where the Saviour of the earth

In a lone manger lay.

An infant found, a jubilee

Rang through etherial space,

Angels announce to earth the day,

Auspicious to our race.

So shall the stars that radiant glowed

On Independence morn,

Point to the dwelling of a God,

That splendid robes adorn.

Our Washington those stars displayed,
An agent sent from heaven ;

A second Saviour points the way,
On freedom's flag we hail the day,

That rose to illumine America ;
With all that's grand and nobly great,
That God Almighty can create.

THE VARIOUS SCENES OF THE REVOLUTION.

Continued.

War's tragic scenes, defeat and slaughter
On the echo daily sound,
Quebec records a sad disaster,
Montgomery fell ; earth felt the wound.
The world hath lost a worthy son,
His memory long as time shall live ;
His virtues dwell on every tongue,
And life to him a tribute give.
His loss, America must mourn ;
Recorded on her annals fame,
His fate decides the fatal morn
Of many a son in battle slain.
Quebec, the victor, cost us dear,
A second Gibraltar stands,
Our gallant army suffered here
From hostile foes and savage hands.
Heroic valor ought to cherish
Liberty's illustrious pages,
And the names of those who perish,
Swell the breast of freedom's sages.

*I shall here insert a short ditty, written by a wounded
British Soldier.*

'Twas seventy-five, that fatal year,
As by our records doth appear,
When we set sail for America;
'Twas on the fourteenth day of May,
'Twas on a dark and doleful time
When we set sail for the northern line.
Our drums did beat and trumpets sound;
And unto Boston we were bound.
Then straight to Boston we did come,
'They dread to hear our British drum;
'Twas to drive these rebels from that place,
And fill their hearts with sore disgrace;
But to our wo and sad surprise,
We saw them like grasshoppers rise;
They fought like heroes much enraged,
Which sorely frightened General Gage.
We sailed to York, as you've been told,
With the loss of many a Briton bold;
'Twas to make those rebels own their King,
And daily tribute to him bring.
In York we many a traitor found,
False to the state where they belonged;
They told us we could win the day,
There was no danger they did say;
They told us 'twas a garden place,
And that our armies might with ease
Burn down their town, lay waste their lands,
In spite of all their boasting bands.
A garden place it was indeed;
And in it we found many a bitter weed,
Which did pull down our highest hope,
And solely wound our British troop.
'Twas September, the nineteenth day

Since we arrived in America ;
'Twas fifteen thousand brave boys slain ,
Bold British heroes, on the plain.
Now I've received a mortal wound
I must bid adieu to old England ground ;
My wife and children mourn for me
While I lie cold in America.
Fight on, fight on, you American boys,
Fear not our British thundering noise ;
Maintain your rights, from year to year,
God 's on your side, you need not fear ;
'The glory of old England's isle
Is now eclipsed for a while ;
It will shine again in meridian year ,
Because our King is most severe ;
His crown will fade most certainly,
A reward for all his cruelty ;
America shall her rights maintain,
While proud old England sinks in shame .

CAMPAIGN OF 1776.

On the evening of the 4th of March, 1776, the attention of the enemy being diverted by a brisk cannonade to a different quarter, a party of troops under Gen. Thomas took possession, in silence, of Dorchester Heights, and with equal industry and zeal erected a line of fortifications that completely commanded the town and harbor. The view of this prospect of American perseverance, raised from the earth in the night, and ready at break of day, like some hidden volcano, to disgorge its fiery entrails on an astonished soldiery, who stood at its base, viewing its summit, like Pliny, to see its flames issue with sulphurous fury from its bowels, made terrible by leaden and iron shafts of death. At a sight so formidable, Gen. Howe stood aghast, and trembled for the fate of his royal master's cause. He saw that he must either immediately dislodge the Americans or evacuate the town. The next day he ordered three thousand men to embark in boats and proceed by way of Castle Island to the American works on the Heights. A furious storm dispersed them; the fortifications in the mean time were rendered too strong to be forced, and Gen. Howe was obliged to seek safety by an immediate departure with the British army from Boston. Of the determination of Gen. Howe to evacuate Boston, Gen. Washington was fully advised. The event being certain, he did not wish by an attack to hasten it, as the fortifications at New-York, to which it was presumed they would repair, were not in sufficient readiness to receive them.

The embarkation was made the 17th of March; a few days after the whole fleet set sail, and the Americans hastened by divisions to New-York. Thus was Boston freed from the nuisance that prostrated their liberties and trampled on the dignities of freemen; and no sanctuary was afterwards found in

Massachusetts for the unhallowed feet of invaders. The departure of the royal troops from the town occasioned great rejoicing. The thanks of Congress were voted to Gen. Washington and army for their spirited conduct. A gold medal was struck commemorative of the event. Gen. Howe and army steered for Halifax, instead of invading New-York, having on board a large number of tories and their baggage, who chose to seek safety in a foreign land, rather than join their friends at home. The last humble petition of Congress to the king was presented by Mr. Penn, the late governor of Pennsylvania. A few days after he was told by the minister that no answer would be made to it. The haughty spirit which dictated the reply pervaded both houses of Parliament.

In December, a law was passed amounting to a declaration of war with her colonies. A treaty was made with the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and other German princes, hiring of them seventeen thousand troops, for whom the British government agreed to pay a stipulated sum per head for every soldier that was either killed, deserted, or did not return. Thus reader the despot's iron law, sells, kidnaps, and traffics in subjects to foreigners, to aid in the butchery of their own citizens, for claiming the right of British born subjects. And in addition to this mercenary force, it was determined to send to America twenty-five thousand British soldiers. In the mean time, Gov. Carlton made great exertions for this campaign. The British troops were in great force about Montreal and St. Johns, and as the command of the lakes would be of great service, and highly essential to his advance, and having no shipping on these waters, he with indefatigable industry and perseverance, constructed a powerful fleet, the materials of which he transported considerable distance over land. He afterwards dragged up the rapids of St. Therese and St. Johns, thirty long boats, a number of flat bottomed boats of considerable burden, a gondola weighing thirty tons, and about four hundred batteaux. This immense work was accomplished in less than three months, as by magic, Gen. Arnold saw on the lakes, the beginning of

October, a fleet consisting of the ship *Inflexible*, carrying eighteen twelve pounders; one schooner, mounting fourteen, and another, twelve six pounders; a flat bottomed *radean* carrying six twenty-four, and six twelve pounders besides howitzers; and a gondola carrying seven nine pounders. Twenty smaller vessels, under the denomination of gun boats, carried brass field pieces, from nine to twenty-four pounders, or were armed with howitzers. Some long boats were furnished in the same manner, and about an equal number of large boats acted as tenders. This formidable fleet navigated by seven hundred prime seamen, on board of which was Gen. Carlton himself, was conducted by Capt. Pringle, and the guns served by experienced artillerists. It proceeded immediately in quest of Arnold, who was found, on the 11th of October, very advantageously posted, and forming a strong line to defend the passage between the island of Valicour, and the western main.

Notwithstanding the disparity of force, a warm action ensued. An unfavourable wind kept the *Inflexible*, and some others of the largest vessels of the hostile fleet, at too great a distance to render any service. This fortunate circumstance enabled Arnold to keep up the engagement for several hours. Towards night, the English commander thought it advisable to discontinue the action: and the whole fleet was anchored in a line as near the vessels of the adversary as it could be brought, for the purpose of preventing their escape. In this engagement, the

New-Jersey—Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis best schooner belonging to the American flotilla was burnt, and a gondola carrying three or four guns was sunk.

The best eulogium which can be bestowed on the conduct of the Americans in this affair is, that, notwithstanding their inferiority of force, they were not defeated, though the enemy spoke with great praise of the conduct of their own officers and men.

Finding it impossible to renew the action next day, Arnold made his escape in the night, in the hopes of reaching Ticonderoga, and being sheltered under the guns of the fort. The wind being favorable, he was, the next morning out of sight. An im-

mediate pursuit was made, and, about noon, he was overtaken, and brought to action, a few leagues short of Crown-Point.

He kept up a warm engagement for about two hours, in the course of which, those vessels which were most ahead, pushed on with the utmost speed, and passing Crown-Point, escaped to Ticonderoga. Two galleys and five gondolas which remained, made a desperate resistance. One of them, the *Washington*, having on board the second in command, at length struck, and was taken. Unable longer to maintain the action, and determined not to fall into the hands of the enemy, Arnold ran the remaining vessels on shore, in such a manner as to land their crews in safety; after which, he blew them up, and saved his men, in spite of the efforts made to prevent both.

This defeat did not dispirit the Americans, nor diminish the reputation of Arnold. The gallant resistance he had made with such inferiority of force; his having, when defeated, saved his men, and prevented his vessels from falling into the hands of his enemy, were consoling circumstances, which were considered as deducting something from the loss of the lakes.

On the approach of the British army, a small detachment which had been stationed at Crown-Point as an out-post, set fire to the houses, evacuated the place, and retired to Ticonderoga, which it was determined to defend to the last extremity.

Gen. Carlton took possession of Crown-Point, and advanced a part of his fleet into Lake George, within view of Ticonderoga. His army also approached that place, as if designing to lay siege to it.

The garrison amounted to between eight and nine thousand men. Care had been taken to lay in a sufficient stock of provisions, and to strengthen the works very considerably. Application was made to Gen. Washington for directions to call in a reinforcement of militia. That officer had smarted so severely for depending on essential aid from this source, that his opinion was against the measure, unless the regulars should be absolutely insufficient for the defence of the works. He conceived that, if he was not misinformed respecting the strength of the

northern army, it might certainly maintain Ticonderoga until the rigor of the season, and the freezing of the lake, should compel the besieging army to retire into Canada for winter quarters. In the meantime, he recommended the securing of all the cattle and horses in the country behind them, in order to deprive the British army, if it should slip by Ticonderoga, of the means of conveying their artillery, military stores, and baggage ; or of subsisting themselves.

These considerations seemed to have weighed also with the English general. After reconnoitering the works, and observing the steady countenance of the garrison, he thought it too late in the season to derive any solid advantages from laying siege to the fortress this campaign, and therefore re-embarked his army and returned to Canada, where he placed it in winter quarters as commodiously as the country would admit ; making the Isle Aux Noix his most advanced post.

Gov. Carlton's conduct in not attacking Ticonderoga, and not making further advances on the lakes was censured by some, but rather unjustly. This retreat relieved the apprehensions of America from this quarter, for the present.

Attack on Sullivan's Island.

In the beginning of 1776, Sir Peter Parker and twenty-five hundred troops, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, were dispatched to try the event of war against the southern colonies ; a division of the Hessian army having arrived, on the 1st of May Sir Peter Parker appeared on the coast of North-Carolina, where Sir Henry Clinton arrived about the same time from New-York and took command of the army. Generals Clinton and Cornwallis prepared for an attack on Charleston, South-Carolina, while the shipping, on the 28th of June, nine in number, carrying two hundred and eighty guns, commenced a furious attack on Sullivan Island, a strong fortress situated in the entrance of the harbor, from which shipping coming up to the city can be greatly annoyed. On hearing of the approach of the enemy,

the garrison and town were put in the best posture of defence. The streets of Charleston were strongly barricaded, and lines of defence extended to the water's edge; the militia were called in to defend the capital. The summons was promptly obeyed, and from five to six thousand troops instantly assembled. Gen. Lee, an officer high in reputation was sent from New-York to command this heroic enterprise. Under him were Cols. Gadsden, Moultrie and Thompson. The fort was garrisoned by about four hundred men, under command of Col. Moultrie. At the same time, a detachment was landed on an adjoining Island, with directions to cross over where the sea was supposed to be fordable, and attack the fort in the rear. The heavy and incessant fire was met by equally as powerful a one from the fort, with huzzah! your best respects to the commodore. The elements seemed one continued roar of thunder, while the fort and shipping appeared one continued sheet of flame and rolling smoke. Many of the ships suffered severely, particularly the Bristol, the Commodore, being twice in flames from red hot shot; her captain killed, and so dreadful the slaughter, that at one time the Commodore was the only person on the deck that remained unhurt. Gen. Lee in the heat of the action visited the fort; the enthusiasm displayed, and energy manifested was highly pleasing to Lee. Nothing seemed to quench the ardor and spirit of the troops; death had lost its power, and terror was hushed in the thunder of battle, and flames of its volcano. Soldiers mortally wounded exhorted their companions never to abandon the cause of liberty; "I die," said serjeant Mc Donald in his last moments, "for a glorious cause, but I hope it will not die with me." The battle between the fleet and the fort continued till dark, when the British, crippled, disabled, and dreadfully cut to pieces, drew off in the night and received the land forces on board, and shortly set sail for New-York; where the whole British force was ordered to assemble.

The killed and wounded on the part of the enemy amounted to near two hundred; that of the Americans, to ten killed and twenty-two wounded. Great praise was due to Col. Moultrie

and garrison. Congress returned their thanks for their spirited conduct; while the country and historian will ever remember this consecrated spot, and the gallantry of our brave sons in arms.

This Isle hath stood the test of time,
Of cannon, ball and powder—
Which British ships in number nine,
Tried all their strength to founder.
White Yankee balls salute the guest
With dread, amaze and wonder;
Sir Peter gave up the contest,
And fled from Yankee thunder,
Which fiercely bellowed on his rear,
Like Milton's stunned angels;
While war's hoarse clamor met his ear
And all his plans entangles.

Soon after this event, Congress issued a proclamation, dated Philadelphia, 4th July, 1776, declaring to the world her determination to support her independence, and claim the rank of a nation amongst the principalities of the earth; absolving all allegiance to Great Britain, and shewing the cause.

On the Declaration of Independence.

On the 8th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, one of the deputies from Virginia, arose in Congress, and made a motion to declare the colonies free and independent.

Mr. Lee addressed the house on this motion, and concluded as follows: "Why then, do we longer delay, why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not, to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast by the felicity of its citizens, with the ever increasing tyranny that has desolated her polluted

shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum, where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where the generous plant that first sprang up and grew in England, and is now withering under the poisonous blast of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltered under the banner of freedom, and salubrious and verdant shade of the American wilderness; a home, an abode for the unfortunate of the human race."

As the mind of all the colonies was not fully settled on that important point; it was thought prudent to postpone the decision till the 1st of July following. A committee was appointed to draft a declaration of Independence, consisting of the following gentlemen—John Adams, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Robert Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. The committee met and unanimously solicited Mr. Thomas Jefferson, to prepare a draft of the declaration alone; which he accepted, and drew as the sequel will tell. After two or three slight amendments, the committee unanimously approved of it, and on Friday, the 28th of June, layed it before Congress, when it was read and ordered to lie on the table. On Monday the 1st of July, agreeable to assignment, the houses resolved itself into a committee of the whole and resumed the consideration of the preliminaries of independence. It was debated through the day, and carried in the affirmative by the votes of New-Hampshire, Connecticut Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, New-Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina. Georgia, South-Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it. Delaware had but two members, and they were divided. The delegates from New-York declared they were for it themselves, and were assured their constituents were for it; but that their instructions having been drawn nearly twelve months before, when reconciliation was still the general object of desire, they were enjoined by them to do nothing to impede their utmost wish and desire. They therefore asked leave to withdraw from the question, till further instructed; which was granted.

In this state of things, the committee arose and reported their resolution to the House. Mr. Edward Rutledge of South-Car-

olina, requested that the final result might be put off, till the next day, as he believed his colleagues, though they disapproved of the resolutions, would then join in it for the sake of unanimity. The decision was accordingly postponed, till July 2d, when it was again moved; and South Carolina voted for its adoption. In the meantime, the third delegate arrived post haste, from Delaware, which turned the vote of that colony, in favor of the resolution. Members from Pennsylvania that morning, changed her voice in its favor, so that the whole twelve colonies who were authorized to vote at all, gave their unanimous voice for its immediate adoption; which was carried into effect on the 4th, bidding defiance to the strong arm of oppression, and the usurped authority of tyrants, and their emissaries.

July 9th, New-York approved of the resolve. The debates were again renewed on the 2d. Warmth and eloquence were displayed, both for and against. The magna charter of her birth day and liberties, inch by inch was its progress disputed. The whig party, or revolutionists or tories, acrimoniously animadverted on almost every subject discussed.

The debates were continued with increased warmth through the second, third and fourth days of July, till the evening of the latter—the most important day, politically speaking, the world has ever witnessed—closing the great contest, liberty or death; solemnising the event with an appeal to Jehovah, for aid, support, and deliverance from the hard hand of oppression and the haughty frowns of a British Parliament.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands that have connected them with another, and to assume, amongst the powers of the earth that separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the

opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the cause which impels them to this separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident ; that all men were created equal ; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights ; that amongst these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, government is instituted amongst men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed ; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes ; and accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing those forms to which they have been long accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, their duty to throw off such government, and provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient suffering of these colonies, and such is now the necessity that constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is the history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this let the facts be stated to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be known. And when so suspended he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish

the right of representation in the legislature ; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise ; the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions from within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states, for that purposes obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their emigration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of land.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount, and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent swarms of officers to harrass and eat up our substance.

He has kept amongst us in time of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subjugate us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unauthorised by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

For quartering large bodies of armed troops amongst us.

For protecting them, by mock trials, from punishment for murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states.

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world.

For imposing taxes on us without our consent.

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefit of trial by jury.

For transporting us beyond the seas, to be tried for pretended offences.

For abolishing the free system of English laws, in a neighboring province ; establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and a fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies.

For taking away our charters ; abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the form of our government,

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves vested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation and tyranny already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens taken captive upon the high seas, to bear arms against their country ; to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring upon us the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an indiscriminate destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms. Our repeated petitions have been answered by repeated injuries. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to rule a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them by the common ties of kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They to have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which demands our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled—appealing to the supreme Ruler of the universe for the rectitude of our intentions—do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states: that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the states of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, we have power to wage war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Jehovah, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

JOHN HANCOCK.

New-Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Mat. Thornton.

Massachusetts—Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert T., Paine, Eldrige Gerry.

Rhode-Island—Stephen Hopkins, William Ellery.

Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

New York—William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris.

New-Jersey—Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkings, John Hart, Abraham Clark.

Pennsylvania—Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Morton, George Clymer, James Smith, George Taylor, James Wilson, George Ross.

Delaware—Cæsar Rodney, George Reed, Thomas McKean.

Maryland—Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

Virginia—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

North-Carolina—William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

South-Carolina—Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward jun., Thomas Lynch, jun., Arthur Middleton.

Georgia—Burton Gwinnet, Lyman Hall, George Walton.

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

This event took place two hundred and eighty-four years after the discovery of America, by Christopher Columbus, one hundred and sixty years from the first actual settlement in Virginia, and one hundred and sixty-six years from the first settlement in Plymouth and Massachusetts.

Soon after the declaration of independence, Gen. Howe arrived with a powerful naval force in the harbor of New-York: and landed an army of twenty-four thousand troops on Staten Island, abundantly supplied with all the munitions of death, to work out their own destruction in destroying others. From this point Gen. Howe could diverge to any position most conducive to the success of his master's cause.

Gen. Washington was then in New-York with about thirteen thousand men, in and about the city. Presuming that Brooklyn, on Long-Island, would be Howe's first object, Washington strengthened it, and gave the command to Gen. Putnam, an officer bold, daring, and resolute.

The Battle at Brooklyn, Long-Island.

On the 22d, Gen. Howe landed his army on the opposite side of Long-Island. The two armies were then within four miles

of each other; between them was a range of high hills, over which passed three main roads. Care was taken by Gen. Putnam to prevent surprise. Early on the morning of the 26th, a column of British troops advanced on the road leading to his right, and a body of Hessians on the centre road. To oppose these, Gen. Putnam detached most of the troops from the camp, which soon met the British advance, and a brisk skirmish ensued. These movements were mere feints to deceive Gen. Putnam, and divert his attention from the road leading to his left, on which Gen. Clinton was slowly advancing. The report of cannon gave the first intimation of the danger that was approaching on that road. Gen. Putnam ordered his troops to hasten back to the camp, but Sir Henry Clinton met them on the way and forced them back on the Hessians; attacked in front and rear, they fought with bravery several severe skirmishes, a number were killed, and many made prisoners. Several parties cut their way through the enemy and regained their camp. A bold and vigorous charge, made by the American Gen. Lord Sterling, at the head of the Maryland regiment, enabled a large body of troops to escape. This regiment, fighting with desperate bravery, kept a force greatly superior to them engaged, till their comrades found safety in flight, and the few that remained surrendered prisoners of war. The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded exceeded one thousand; among the prisoners were Gens. Sullivan, Sterling and Wood. The total loss of the enemy was less than four hundred. The British army encamped that night before the American lines, and the next day erected a battery, within six hundred yards of their left. While the battle was raging Gen. Washington passed the sound to see what condition the camp was in. Here he had to witness the mortifying sight of the overpowering strength of his adversary, and the destruction of his best troops, without being in a condition to help them. Seeing no alternative left but retreat, he determined to remove them to the city. The retreat was effected on the night of the 28th, with such secrecy and dispatch, that the last boats were beyond the reach

of musket shot, before the enemy were aware of the movement.

The City of New-York Surrenders.

About the middle of September, Gen. Washington, seeing the danger of being besieged in the city, removed his troops to Harlem heights. The British immediately entered the city, and after a few days a fire broke out which consumed about one thousand houses. Gen. Washington, reflecting on the past, the inexperience of his troops, the enemy he had to contend with, and the distance they were from their resources, determined to adopt a cautious mode of warfare, and wear out his antagonist by repeated skirmishes, continual alarms and attacks, to inspire his troops with courage necessary for a more sanguinary contest at last. In a skirmish fought on the 6th of September, that valuable officer, Col. Knowlton, was killed. But the balance of victory was decidedly in our favor, and served to inspire the troops with fresh courage. The loss was nearly equal. Gen. Washington had the pleasure to see the system he had adopted correct, the enemy dwindling and wasting away day by day, and no chance of retreating short of three thousand miles distance. Gen. Howe found his antagonist too cautious to risk his fate in a general engagement on the field, and too strong to be engaged in intrenchments.

In the beginning of October the movements of the enemy indicated an intention of gaining the rear of the Americans, and cutting off their communication with the eastern states. The American army quitted Harlem, and moved northward toward White Plains. Gen. Howe pursued, making several attempts to bring Washington to a decisive engagement, which he avoided by changing his position. A partial engagement was fought on the 28th of October, in which the loss was nearly equal. Gen. Howe determined to return toward New-York, and attack forts Washington and Lee, situated opposite each other on the banks of the Hudson.

These forts, commanding the river, were garrisoned by strong detachments. Fort Washington, commanded by Col. Magaw

was garrisoned by twenty-seven hundred men. On the 16th of November, four divisions of the royal army, led by their principal officers, attacked it in four different quarters. These combined and repeated attacks at last succeeded; the ammunition of the garrison being nearly expended, and all the outposts driven in, the commander being a second time summoned, agreed to capitulate on honorable terms. This was the severest blow America had yet felt. The British lost, in killed and wounded, nearly twelve hundred men. Fort Lee was immediately evacuated, and the garrison joined Gen. Washington. Washington had, previously, with one division of the army, crossed over into New-Jersey, leaving the others, under Gen. Lee, near New-York. His forces, when augmented by the garrison from fort Lee, amounted to three thousand effective men, and these destitute of clothing, blankets, tents, and even utensils for cooking their provisions. Their first rendezvous was at Newark, but being closely pursued, he was compelled to retreat to Brunswick, to Princeton, to Trenton, and finally across the Delaware into Pennsylvania; many times the enemy in pursuit was in sight of his rear guard. Small as his little army was when he commenced his retreat, it diminished daily, the time of enlistment expiring, and no persuasions could induce them to stay longer; these were discouraging circumstances to our beloved and almost despairing chief. But heaven left not her faithful son; amidst threatening calamities she warded off apparent evil, and turned to the general good seeming disasters. Gen. Washington called on Gen. Lee to hasten to his assistance, but business, or other motives delayed his march; he called on New-Jersey and Pennsylvania for militia, but none obeyed; fear hung like a cloud over America, and presaged a doubtful issue. In this dark and dreary hour Howe issued a royal proclamation, offering pardon in his gracious master's name, to all who would submit to kneel to British laws and edicts. The exulting foe thought triumph certain; seeing and knowing the situation of our army, they supposed the contest nearly or quite at an end; many fear-struck cowards embraced the proffered

offer, and joined the royal standard, among these were Mr. Galloway and Allen who had been members of the continental Congress. As the British army approached Philadelphia, Congress adjourned to Baltimore, having invested Gen. Washington with full power to wield the destinies of the nation, as to all concerns relating to the war. Such unlimited authority found in Washington a second Cincinnatus. America found her confidence realized in her brave and virtuous son. To his energy, perseverance, prudence, and presence of mind, in fields of danger, in the cabinet, and in every emergency demanding courage, America at the present day owes her glory and high rank among the nations of the earth.

The day that Washington crossed the Delaware the British took possession of Rhode-Island. On the 13th of December, Gen. Lee, wandering from his army, was taken prisoner. In the experience and talents of Lee the people reposed the utmost confidence, and considered his loss like that of an army. In its consequences, his capture was fortunate. The command of his division devolved on Gen. Sullivan, who soon marched to the relief of Washington, augmenting his army to nearly seven thousand men. The superiority of the enemy enabled them to laugh at our calamities, and call us rebels, almost subdued, and doubted not but that one more vigorous attack when they felt disposed to make it, would place in their power the remainder of our army, and completely subject the colonies to royal authority and ministerial views.

Trenton Taken.

They rioted in robbery and plunder, and rejoiced in the anticipated decision of the contest by a speedy and glorious triumph, till Washington, on Christmas eve, the 25th, recrossed the Delaware, with the determination to hazard all that remained, in one vigorous effort to restore confidence to the country, and achieve a victory over his exulting foe, now resting secure in the arms of imaginary safety.

Putting himself at the head of two thousand four hundred

men, he commenced his march in the evening, on a secret expedition. About midnight his army crossed the Delaware, amidst a storm of hail and rain, while the ice in the river nearly baffled all his skill in passing. Having landed safe on the Jersey shore, he marched directly for Trenton, where the Hessians, nine hundred in number, lay encamped; about daylight they arrived within one mile of the town, when they were ordered to halt and examine their arms and be ready for the attack. Then, advancing a picket guard near a mile from the camp, first gave the alarm. Firing a cannon they fled, and Washington pursued them at a quick step; when they arrived at their camp, the Hessians, in the greatest confusion, were collecting to parade, running in every direction, some without arms, others but half dressed, when the Americans opened their fire upon them, just awakened from the fumes of a Christmas eve. In fifteen minutes the whole army surrendered. Washington, with his prisoners, immediately recrossed the Delaware, and, having lost but nine men, returned to his camp.

This sudden and severe blow awakened the enemy to more activity and vigilance.

Lord Cornwallis, who had gone to New-York, and entrusted to inferior officers the task of fronting the war, on receiving this intelligence, instantly returned with additional troops, to regain the ground lost. He concentrated his force at Princeton. And soon after, Gen. Washington, being joined by a body of militia from Pennsylvania, recrossed the Delaware and took post at Trenton. This ends the campaign of 1776. The spirit of America seemed to revive, and the goddess of war to cheer the desponding to redoubled exertions.

THE POETICAL NARRATIVE—CONTINUED.

Gen. Gage finds Yankee treatment,
• Rather too hard for him to face ;
Returns to England with a statement
Of his own and her disgrace.
Falmouth through British mercies shares
The fate of Norfolk history ;
The flame began, spread flames afar,
O'er thy fair vales, America.
Britain to aid her black design,
To crush their illuminated shield ;
With German princes soon combine,
In human traffic's bloody field.
Lawless kidnappers, kings and princes,
Engaged in slavery, death and war ;
Nation's murders hath no fences,
But diadems these monsters wear.
Fourteen thousand German soldiers,
Sold like bullocks from the stall,
Hired—Americans to butcher,
With sword, and spears, and cannon ball.
War's grim companion, death and slaughter,
Knows no honor but deceit,
In human shape these monsters muster,
Earth's greatest dread and greatest hate.
The sun and all the hosts of heaven
Stood mute and blushed at royalty ;
Engaged in all the sins forbidden
By nature's laws and Deity.
Lord Howe and army close invested
In Boston—Yankees him salute ;

Bombs, rockets, balls his rights contested,
 And his claim with him dispute.
 Washington and Yankees press him,
 Closing round on every side ;
 Some royal plume of Howe to win,
 Minerva sports, and him defied.

Gen. Howe sailed from Boston.

Old Neptune to assist his master,
 Lends Howe his aid and bore away ;
 This army—hero, sad disaster,
 To George and all who him obey.
 Old ocean groaned beneath the burden,
 A cumbrous load of knaves and slaves ;
 Human butcherers hired to lighten
 Death's dread task a thousand ways.
 Glad to retreat to Halifax,
 The British air once more to breathe ;
 He found his royal master's tax,
 Paid not by duties on his teas.
 Balls and bomb-shells are the tribute,
 Yankee funds yield a supply ,
 Paid to tyrants, and the gibbet
 Raises their effigy on high.

Attack on Sullivan's Isle, near Charleston South-Carolina.

Sir Peter Parker and Cornwallis,
 Clinton and a numerous host ;
 On Charleston with relentless malice,
 South-Carolina's pride and boast,
 Bore down with British colors flying,
 Like blood-hounds bent on martial prey ;
 Sighing nature, sighed replying,
 Meet them boys with Yankee play.

Sullivan's Isle salutes the stranger,
 With canister, grape and cannon ball ;
 Conflicting fire augments the danger,
 And red hot shot for fuel call.
 Twice Sir Peter's ship is in flames.
 While slaughter strewed his crimsoned decks,
 Her Captain killed, while head and brains
 Promiscuous lay, the fury checks.
 His decks swept clean, Sir Peter stood
 Alone, a mark, with gazing eyes ;
 While Yankee balls flew o'er the flood,
 And whistling filled him with surprise.
 This small volcano belching thunder,
 Forged in Vulcan's shop of fame ;
 Stopped Sir Peter, filled with wonder,
 And drove his squadron to the main.
 The genius of America
 Saw war's grim tyrant mad with rage,
 Sent from our mother country
 The rights of freemen to engage.
 She, her rights to independence,
 Claims from nature—all are free;
 Heaven's Supreme is her dependence,
 And her protection—Deity.
 She bids defiance to oppression,
 The tyrant's rage and rattling chains;
 And as an independent nation
 Asserts the freedom which she claims.
 Before the throne of sovereign grace,
 In presence of Jehovah swears
 Defiance to that murderous race,
 That diadem and scepter wears.
 Her complaint is lawless treatment,
 The rights of freemen to destroy ;
 Chains and fetters are the payment
 Of kings, and all in their employ.

Independence hails the nation,
Goddess of the angelic band,
Declares her name, her rank and station
And of our armies takes command.

Joy filled the breast, her heroes flew to arms,
Freedom the bosom of the soldier warms ;
Mars at defiance our bold veterans dare,
And face him armed with thunderbolts of war.
Hail independence, was the echoing sound,
Revibrating accents shook the ground ;
Millions unborn shall celebrate the day,
As time rolls on and mortals turn to clay.
'The despot's chains, oppression's wrathful power,
'The tyrant's strength, and high exalted tower,
Shall bow prostrate at liberty's blest shrine,
And all their pride, and pomp, and power resign.
Old England's crime stained her religious name,
And cast a shade on all her future fame ;
George and his minions, ah ! 'tis sad to tell !
Joined in alliance with the powers of hell.
Forgetful of laws human or divine,
Of civilization, virtue and mankind,
Turned back to savage of barbaric prey,
And stained her honor in a savage way.
Humanity must blush, and sigh and mourn
At crimes so black, so cursed and forlorn ;
Whose bare recital history feign would screen,
And cast the sable shade of death between.
'The future page, and mad tyranic sway,
'That ruled Great-Britain on that fatal day,
Allied with Indians, worse by far than they—
For scalps of murdered infants see them pay.
'Torture and cruelty, seemed British sport,
And wanton ravages their famed resort ;
Sex, age, condition, which for mercy call,
Lamenting cries was heard in George's hall,

But deaf to nature and humanity,
 'This mother saw her children's butchery ;
 Houses in flames, blood stained the savage path,
 The dying groans, the last expiring gasp,
 Re-echoing heavens rolled back the solemn sound,
 Must tell to future ages, the dreadful wound.
 Heaven saw the deed, and issued her decree
 Against Great-Britain and her destiny,
 And aids our armies, with a sovereign hand,
 And of our soldiery takes the great command.
 Great-Britain shall her follies long bewail,
 Her sons lament, her children tell the tale,
 Her loss deplore, posterity unborn
 Must feel the wound, her folly laughed to scorn;
 She must atone for lawless cruelty,
 She must atone for savage butchery;
 The groans of widow's, and the orphan's cry,
 Mingles with tears, and call to God on high ,
 To avenge their sufferings on the guilty foe,
 And drive the tyrant from the world below.
 The savage yells, the war-whoop and the dance,
 The frantic gestures, tomahawk and lance,
 The ambush, nightly stealth, wolf-like devour
 Without mercy all within their power.
 Such was the foe, Great-Britain's cursed allies,
 'Traacherous, insidious, stained with yellow dyes,
 Savage by nature, wild and fierce their mien,
 Innured by custom to each bloody scene.

The arrival of Gen. Howe—Battle of Flatbush

The next grand drama of historic fame,
 Aroused America to martial flame ;
 Fired with resentment, determined to revenge
 Their country's wrongs, their children, wives and friends,
 Gen. Howe with martial pomp arrives,
 And war's huge castles float before our eyes,

England's proud banner waves in dusky air,
 And gathers all her forces for the war.
 Long-Island soon a bloody story tells,
 The blood of thousands stained her sandy hills :
 Many a husband, father, brother dear,
 Lay weltering in their blood, and suffered here.
 The thundering cannon rolling columns of smoke,
 The realms of ether and old chaos shook,
 While terror hovering in her sable form,
 Chills the cold heart and fills it with alarm.
 Flatbush records a bloody tragedy,
 And tells her fatal story to this day ;
 Posterity as they survey the ground,
 In fancy hear the cannon's awful sound.
 Victory decides the fortune of the day,
 For Britain's standard, and America
 Saw the staunch foes advance, with skill retreat,
 And leave the Isle, the muses rural seat.

*Surrender of New-York—Ports Washington and Lee, New York,
 16th, 1776.*

Brave Washington and thirteen thousand men,
 Oppose the invaders' and the tyrant's plan ;
 New-York their rendezvous, facing the flood,
 Where George's navy and his hireling brood
 Rode on the waves, exulting in the name
 Of cringing sycophants, and slavish fame.
 This British host drove on its martial plans,
 Oppression's chains, its edicts and commands ;
 New-York surrenders to the conquering foe,
 While British fancy triumphed in the blow.
 Anticipation raised her lofty head,
 And British pride with false delusions fed ;
 Exulting in the arms of victory,
 The certain conquest of America

In vision played before the warriors' eyes,
And paints her colors only to disguise.
Fort Washington next felt the ruthless hand
Of war's dread monarch and her stern command;
Two thousand prisoners, drove before the car
Of British power, by Mars the god of war—
A heavy loss to freedom and her cause,
But just emerging from the lion's jaws ;
A heavy loss—Columbia felt the wound,
While ether bore the solemn tidings round.
Fort Lee next felt oppression's heavy hand,
And to the foe yields a transfer, command ;
The garrison escapes to tell the news,
And on the themes of war consult and muse.
Sad tidings swell the list on every gale,
Loss after loss successive series hail,
The lowering clouds and dusky air resound,
Disasters heavy gathering thicken round;
A powerful nation both by land and sea,
Resources vast our deadly enemy ;
Rash madness seems America's career,
While our success depends on hope and fear—
Trusting in God, whose justice rules mankind,
To counteract the tyrant's mad design.
The only source to which men can appeal
When dangers threaten, with a press of sail.
Mars and oppression, twins by birth and fame,
War's two great captains of terrific aim,
With crested fronts advance—defiance lowers
In their bold aspect and terrific powers ;
Old Neptune frowned, and all the gods of war,
Relentless seemed destruction's cruel car ;
The heavy clouds and dusky sky obscure,
And all presage a gloomy, darksome hour ;
No cheering goddess of illustrious birth
Appeared to brighten our bewildered path,

But one obscured and faintly glimmering star
Shone through the cloud and twinkled, God is near,
Success and victory, with the odds of fight,
Now followed Britain, and pursued our flight ;
Disastrous combats, our annals, records groan,
Each swelling sound rolls on in solemn tone.

Arnold's Defeat on Lake Champlain.

A heavy loss and death of many a son,
On Lake Champlain a naval battle 's won ;
Britain victorious—Arnold's wild career
Cost us our fleet and many a brother dear.
Our country poor, our age but infancy,
'Three millions to contend with tyranny
And all the slaves their cursed gold could hire.
And all the knaves that scarlet coats do wear,
With Indians, tories, an infernal crew
'That neither mercy or compassion knew.
'The closing scenes of seventy-six appear
'To wear a gloom, freighted with hope and fear,
'To fix our fate in fetters and submission
'To kings, and lords, and dukes, and their condition,
Our army dwindled to a feeble van,
From twenty-five to scarce three thousand men ;
'This nature saw, the God of armies smiled,
And sent old Nestor to assist his child;
Of Herculean tasks chief engineer,
'To build and form a vast republic here,
As counsellor to our beloved son,
A friend and aid to our brave Washington.
The ebbing tide began once more to flow,
The courage reanimate, the bosom glow,
Desponding hope to mount the pleasing gale,
And our forboding fears to hoist a sail.
Ill-fated Lee regardless of his trust,
Is made a prisoner—let his fame be hushed,

On blank oblivion's scrawled, forgotten page ;
Unknown his faults, ambition, and his age.
Discouraging disasters threaten hard,
Press on our rear, our van enclose and guard ;
'The storm's huge features, armed with dire dismay,
Spread sackcloth o'er the blazing orb of day.

The Taking of the Hessians at Trenton.

When winter's clouds rolled gloomy through the sky,
And Sol's bright chariot dimly shone on high,
Heaven looked propitious on America,
And crowned her heroes with a victory.
Here genius mounts the battlements of storm,
And calms its rage, its furies half disarm.
When Sol withdrew, and sunk beneath the wave,
And left the scenes of war to eastern gaze ;
When storms tremendous howling o'er the land,
Old ocean's roar the height of dread command,
On Christmas eve, when all was lulled to sleep,
Our Washington, whose faithful vigils keep
Sacred to fame the cause of liberty,
Called forth thy little band, America !
See thy brave sons, on winter's dreadful night,
Fearless encounter all the rage of fight,
Like Hannibal surmount the towering Alps,
And rise in triumph o'er the lion's whelps.
'The Delaware and ice they charged, and bore
'Their boats and barges to the eastern shore,
Land about midnight, while the hail and rain
From winter's arsenal deluged the plain.
Like Cleves on Ararat, so Washington
Through storms and tempests marched with courage on
'To Trenton, where the foe in slumber lay,
With fumes of Christmas and a holy day.
Scarce had Aurora's blush tinged eastern skies,
And cast her purple blaze on mortal eyes,

When Washington, though least expected near,
Opened a fire upon the Hessians' rear.
Security had lulled the foe to sleep ;
The storm's loud bellows, hoarse resounding deep
Swept o'er the frosty ground, seemed a presage
Of safety, till our brave, heroic sage
With claps of thunder and sulphurous flame
Met their dull ears, in echo o'er the plain.
Confusion seized the hirelings, and dismay
Awoke with terror on returning day,
While Yankee cannon closed upon their rear,
And sulphurous lightning lit the lamp of fear ;
Resounding echoes, groans of dying men,
With shouts of victory, mingle in the strain,
While rattling muskets shook the frosty ground,
And death stood sending all his terrors round—
Decides the fortune of the deadly fray,
In favor of thy sons, America !
Nine hundred prisoners is the trophy gained,
Captives of war, set free from tyrant's chained ;
Germans by birth, sold by their royal knaves
For British gold, as mercenary slaves.
Princes in power, blush ! nature loud complains ;
Is this thy kindness to enslave in chains,
And thus transfer your subjects ? Look and see !
Rebellion lurks, and soon will transfer thee,
Revolution's fire will reach your palaces,
Nor stay its fury long as a tyrant lives.
Thus ends the tragic scenes of seventy-six,
Fatal to thousands—determination 's fixed—
Washington victorious—America
Sees hope desponding, crowned with victory.

CAMPAIGN OF 1777.

On the second of January, the greater part of the British army marched for Trenton, to attack the Americans. In the afternoon, near night, the enemy encamped near Washington, to await the decision of the next day's battle, now certain, as Cornwallis thought. Lord Erskine, his aid, advised to attack immediately, but Cornwallis' reply was, "his men were fatigued, and that he had so environed the old fox, he could not escape." "If," said Erskine, "Washington is the general I take him to be, we shall not find him here in the morning." After dark, Gen. Washington ordered ranges of fires to be made of rail fences, between the armies, and leaving men to keep up the fires, he silently marched off his army toward Princeton. His escape being wholly unknown to the British at day light, the drums beat to arms, the army paraded for battle, when lo! as light unbarred the dusky east to enliven the cheerful return of day, no enemy was in sight; the ground evacuated, and nought remained but the smoking ruins of a long range of fires. Erskine, addressing Cornwallis, said, "I told you of this." Too late he found his mistake realized.

Decamping about midnight, Washington, by a circuitous route, gained the rear of his enemy, and at sun rise, the van of the Americans, met unexpectedly two British regiments. A sharp action commenced; the former gave way; at this critical juncture, when all was at stake, the commander led the main army to their support; the enemy were routed and fled. Fortunately, the hero of America, although exposed to both fires, and but a few yards distant from either party, escaped unhurt. Washington, instead of pursuing the fugitives, pressed forward to Princeton, where one regiment of the enemy remained, part

of whom saved themselves by a precipitate flight; about three hundred were taken prisoners, and more than one hundred were killed. The American loss was less, but Gen. Mercer and several valuable officers were numbered with the slain. Among the wounded, was Lieut. Monroe, afterwards President of the United States.

Lord Cornwallis, on the morning after Washington's retreat, heard cannon, and "thought it to be thunder," as Thomas Paine says, "although in the dead of winter," and was not undeceived till some horsemen came galloping down the road and informed him that Washington had attacked and taken Princeton.

An American army, thus rising almost from the ashes of the Phoenix, in the heart of a cold winter, out-generalizing British veterans, and in a few days taking twelve hundred prisoners, with as many stands of arms and all their baggage, besides killing about two hundred, and filling the enemy with consternation, was an achievement equal to any of ancient or modern fame. Cornwallis immediately left Trenton and retreated to Brunswick. The inhabitants resumed their courage, and gave full vent to their rage, which fear had smothered; took ample revenge for the insults they had suffered; the enemy were driven from all their posts in New-Jersey except Amboy and Brunswick. The Americans went into winter quarters at Morristown.

The brilliant achievements at Trenton and Princeton cheered the desponding spirit of America, and placed her armies in a situation to renew their career to glory and independence. Intelligence of this event spread like lightning, and re-lit the expiring torch of liberty, while America resounded with praise to Washington as the saviour and deliverer of his country. He was the theme of eulogy in Europe. Contrasting his caution and impetuosity when advantage might be gained with little loss, he may well be termed the Fabius of America.

See heaven's protecting care, friendship and aid,

In this event, plain to mankind displayed;

When all was care and dire despondency,
 An Almighty spoke and cheered America,
 Sent down Minerva to our Washington,
 To assist our veterans in the work begun.
 Illumed with stars, freedom and liberty.
 To raise a standard against tyranny,

The spring opened with a steadfast reliance on a Divine being for protection and aid in our ardent struggle for independence. Congress was determined, and amidst defeat boldly declared their rights, and solemnly pledged their lives in defence of a cause so important to the future welfare of mankind and the growth and happiness of these united colonies. They exhibit no fear for the issue of the struggle, but vote to raise an army to face the danger of the present year; being sensible that short enlistments had been the principal cause of past misfortunes, they resolved that the new levies should be raised for three years, or during the war, at the option of the individual enlisting. To defray charges, they made large emissions of paper money, and to evince their determination, they solemnly declared to the world that they would listen to no terms of peace short of independence, or which should deprive other nations of a free trade to their ports.

Knowing the deadly enmity of France to Great Britain, they sent commissioners to that court with instructions to solicit a loan of money, a supply of munitions of war, and an acknowledgement of the independence of these United States. These commissioners were Doct. Franklin, Silas Dean and Arthur Lee. Doct. Franklin arrived in Paris in December. The cause for which he was an advocate, and his own great fame as a philosopher, procured for Franklin a flattering reception from all ranks of people. The popular topic of conversation turned on America, her struggle for independence, her perseverance, her future growth and fame, and her tyrannical oppressors. The government of France was secretly friendly to our cause. The French minister suffered arms to be taken from the arsenals and conveyed to the United States. They connived at

the sale, in the West Indies, and even in the ports of France, of prizes taken by American privateers. The value of these prizes taken in 1776, was calculated at \$5,000,000, far exceeding the captures made by the British during the same time.

So popular was the cause of the United States, and so exalted the character of their commander-in-chief, that many French officers volunteered their services to aid in the struggle for liberty. Amongst these was the young Marquis de la Fayette, most conspicuous for rank, with the most heroic ardor and enthusiasm in the great cause of freedom and liberty, which distinguished this noble philanthropist in every stage of his long and useful life. At an early hour he communicated his wish to the American agents to join the republican armies. They at first encouraged his zeal, but learning the situation of their country and her distresses, they with honorable frankness informed him that they were so destitute of funds, that they could not provide for his passage across the ocean. "If your country," replies this gallant youth, "is indeed reduced to this extremity, it is at this moment that my assistance in her armies will render the most service." He immediately hired a vessel to convey him to America, where he arrived in the spring of 1777. He was received by the American people with that esteem and affection, that his youth and ardent patriotism deserved. He soon became the beloved and bosom friend of Gen. Washington, soliciting the privilege to serve without pay, and was soon appointed Maj. General. Such, Americans was our friend; the eve of his life was sweetened by reflecting on the past acts of the philanthropist, the hero, the unbiased and unflinching patriot, and his noble character as a statesman and politician.

In the last campaign the British took more prisoners than the Americans. They were detained in New-York, and confined in churches and prison ships, where they suffered incredible wretchedness from the hands of British christians; without fire and almost without clothing; often without food, and when food was offered it was a miserable pittance, damaged and loathsome; many died of hunger, and more by diseases produ-

ced by complicated sufferings. Washington remonstrated with warmth, and threatened retaliation. After his victories in New-Jersey, an exchange was agreed upon, but many, attempting to walk from the place of their confinement to the vessels provided to carry them away, fell in the streets to rise no more. Yet in the midst of these unparalleled sufferings they exhibited fortitude more rare, and more honorable to human nature, than the highest display of valor in battle. To entice them to enlist in the royal army, they were promised relief from their sufferings, and the enjoyment of abundance; which they rejected with disdain. The heart of a human being shrinks with horror at the tragic scenes in the narrative of the sufferings, (by J. Hollowell, a British commander of fort William Henry, Calcutta,) in the Black Hole prison, on the fatal night of the 28^d of June, 1756, where one hundred and twenty-three Englishmen out of one hundred and forty-six, perished by suffocation, in one night, by the cruelty of East India's tyrannical nabobs. And can a being, or a nation, called by the blessed name of christian, and discarding the cruelties of Calcutta, calmly look on and see in America, their friends, only at a little variance in war, starving, freezing, and suffering the keenest misery, even to death, in filthy prison ships, and holes as bad as Calcutta's fatal dungeon; and when dead, cast their bodies to dogs and hogs, and leave their bones above ground, because they termed them rebels, to witness against British mercies at the day of retribution?

Near the end of May, the American army, now almost ten thousand strong, moved from Morristown and took a position at Middlebrook. Gen. Howe with the British army left their encampment, and by various manœuvres endeavored to entice Gen. Washington from his strong hold to meet him in the field. But the latter, adhering to his cautious system of warfare, refused every invitation and remained in the position he had chosen.

Gen. Howe, changing his purpose, transported his army to Staten Island. On the 26th of July, leaving Sir Henry Clinton to command in New-York, he embarked one thousand six hundred troops on board a large fleet and put out to sea.

Gen. Burgoyne's Expedition.

Gen. Burgoyne, early in the spring of 1777, arrived at Quebec, and made arrangements for the ensuing campaign. He was able to appear in full force at the river Boquet, much earlier in the season than was anticipated by Gen. Gates, the American commander of the northern station.

This British armament was led by accomplished and experienced officers, amply furnished with all the munitions of war, comprising a formidable train of brass artillery, stores and equipments, which the nature of the service required, or the arts of man could invent for destruction. Veteran troops, selected from the British and German corps, formed nearly all the invading army, while Canadians and American royalists furnished him with scouts, rangers, and spies; and a numerous array of savages, armed with their own weapons. At the river Boquet, Burgoyne met the Indians in council, and gave them a war feast. This terrible armament, hovering on the confines of the United States, and ready seemingly to strike a decisive blow, must be met and vanquished by our fathers—death and destruction only must decide the contest. The northern gales swell with events. The east, west, and south, are sending their thousands to the field of Mars—the slaughter house of the nation; where Burgoyne and associates, flushed with recent victory, dares fate; exulting in diabolical pride, pursue their career through heaps of slain, cries, and groans of the wounded, lamentation of women and children; distress on the right and left; magazines of destruction in their rear, an enemy in front, amidst the roaring of cannon, bursting of bombs, rattling of muskets, trumpets sounding, drums beating, and all the horrors of war to face; while death, brandishing the weapons of destruction, fronts them at every corner, and ambushes each path with his terrors. Yet in the midst of these pictured scenes of destruction, they exclaim in their rage, We will pursue; we will draw our swords and conquer the rebels that dare dispute our prerogatives. Mad infatuation blinded by ambition hath led millions of victims to certain, certain destruction.

The genius of Columbia, awake to every danger, calls her sons to the field ; who assemble at the altar of liberty, under the star-spangled banner, to front the invading foe and stop his progress to Albany, their boasted head-quarters for the year 1777. America, all anxiety ; mothers, sisters, and daughters, weeping and bidding farewell to husbands, sons, and brothers, who hasten to the scenes of battle, death, and slaughter, recommending their friends and relations to the all-protecting care of a heavenly Father, and fly to the awful conflict that must send thousands to eternity.

Gen. Burgoyne marshaled his forces at Putnam's river—ten thousand strong. Publishing his royal manifesto, offering pardon, and inviting all to join the standard of his royal master.

This powerful force was commanded by Gens. Burgoyne, Frazier, Powel, Hamilton, Phillips, and the German Gens. Redesil and Spicht.

The stipulation Gen. Burgoyne made with the Indians was, to take the field on conditions of humanity. They were not to scalp the wounded, or the prisoners. A bounty was given for each prisoner brought in alive. This army, unmolested in its progress from St. Johns up the lake, landed and invested Ticonderoga on the first and second days of July. This post, strong by nature and art, was commanded by Gen. St. Clair, an officer of high standing. The country looked to him for a vigorous defence, and expected he would stem the torrent of invasion, and like Leonides, sell the post as dear as possible. But the country had little knowledge of the feeble state of the garrison. The British, possessing themselves of the Sugar Loaf, on Mount Defiance, which had been hitherto deemed inaccessible, completely commanded the fortress, and rendered the fort perfectly untenable against such an army.

June 19th, Gen. Burgoyne commenced operations against Ticonderoga. Sugar Loaf Hill was examined, and work immediately commenced and prosecuted with the utmost vigor day and night. The situation of the Americans was rendered critical—on the west, the fort was completely invested, and Mount

Hope, now in possession of the enemy, commanded the inlet from Lake George. This fortress stands on the western shores of Lake Champlain, on a point of land covered with rocks, and surrounded on three sides with water; a great part of the fourth side was covered with a deep morass. Opposite to Ticonderoga, on the eastern shore of the inlet, is a circular hill, called Mount Defiance or Independence. On the summit of this hill stands Fort Star. The garrison was approached on the right wing of the American army, July 2d, and possession taken of Mount Defiance, which overlooked the fortress. Thus situated Gen. St. Clair evacuated the fort on the 15th, having previously sent the cannon, baggage, and hospital stores to Skeensborough, while the army retreated to Castleton, thirty miles from Ticonderoga. The rear-guard, under Col. Warren, and a few others who fell behind on their march, halted six miles back—amounting to nearly one thousand. The next morning they were overtaken and attacked by Gen. Frazier with eight hundred and fifty men. The action was warm and well contested. Gen. Redisel arrived with his German division, and the Americans were obliged to give way to superior numbers. In this battle, according to Burgoyne's statement, Col. Francis and several other officers, and upwards of two hundred privates, were left dead on the field, and nearly eight hundred prisoners and wounded were taken.

Death in stern triumph stalks the plain,
Mars calls our sons to arms,
Our rights as freemen to maintain
Midst slaughter and alarms.
Disastrous this bloody fray;
America must mourn,
While British triumphs, day by day,
Presage a gathering storm.

This sanguinary battle at Hubbardton, cost the Americans dear, and evinced to the enemy the bravery, courage, and valor

of the foe they had to contend with. The remainder of the army, under Gen. St. Clair, after marching a circuitous route, reached Hudson river, and joined Gen. Schuyler at Fort Edward.

Gen. St. Clair's retreat from Ticonderoga, struck a damp to the northern inhabitants, and greatly alarmed the country. In this gloomy state of affairs, no officer could have displayed more zeal and activity in quieting the fears and raising the desponding spirit of his countrymen than Gen. Schuyler.

Col. Long having retired from Skeensborough, up Wood Creek to Fort Ann, with directions from Gen. Schuyler to defend that post—which was attacked by a detachment from the British, commanded by Lieut. Col. Hill. After a severe skirmish Col. Long, learning that a British reinforcement was advancing to the contest, set fire to the works at Fort Ann, and retired to Fort Edward.

The approaching danger called all the energies that each officer could muster into active operation, to meet the gathering tempest that hung over our land, like a cloud ready to burst. War, war, war, the only inquiry, thought, or meditation. Awake to freedom's call. Americans assembled by thousands to front the danger, determined on liberty or death.

In this gloomy state of affairs the command devolved on Gen. Schuyler, who did every thing in his power to restore order and place his little army in the best position. It consisted only of fifteen hundred continental troops, and the same number of militia; dispirited by defeat; without tents; badly armed; the principal part of the baggage and stores captured, and a powerful enemy hanging on their rear, ready to pour destruction on their advance or retreat; required more than human skill and perseverance to manage.

Gen. Burgoyne, with the greatest part of his army, after the evacuation of Ticonderoga, pursued our flotilla up Lake Champlain to Skeensborough, capturing and destroying the boats and boats and stores at that place; while Gen. Phillips, with most of the stores of Burgoyne, went up Lake George to Fort George.

situated at the head of that lake, and fourteen miles north-west from Fort Edward.

On Gen. Burgoyne's arrival at Skeensborough he found it absolutely necessary to suspend for a time all further operations, in order to recruit his army. He determined to halt a few days at this place to re-organize his troops and arrange his army. The baggage, artillery, and military stores, were brought up in the meantime, and preparations made with the utmost despatch for a grand move to Albany—little knowing the disastrous fortune that awaited him at Saratoga, before the twentieth of the next October.

Gen. Schuyler improved this interval to the utmost advantage; calling on the militia from all parts of the country; forming and organizing an army; providing stores; destroying the navigation of Wood Creek, by sinking impediments in its channels; breaking down bridges, and obstructing roads; driving the live stock out of the reach of the enemy; removing ammunition and stores from Fort Edward to his army at Stillwater and Saratoga. In the meantime he did all he could to arouse the spirit of his countrymen in a cause so glorious to themselves and to posterity.

Gen. Burgoyne, while at Skeensborough, issued his second proclamation, summoning the people, from the adjoining country, to appear at his royal pavillion, and submit to his majesty, King George III., and save themselves and families from immediate destruction—nothing apprehensive of his own overthrow. This was met by a counter manifesto from Gen. Schuyler, stating to the inhabitants the insidious designs of the enemy; warning them to beware of British intrigue; assuring them, in the most solemn and impressive manner, that those who aided or joined the enemy would be considered traitors, and suffer the utmost rigor of the law.

The evacuation of Ticonderoga, with the loss of all the stores provided for the service, with one hundred and twenty-eight pieces of cannon, and the defeat of Hubbardton, astonished all ranks of men, and the conduct of the officers was almost univer-

sally condemned. Congress directed an inquiry to be made into the conduct of all the officers of the northern department. Through New-England, the most malignant aspersions were cast on them. Gen. Schuyler was accused of treachery—to which this accumulation of unlooked for calamities was attributed, by the mass of the people. On a full inquiry into the conduct of the officers, they were acquitted of all blame.

Gen. Washington, on being informed of the distressed state of the remnant of the northern army, made great exertions to repair its loss, and to augment its force. The utmost industry was used to provide tents, artillery, ammunition, and stores, which were sent from Massachusetts to the army; the remaining troops from that state were ordered to the northern department, and Gen. Lincoln, who possessed in a very high degree the confidence of the New-England militia, was on that account to raise and command them. Gen. Arnold, then distinguished as a brave officer, was ordered to that station, and Col. Morgan, with his corps of riflemen, was detached on the same service. Gen. Washington, all animation in his country's cause, cherished a hope that by proper management and exertion much good might result from the present evil. "The evacuation of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence," said Washington in a letter dated the 15th of July, and addressed to Gen. Schuyler, "is an event of chagrin and surprize, not apprehended. This event is severe indeed, and has distressed us much; but we trust a spirited exertion will retrieve our loss, and check Gen. Burgoyne in his ambitious career; and that the confidence derived from success will hurry him into measures that will, in their consequences, be favorable to us. We should never despair. Our situation has before been unpromising; and has changed for the better. So I trust it will again. If new difficulties arise, we must put forth new exertions; and proportion our exertions to the exigencies of the times."

On receiving a letter from Gen. Schuyler on the 17th, stating the position of the enemy—informing him that a part of their forces lay at Skeensborough, and a body of between one and

two thousand lay at Castleton, and another had returned to Ticonderoga, and that there was an advanced post near Fort Ann, he seemed to anticipate the event that afterwards occurred, and to suggest the measure originating that torrent of misfortune with which Burgoyne was overwhelming. "Though our affairs," said Washington, "for some days past wore a gloomy aspect, I yet look forward to a fortunate and happy change. I trust Gen. Burgoyne's army will sooner or later meet an effectual check; and, as I suggested before, that his success will ultimately prove his ruin. From your account, he seems to be pursuing the line of conduct which of all others is the most favorable to us. I mean acting in detachments. This conduct will certainly give room for enterprize on our part, and expose his parties to great hazard, could we be so happy as to cut them off. Though it should consist of only four, or five, or six hundred men, it would inspirit the people to action, and do away much of their present anxiety. In such an event, they would lose sight of past misfortunes, and urged by a regard for their own security, they would fly to arms, and afford every aid in their power.

Gen. Burgoyne, having allowed a short repose to his army at Skeensborough, much elated with his past success, proceeded with ardor to the remaining object of the campaign. Facing death and all the horrors of war, he starts with all his army for Albany. He found it necessary to open Wood Creek—which was a work of much difficulty. The repairing of roads and broken bridges, occupied considerable time. Immense numbers of trees had been cut down and thrown across the roads, and their boughs interlocked with each other, in places where it was impossible to find any other way than that which they covered; bridges must be erected, and in one place a cross-way had to be constructed over a morass nearly two miles long. Such were the unavoidable difficulties and delays in opening the roads that the army, though very little harrassed by the Americans, did not arrive on the Hudson, at Fort Edward, till the 30th July. Here it was necessary to halt, to bring provisions, batteaux, artillery, and other stores from Fort George.

This interval of time was employed to the best advantage by Gen. Schuyler, in strengthening his army, collecting stores, &c. and in preparations to receive his unwelcome guest, and teach him a war-dance from their drums, in a tune called Yankee Doodle.

Gen. Burgoyne at this time little anticipated the danger, destruction, hardships, and sufferings, that awaited them in their progress. Engaged in a war of oppression, justice stood in front with an avenging sword, to defend the cause of America, and level in the dust the vaunting boasts of wild ambition—fatal to heated imagination and the dupes of tyranny.

At Fort Edward a junction was formed between the armies that crossed Lakes George and Champlain. August 15th, the British army had not four days' provision in camp. The huge features of war stared each army in the face. Burgoyne was now in a position from which he must either retreat or advance. False honor urged him on to unforeseen ruin. Fired with ambition and a lust for fame, his proud mind thought of nothing but battles, victories, success; the destruction of thousands, and to bind the chains of oppression on the free and independent spirit of the United States of America—while his only success lay in open force, violence, bloodshed, treachery, robbery, and all the diabolical schemes that war is master of. Thus situated, our fathers had to face this pestilent hydra of despotism, armed with all of earth's terribles, to assist grim death in the destruction of mankind. The lion, allured by scent of carnage, turned up his bloody jaws and gnashed his horrid teeth, while his roar shakes the mountains, and the beasts of the forests tremble. The threatening storm must soon burst and disclose all its awfals. America prepares for the tempest. To arms! to arms! fathers! To arms! to arms! brothers! To arms! sons! Mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, urging them on to the field of danger, glory, and renown—bidding them farewell, perhaps forever; saying, go fight the foe of liberty, and bring us glorious news of triumph—let Spartan bravery actuate each breast, and no one turn his back to the foe, till death.

Gen. Burgoyne had, early in August, detached Col. St. Leger, with a large body of Indians and regulars, to attack Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk river, now called Rome. On the second day of August, St. Leger's advance was discovered at Fort Stanwix, and the next day he invested the place. The fort was garrisoned by about six hundred troops, commanded by Col. Gansevoort. The besieging army amounted to fifteen or eighteen hundred men, Indians, British, Germans, Canadians, and Americans. Col. Leger sent a message, vaunting of his strength, and demanded a surrender—which was promptly answered by Gansevoort, that he would defend it to the last extremity. Gen. Herkimer assembled the militia; determined to support Col. Gansevoort; marched towards the fort, but unhappily Col. St. Leger received intelligence of Herkimer's approach; formed a plan to surprize him on the road, and succeeded in defeating him—making a terrible slaughter of his little army; killing nearly four hundred of his men. Col. Gansevoort, in order to favor Herkimer, made a furious sortie, to assist the defeated and flying army, and call back the enemy to defend his camp. Gen. Herkimer fell, and with him many a worthy citizen, in this inhuman butchery.

A report being spread by a friendly Indian, that Gen. Arnold was advancing with a large reinforcement, the British retreated in great disorder.

Burgoyne's embarrassments dully increased. On the 16th Col. Baum, with his German legion, five hundred strong, was detached by Gen. Burgoyne to seize a magazine of stores, collected for the army at Bennington, in Vermont, and to countenance the royalists in that quarter. On approaching Bennington Col. Baum discovered a much larger force was in readiness to meet him, than he anticipated. Gen. Stark and Col. Warner's corps, amounting to near two thousand men, were waiting the arrival of their royal visitant, to give him a salute worthy the character of freemen.

Battle at Bennington.

Perceiving the danger of his situation, Col. Baum halted four

miles from Bennington, and despatched an express to Burgoyne for reinforcements. In the mean time, he strongly intrenched his camp and works, as well as he could; Lieutenant Bracham was immediately despatched to his assistance, but came to late. Gen. Stark, apprehensive of reinforcement, determined to attack him immediately in his intrenchment.

So confident were the royalists belonging to Baum's army, in the attachment of the country to the royal cause, that while dispositions for an attack were making, the American troops were mistaken for friends coming to join them. This error was soon discovered by Col. Baum, who prepared with courage for the contest. A heavy storm commenced about this time, some skirmishes, bloody and sharp, ended this day (Aug. 14.)

The 15th, the storm with unabated violence, drenched the blood-stained earth. The 16th morn unbarred the gates of light to scenes of blood and slaughter. The tragic scenes of war ought to be banished from the earth. Can man, poor man, exert all his rage and might against the commands of God and laws of nature. Col. Baum, is here sent out by orders of a General, under a christian king, to steal, plunder, kill and destroy; crimes that would hang ten thousand robbers and pirates. Yet the royal criminal stalks the palace, exulting in his blood stained career.

All things prepared for action—while the powers of flame lie couchant, slumbering in perfect innocence, and the ball, that is to deal destruction on entire strangers, who never saw, nor knew any harm of each other, lies at rest in the cartridge, till maddning passions rise predominant to reason; starts leaden death, by sulphurous power on some poor unfortunate mortal.

August 16th, at 3 o'clock, commenced the bloody scene. Gen. Stark attacks Col. Baum with impetuous fury in his camp, and with the point of the bayonet carries his works by assault. Baum, after a brave resistance is slain and most of his men either killed or taken prisoners. A few escaped to the woods and saved themselves by flight.

Col. Bracham advanced with a reinforcement near the ground

where the battle was fought, without the least intelligence of what had happened. Coming up during the pursuit, he met the scattered remnant of Baum's corps and obtained the first intelligence of his defeat. The militia being scattered in pursuit of plunder, unapprehensive of danger, there was fear that all the advantage gained might be lost.

Fortunately for the Americans, at this critical juncture Col. Warner came up with his continental regiment and advanced upon the enemy, who had already driven back such parties of militia as had been in pursuit of Baum's fugitives. He restored order and continued the action, until the main body of the militia re-assembled and came up to his support. Col. Bracham in turn was obliged to retreat; he kept up the action till dark. By this time his ammunition, although forty rounds to a man had been delivered, was nearly all expended. Abandoning his artillery and baggage he saved his party under cover of night. In this action the Americans took one thousand muskets and nine hundred swords. Gen. Burgoyne states his loss at four hundred men, but our prisoners amounted to thirty-two officers and five hundred and sixty-four privates. The number killed, not exactly known, owing to the battle's being fought in the woods and the pursuit continued for several miles.

This decisive victory at Bennington, and the retreat of St. Leger from fort Stanwix, however important in themselves, were still more so in their consequences. The deduction from the force of the enemy was a great advantage. This victory raised the languid spirits of America, and operated essentially on the public mind. An army which had heretofore spread terror in every direction; which had before experienced no reverse of fortune, was considered as already captive; and a general opinion prevailed, that it was now only necessary for the militia to appear in arms and liberty must triumph, and the destruction of that army so much feared would be certain. The savage barbarity of the Indians belonging to the army of Burgoyne, as well as that of St. Leger, excited still more resentment than terror. The murder of Miss McCrea, an accomplished young

lady engaged to a British officer, excited every where a degree of sensibility.

Gen. Schuyler, whose eminent services did not exempt him from the imputation of traitor, was superceded by Gen. Gates, who possessed a large share of public confidence. He assumed the command of the army on the 25th of August, and was very active in strengthening the lines and restoring order. Gen. Schuyler was extremely chagrined on being superceded in the command, as appears in a letter addressed to Gen. Washington, in which he says: "It is a matter of mortification to me, to be deprived of the command when soon, if ever, we shall be able to face the enemy; and when we are about to take ground where they must attack us to disadvantage, should our forces prove inadequate to meet them in the field."

Notwithstanding the surrounding difficulties, Gen. Burgoyne resolved to encounter the danger, and cut his way through to Albany. He still entertained hopes of accomplishing the design of the campaign, and resolved to make good his promise to the British Cabinet. Having obtained provisions for thirty days from fort George, he crossed the Hudson River on the 13th and 14th of September, and encamped on the height and plains of Saratoga, and on the 17th encamped within four miles of the American army. On the 18th the front of the two armies were almost in contact, and some skirmishing ensued. The Americans were so situated that the catastrophe could not long be averted, and the four succeeding weeks were pregnant with dangers and difficulties, and dreadful in the waste of human lives. About noon, on the 19th, Gen. Gates was informed that the enemy were advancing in full force on his left, where Gen. Arnold commanded. Col. Morgan was detached to watch their motions and harrass them as they advanced. He soon fell in with their pickets, in front of their right wing, which was commanded by Gen. Burgoyne in person. The pickets were composed of Indians, Canadians and Provincials, and being sharply attacked by Morgan, were soon driven in. A strong corps was brought up to support them, and after a severe encounter Mor-

gan in turn, was forced to give way. A regiment was ordered to assist him, and the action became general.

The Battle Ground described.

The two great battles that decided the fate of Gen. John Burgoyne, were fought on the 10th of September, and the 7th of October, on Bemis' height, and nearly on the same ground, about two miles west of the river. There was then, as there is now, a good road close to the river and parallel to it. Upon this road marched the heavy artillery and baggage, constituting the left wing of the British army. The advanced corps of light troops formed the right wing, and kept on the height that borders the meadows. The Americans were south and west of the British, their right wing on the river, and their left on the heights. A great part of the battle ground was covered with lofty forest trees, principally pine, with here and there a cleared field, of which the most part was called Freeman's farm. Such is the present situation of these heights, only there is more cleared land. These gigantic trees have principally fallen, but a considerable number remain as witnesses to posterity. They still shew the wounds made in their trunks and branches by the missiles of contending armies. Their roots penetrate the soil made fruitful by the blood of the brave, and their lofty boughs wave with the breeze that once shook with ascending ghosts.

The pickets occupied a small house on Freeman's farm when a part of Morgan's corps fell in with it, and immediately drove them from it, leaving the house nearly encircled with dead. The pursuing party immediately and unexpectedly fell in with the British line, and were in part captured and the rest dispersed. This incident occurred at half past twelve. There was then an intermission till one o'clock, when the action was sharply renewed, but did not become general till three o'clock, from which time it raged with unabated fury till night. Gen. Wilkinson says, that, "although the combatants changed ground

a dozen times during the action, the contest terminated on the same spot where it begun." This may be explained in a few words. The British line formed on an eminence in a thin pine woods, having before it Freeman's farm, an oblong field stretching from its centre towards its right; the ground in front sloping gently down to the verge of the field, which was bordered on the opposite side by a close wood. The sanguinary scene lay in the cleared ground between the eminence occupied by the enemy and the wood just described. The fire from our marksmen from this wood was too deadly to be withstood by the enemy in line; when they gave way, our men broke from their covert and pursued them to the eminence; there, having their flanks protected, they rallied and charged in turn—drove us back into the woods, from whence a dreadful fire would again oblige them to fall back; in this manner did the battle fluctuate for four hours without one moment's intermission. The British artillery fell into our possession at every charge, but we could neither turn the pieces upon the enemy nor bring them off, the want of matches preventing the first, and the woods the latter, as the lint-stocks were invariably carried off, and the rapidity of the transaction did not allow us time to provide one. The slaughter of this company of artillerists was remarkable. The captain and thirty-six privates being either killed or wounded, out of forty-eight. This was truly a gallant conflict, in which death by familiarity lost its terrors. It was certainly an equal contest, for night alone terminated it. The British army kept their ground in the rear of the field of battle; and our corps, when they could no longer distinguish objects, retired to their camp. Gen. Burgoyne claimed the victory, yet it had to him all the consequences of a defeat. His loss was between five and six hundred men, while our's was but little more than half that number. His loss was irreparable, our's was easily repaired. The stress of the action, as it regarded the British, fell principally on the 20th, 21st and 66th regiments. The latter was five hundred strong when it left Canada, and was then reduced to sixty privates and four or five officers. Gen. Burgoyne

states that there was scarcely an interval of a minute, in the smoke, but that some British officer was shot by the American riflemen posted in the trees in the rear and on the flanks of their own line. A shot which was intended for Gen. Burgoyne, severely wounded Capt. Greene, aid to Gen. Phillips. The mistake was owing to the captain's having a rich laced furniture to his saddle, which caused the marksman to mistake him for the General. "Such was the ardor of the Americans," says Gen. Wilkinson, "that the wounded men, after having their wounds dressed, in many instances, returned again to battle.

Battle of the 7th October.

The battle of the 7th was fought on nearly the same ground, but it was not so stationary. It commenced further to the right and extended in various points over more surface, eventually occupying Freeman's farm. It was urged by the Americans to the very camp of the enemy, which, towards night, was impetuously stormed and partly carried. The interval between the 19th of September and the 7th of October, was one of great anxiety to both armies. "Not a night passed," said Gen. Burgoyne, "without firing, and some times concerted attacks on our pickets. No foraging party could be made without great detachments to cover it. It was the plan of our enemies to harrass us by constant alarms, and their superiority in numbers enabled them to do it, without fatigue to themselves. Being habituated to fire, our soldiers became indifferent to it, and were capable of eating or sleeping when it was very near them. And I do not believe that either officers or soldiers, slept during the interval without their clothes on, or that any general officer or commander of a regiment, passed a single night without being upon his legs occasionally, and certainly an hour before day."

The battle of the 7th was brought on by a movement of Gen. Burgoyne, who caused fifteen hundred men and ten pieces of artillery to march towards the left wing of the American army,

for the purpose of discovering whether it would be possible to force a passage, or in case a retreat of the royal army should become necessary, to dislodge the Americans from their intrenchments, and also, to cover a forage, which now became indispensable. It was about the middle of the afternoon, when the British were seen advancing; and the Americans, with small arms, lost no time in attacking their grenadiers and artillery, although under a tremendous fire from the latter. The battle soon extended along the whole line. Morgan at the same time attacked with his riflemen, the right wing of Col. Ackland, commander of the grenadiers, who fell wounded. The grenadiers were defeated and most of their artillery taken, after great slaughter. The British, after a most sanguinary contest of less than an hour, were discomfited and the retreat became general. They had scarcely regained their camp, when their lines were stormed with the greatest fury. A part of Lord Balcarrus' camp was for a short time in possession of the Americans. The Germans, under Col. Brachman, who formed the right reserve of the army, were stormed in their intrenchments by Gen. Leonard and Col. Brooks. Gen. Arnold was wounded on this occasion, and Col. Brachman was killed; and the Germans were either captured, slain, or forced to retreat in the most precipitate manner; leaving the British encampment on the right, entirely unprotected, and liable to be assaulted every minute. All the British officers bear testimony to the valor and obstinacy of the attacks of the Americans. The fact was, the British were sorely defeated; routed and pursued to their lines, which it seems, would have been carried by assault, had not darkness, as on the 19th of September, put an end to the sanguinary contest, and murderous scene of the day, and shut from mortal sight the objects of destruction. It is obvious from Gen. Burgoyne's own account and the testimony of his officers, that this was a decisive blow, and wanted but an hour more of day light to complete the destruction of the British army.

The night of the 7th was a most critical one for the royal army. In the course of it they abandoned their camp, chang-

ed their whole position, retreated to their works upon the height contiguous to the river, and immediately behind their hospital.

Their last Encampment.

Six days more of anxiety, fatigue and suffering awaited the British army. They had lost their provision batteaux, when they abandoned their hospital, and the rest being exposed to eminent danger, the small stock remaining was landed under a heavy fire, and hauled up the heights. On these heights, close to the meadow bordering upon the river, they formed a fortified camp, and strengthened it with artillery; most of the artillery; however was on the plain below.

Gen. Gates' army stretched along the south side of the Fish-kill, and nearly parallel to it; the corps of Col. Morgan lay west and north of the British army, and Gen. Fellows, with three thousand men, was on the east side of the Hudson, ready to dispute the passage. Fort Edward was soon after occupied by the Americans. A fortified camp was also formed on the high ground between the Hudson and Lake George, and parties were stationed up and down the river. The desperate resolution that had been taken in Burgoyne's camp, of abandoning their artillery and baggage, and with no other provisions than each man could carry on his back, force their way by a rapid night's march, and in this manner gain one of the lakes, was rendered abortive. Every part of the royal army was exposed, not only to cannon shot, but also to rifle bullets. Not a single place of safety could be found, not a council could be held, not a dinner eaten in peace, or the sick or wounded, or the females with their children, repose in safety. Even access to the river was rendered hazardous by the numerous rifle shots, and the army was soon distressed for water. Gen. Reidsel, his lady and children, were often obliged to drink wine instead of water. They had no way to procure the latter, except that a soldier's wife ventured to the river for them, and the Americans, out of respect to her sex, did not fire at her. To protect his family from the

shot, Gen. Reidisel, soon after their arrival at Saratoga, directed them to take shelter in a house, not far off. They had scarcely reached this castle of supposed safety, when a tremendous cannonade from the Americans left them no sanctuary of refuge. Under a mistaken idea that all the British generals were assembled at this house, the Americans thought to give them a national salute; when alas! adds the baroness, "it was only a hospital for the wounded, and a lonely shelter for the forlorn and helpless women and children. We were obliged at last to resort to the cellar for protection and refuge. And in one corner of that I remained one whole day; my children slept on the ground with their heads in my lap; in the same situation I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon balls passed through this house during the time, which I could hear distinctly roll away. One poor soldier, lying upon the table for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by another shot, which carried away the other; his comrade had left him, and when he came to his assistance, he found him in one corner of the room into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing."

A horse of Gen. Reidisel's was kept in constant readiness for his lady to mount, in case of a sudden retreat; and three English officers, who were wounded and lodged in the same house, had made her a solemn promise, that they would each of them take one of her children, and fly with them, when such an event became necessary. In this situation they remained six days, till a cessation of hostilities, which ended in a convention for the surrender of the army, signed on the 16th, and the next day the British marched out and laid down their arms at the shrine of liberty; and hushed the tumultuous scenes of war, and constant fear of dying, under the spangled banner of Urania.

The Field of Surrender.

"This field of surrender is situated on the banks of the Fish-kill. Gen. Wilkinson's account of this interview is interesting. "Early in the morning," says the General, "of the 17th of Oc-

tober, I visited Gen Burgoyne in his encampment, and accompanied him to the ground where his army were to lay down their arms. From thence we rode to the banks of the Hudson river, which he surveyed with attention, and asked me if it was not fordable; "certainly" said I, "but do you observe the people on the opposite shore?" "Yes," replied Burgoyne, "I have observed them too long." He then proposed to be introduced to Gen. Gates, and we crossed the Fishkill to proceed to head quarters. Gen. Burgoyne in front, his adjutant, Gen. Kingston, and his aid, Capt. Lord Petersham, and Lieut. Wilford behind him; then followed Maj. Gen. Phillips, Baron Reidisel, and the other general officers, according to their rank. Gen. Gates, advised of Burgoyne's approach, met him at the head of his camp, Burgoyne in a rich, royal uniform, and Gates in a plain blue frock. When they had approached nearly to a sword's length, they reined up and halted. I named the gentleman, on which Gen. Burgoyne raised his hat gracefully and said, "Gen. Gates, the fortune of war has made me your prisoner." To which the conqueror returned a courtly salute, "I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been thro' any fault in your excellency." Gen. Phillips next advanced, and he and Gen. Gates saluted and shook hands with the familiarity of old friends. The Baron Reidisel and other officers were introduced in their turn.

STANZA.

War's hateful form has spent its rage,
Reason resumes her right,
And man to man, once fierce engaged,
Now in sweet friendship meet.
'The murderous sword is laid aside,
'The deadly cannon's roar;
And ardent warriors meet with pride,
When war's harsh toils are o'er.
'The brazen face of Mars' sons

That stood in dread array,
To meet their foes with swords and guns
And sweep their ranks away—
Now meet in friendship—shaking hands,
With angry passions cooled.
Gen. Burgoyne and British bands
A tragic scene behold.
Fortune of war has bound in chains,
The passions once amused ;
Ambition's views, nature ordains,
Shall on its ruin muse.
Joy ushers in a glorious morn
For liberty's renown ;
While generations yet unborn,
Shall wear the civic crown.
America, proud of her sons,
Ranks high on modern fame.
Her armies, with their swords and guns,
Shall Europe's tyrants tame ;
While generous friendship spreads her hands
'Cross the Atlantic's waves,
Inviting aliens to our strands,
An asylum for slaves.

The ground allotted for the surrender was a meadow, situated at the intersection of the Fishkill with the Hudson, and north of the former. There is nothing now to distinguish the spot except the ruins of old Fort Hardy, built during the French war ; and deeply interesting historical narratives that immortalize this spot to future generations.

Thousands and ten thousands yet unborn, shall visit this spot of fame, and relate the achievements of our heroic countrymen. And while time lasts, and memory endures, may the rising fame of America, as a tribute of gratitude to all-protecting Heaven, and the stern valor of our brave countrymen, who fought, bled, and died, to achieve the glorious triumph of our ar-

mies—be ever cherished with a suitable solemnity; to commemorate at once, the reverence we owe to our fathers; with a deep sense of the painful days, sleepless nights, the toils, dangers, death, blood, slaughter, fighting, confusion and dismay, that raged from all the engines of destruction, at or near this place of past, present, and future fame, from the 19th of September to the 17th of October, 1777.

Triumphant victory crowned her sons
With laurels—may they never fade,
While time endures, and water runs—
Remember what was here displayed.
The royal army grounds its arms,
The thundering cannon sleeps at rest;
The dreads, the fears of war's alarms,
Are hushed to silence in the breast.
Conquest has crowned our fathers' toils,
The invader's bound—Minerva's shield
Protects our land—the goddess smiles,
While golden sheaves adorn the field.
Now peace and plenty glad each morn
The rising sun illuminates,
And generations yet unborn,
Shall hail thy worth, United States.

Gen. Burgoyne states his effective force when he capitulated, at three thousand five hundred fighting men. The whole which surrendered, according to the American calculation was five thousand seven hundred and fifty-two. The army when it marched from Ticonderoga amounted, according to returns, to nine thousand men. In addition to this great military force, the British lost, and the Americans acquired, a fine train of artillery, seven thousand stands of arms, and clothing for seven thousand recruits intended to be inlisted in this country, with tents and other stores to a considerable amount.

The army of Gen. Gates, at the same date, numbered nine thousand and ninety-three continental troops; the number of the militia fluctuating. They amounted, at the signing of the convention, to four thousand one hundred and twenty-nine.

The sick and wounded exceeded two thousand five hundred. The destruction of Burgoyne's army was in a great measure decided by the battle of the 19th of September, and could not have been prevented but by his immediate retreat. The obstinate courage of that day, displayed by the Americans, fully evinced to both armies, that the continental troops under Gen. Gates, were more than equal to the British in the field.

Gen. Gates being apprehensive of a sudden diversion of part of the British army, from New-York, by Sir Henry Clinton, to the relief of Burgoyne; granted him better terms, than he otherwise would have done, under other circumstances. Sir Henry, knowing Burgoyne's situation, immediately detached from New-York; up the Hudson, three thousand men, under Generals Vaughan and Tryon, and Col. Campbell, who attacked and carried forts Montgomery and Clinton, by storm; pressing on their success, forts Independence and Constitution was evacuated next day. Gen. Vaughan, with a strong detachment, proceeded up the river to *Æsopus*, which he wantonly burnt and destroyed. Here he received the first intelligence of Burgoyne's surrender, and marked the spot by outrages habitual to a savage mind. Gen. Vaughan then proceeded down the river with his ill-gotten gain, to New-York, to inform Sir Henry of his master's loss, and his own achievements as an incendiary, deserving a halter.

Gen. Burgoyne and army, now reposing from the toils of war under the banner of liberty, await the orders of a new master, which five months before, was almost sure to have their conquerors in chains and slavery, and subject to royal mandates and decrees. But fickle fortune interfered; bound ambition and tyranny to the car of liberty, and led those in fetters to Boston, who so late triumphed at Crown Point, Ticonderoga and Skeensborough, and made the rebels tremble, as they tauntingly called us, by their power and lawless manifestoes.

In the short space of five months, this royal army, consisting of nearly ten thousand men, saw itself reduced to one half its original number; deserted by its allies, in an enemy's country, far from home and relief; surrounded on all sides by the brave sons of liberty in arms, and death, destruction, slaughter, carnage, hunger and thirst; hedging them round till a surrender stopped the terribles of war, closed the mouths of cannon and laid at rest the missiles of destruction. The joy expressed by America on the occasion, was very great, and our struggle for independence brightened; foreign alliance was now almost certain.

The thanks of Congress to Gen. Gates and army, was highly commendatory. A general enthusiasm pervaded all ranks for military fame, and the triumph of liberty. Great Britain, on the other hand, saw her glory eclipsed in the wilds of America; her armies defeated, and her able generals led in triumph to the altars of freedom, and her usurped power crumbling to dust.

Before I dismiss the narration of this unfortunate officer, I shall relate a correspondence between Generals Gates and Burgoyne, on Indian barbarities, and in particular that tragic narrative of Miss M'Crea, from Marshall's Life of Washington.

Justice to the unfortunate demands, that an extract from the correspondence between Generals Burgoyne and Gates on this subject should be inserted.

The British general had complained of the harsh treatment experienced by the provincial prisoners taken at Bennington, and requested that a surgeon from his army should be permitted to visit the wounded; and that he might be allowed to furnish them with necessaries and attendants. "Duty and principle," he added, "make me a public enemy to the Americans, who have taken up arms; but I seek to be a generous one; nor have I the shadow of resentment against any individual, who does not induce it by acts derogatory to those maxims, upon which all men of honor think alike." In answer to this letter, Gen. Gates, who had just taken command of the American army, said, "that the savages of America should, in their warfare, mangle

and scalp the unhappy prisoners who fall into their hands is neither new nor extraordinary ; but that the famous lieutenant general Burgoyne, in whom the fine gentleman is united with the soldier and the scholar, should hire the savages of America to scalp Europeans, and the descendants of Europeans ; nay more, that he should pay a price for each scalp so barbarously taken, is more than will be believed in Europe, until authenticated facts shall, in every gazette, confirm the truth of the horrid tale.

“Miss M'Crea, a young lady, lovely to the sight, of virtuous character, and amiable disposition, engaged to an officer of your army, was, with other women and children, taken out of a house near fort Edward, carried into the woods, and there scalped and mangled in a most shocking manner. Two parents with their six children, were all treated with the same inhumanity, while quietly resting in their once happy and peaceful dwelling. The miserable fate of Miss M'Crea was particularly aggravated, by being dressed to receive her promised husband ; but met her murderer employed by you. Upwards of one hundred men, women and children, have perished by the hands of the ruffians to whom, it is asserted, you have paid the price of blood.”

To this part of his letter, Gen. Burgoyne replied, “I have hesitated, sir, upon answering the other paragraphs of your letter. I disdain to justify myself against the rhapsodies of fiction and calumny, which from the first of this contest, it has been an unvaried American policy to propagate, but which no longer imposes on the world. I am induced to deviate from this general rule, in the present instance, lest my silence should be construed an acknowledgment of the truth of your allegations, and a pretence be thence taken for exercising future barbarities by the American troops.

“By this motive, and upon this only, I condescend to inform you, that I would not be conscious of the acts you presume to impute to me, for the whole continent of America, though the wealth of worlds was in its bowels, and a paradise upon its surface.

“It has happened, that all my transactions with the Indian

nations, last year and this, have been clearly heard; distinctly understood, accurately minuted, by very numerous, and in many parts very unprejudiced persons. So immediately opposite to truth is your assertion that I have paid a price for scalps, that one of the first regulations established by me at the great council in May, and repeated and enforced, and invariably adhered to since, was, that the Indians should receive compensation for prisoners, because it would prevent cruelty; and that not only such compensation should be withheld, but a strict account demanded for scalps. These pledges of conquest, for such you well know they will ever esteem them, were solemnly and peremptorily prohibited to be taken from the wounded, and even the dying, and the persons of aged men, women, children, and prisoners, were pronounced sacred, even in assault.

"In regard to Miss McCrea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have labored to give it, to make it as sincerely abhorred and lamented by me, as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim. Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands, and though to have punished him by our laws, or principles of justice, would have been unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced from my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon under the terms which I presented, and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischiefs.

"The above instance excepted, your intelligence respecting the cruelties of the Indians is false.

"You seem to threaten me with European publications, which affect me as little as any other threats you could make; but in regard to American publications, whether your charge

against me, which I acquit you of believing, was penned *from* a gazette, or *for* a gazette, I desire and demand of you, as a man of honor, that should it appear in print at all, this answer may follow it."

I shall now call the attention of my readers to the British Parliament, where Lord Suffolk, secretary of state, and Lord Chatham, contested the use of all the means that God and nature had put into their hands to kill, murder and destroy.

Parliament assembled on the 19th of November, and as usual, addressed an answer to the speech from the throne, entirely approving the conduct of the cabinet. In the House of Lords, the Earl of Chatham moved to amend the address, by recommending to his Majesty an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty of conciliation "to restore," he said, "peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries." In the course of the very animated observations made by this extraordinary man in support of his motion, he said, "but my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? my lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away it will be a stain on the national character. It is not the least of our national misfortunes that the strength and character of our army are thus impaired. Familiarized to the horrid scenes of savage cruelty, it can no longer boast of the noble and generous principles which dignify a soldier. No longer sympathize with the dignity of the royal banner, nor feel the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war that makes ambition virtue. What makes ambition virtue? the sense of honor. But is this sense of honor consistent with the spirit of plunder, or the practice of murder? can it flow from mercenary motives, or can it prompt to cruel deeds?"

Also see Chatham's reply to that savage hearted ignoramus, Lord Suffolk; whose hateful character, and cruel disposition, God nor nature never made.

Lord Suffolk contended for the employment of Indians, in the war. "Besides its policy and necessity," his lordship said, "that the measure was also allowable on principle, for that it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature had put into our hands."

This moving the indignation of Lord Chatham, he suddenly rose, and gave full vent to his feelings in one of the most extraordinary bursts of eloquence that the pen of history has recorded: "I am astonished," exclaimed his lordship, "shocked to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this house or even this country. My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords. we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity. That God and nature had put into our hands! what ideas of God and nature that noble Lord may entertain I know not, but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend and this most learned bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapes-

try that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord, frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal thirsting for blood!—against whom!—Your protestant brethren—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence of barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico, but we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen of America, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My Lords, I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify their country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.”

We must now take a view of the southern army, and the still hard hand of oppression.

On the first intelligence of the surrender of Burgoyne, Col. Hamilton was sent to Gen. Gates to solicit aid for the southern army. On reaching Gen. Putnam's camp, near the highlands on the Hudson, he found that a considerable part of that army had joined Putnam's corps, and that Gen. Gates had detained four brigades for an expedition against Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, which were held by the British. Having made arrangements with Gen. Putnam to send a division of his army

to strengthen the southern lines, Col. Hamilton proceeded to Albany. Gen. Gates sent two brigades to the south to reinforce Gen. Greene on the Delaware.

On receiving intelligence that the British, under Gen. Howe, had sailed from New-York, the American army soon commenced its march for the Delaware. Gen. Washington saw through the intrigues of Howe, who feigned an attack on Boston, while Philadelphia was his aim. Washington, ever awake to his country's good, was not to be deceived by false pretences. On the 30th of July Howe's plans were developed his fleet appearing off the Delaware, where it manœvered off and on, till the 7th of August, when it appeared a few leagues to the south of the capes. By the 16th he reached the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. On the 21st the commander-in-chief received intelligence that the whole British fleet, commanded by Gen. Howe, having entered the Chesapeake, was sailing for the head of the Bay, with a favorable wind. Without experiencing any delay, they entered Elk river, up which the Admiral proceeded as far as it was navigable.

Battle of Brandywine.

On the 25th the British army, nearly eighteen thousand strong, landed at the ferry, without any show of opposition. On the 27th, Sir Wm. Howe, marched with one division to the head of the Elk, and the next day advanced his van to Gray's hill; leaving Gen. Knyphausen, with three brigades, at the landing. Next day Knyphausen was ordered to cross the ferry and take post at Cecil court house, from which place he was to march, on the east side of the river, and form a junction with Sir Wm. Howe, which he did on the third of September, seven or eight miles from Christiana.

Gen. Washington immediately concerted measures to meet the enemy. Concentrating what troops could be spared from other posts through the surrounding country, he marched in force to meet his chivalrous antagonist, and, if possible, protect

Philadelphia from the pestilential oppression which threatened her liberty.

From the landing of Sir Wm. Howe, August 27th. to September 11th, the two commanders, Washington and Howe, prepared for the bloody encounter of Brandywine.

On the 11th, watching each other's movements, these champions of Mars displayed the abilities of able commanders. With one, the prayers of America rose to the throne of Jehovah for aid and triumph in the cause of liberty. With the other, proud ambition and a lust for fame, with the fear of the frowns of a despotic demagogue, and sneers of kings, lords and nobles only urged him on to the bloody field, and the destruction of thousands.

The American strength at this time consisted of about sixteen thousand, and the British were somewhat superior in number. The chance for victory with Washington was uncertain; yet to check the British lion, and cover Philadelphia, was the wish of America, who thought it best to try the event and decide the fate of the day by force of arms in a general engagement.

Accordingly, dispositions being made, and the combatants ready for death and destruction, in the morning of the 11th, soon after day, information was received that the whole British army was in motion, advancing on the direct road leading over Chadd's ford. The Americans were immediately under arms, and were arranged in order of battle, for the purpose of contesting the passage of the river. The skirmishing between the advanced parties soon commenced; and by ten Maxwell's corps, with very little loss on either side, was entirely driven over the Brandywine below the ford. Knyphansen, who commanded this column, paraded on the heights, reconnoitered the American army, and by various movements appeared to be making dispositions to force a passage over the river. Every moment, the attempt was expected to be made. A skirt of woods, with the river, divided them from Maxwell's corps, small parties of whom occasionally crossed over, and kept up with them a con-

tering fire, by which not much execution was done. At length, one of these parties, led by Capts. Waggoner and Potterfield, engaged their flank guard very closely, killed a captain, with ten or fifteen privates, drove them out of the wood, and were on the point of taking a field piece, which had been placed there to annoy the light infantry. The sharpness of the skirmish soon drew a large body of the British to that quarter, and the Americans were again driven over the Brandywine.

About eleven in the morning, information was given, which reached Gen. Washington about noon, that a large column with many field pieces, had taken a road leading from Kennet-square, directly up the country, and had fallen into the great valley road south of the Brandywine and above its forks; that they had then turned into the valley road, and were marching towards Tremble's and Jeffrey's fords. This information was given by Lient. Col. Ross of Pennsylvania, who was in their rear, and who estimated their numbers at about five thousand men. Col. Bland of the cavalry, who was also on the right, gave information about the same time, that he had seen two brigades advancing on that road, and that the dust appeared to rise in their rear for a considerable distance.

On receiving this information, Washington formed the bold design of detaching Sullivan and Lord Stirling, to fall on the left of the column conducted by Lord Cornwallis, while he should cross Chadd's ford in person, and with the centre and left wing of his army, attack Knyphausen. In the critical moment when this plan was to be executed, counter intelligence was received, inducing an opinion that the movement of the British on their left had been merely a feint; and that the column under Lord Cornwallis, after making demonstrations of crossing the Brandywine above its forks, must have actually marched down the southern side of that river, to re-unite itself with Knyphausen. A major of the militia, who alledged that he left the forks of the Brandywine so late in the day that it was supposed Lord Cornwallis must have passed them by that time, gave assurances that there was no appearance of an ene-

my in that quarter; and some light horse who had been sent to reconnoitre the road, returned with the same information.

The uncertainty produced by this contradictory intelligence was at length removed; and about two in the afternoon, it was ascertained that the column led by Lord Cornwallis, which had taken a circuit of about seventeen miles, had crossed the river above its forks, and was advancing in great force.

The proper disposition was immediately made to receive them. The divisions commanded by Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephen, took new ground; advanced a little further up the Brandywine, and fronted the British column marching down that river. The division, lately Lincoln's, now commanded by Wayne, remained at Chadd's ford, for the purpose of keeping Knyphausen in check; in which service Maxwell's light infantry was to co-operate. Greene's division, accompanied by Gen. Washington in person, formed a reserve, and took a central position between the right and left wings.

The divisions detached against the column led by Lord Cornwallis, formed hastily on an advantageous piece of ground, above Birmingham meeting-house, with their left near the Brandywine, and having both flanks covered by a thick wood. The artillery was judiciously posted, and the disposition of the whole was well made. Unfortunately, in taking their ground, Sullivan's division made too large a circuit and were scarcely formed when the attack commenced.

On coming within view of the Americans, the British army, which was advancing in three columns, instantly formed the line of battle; and about half after four the action began. It was kept up warmly for some time. The American right, which was in some disorder, first gave way. Their flight afforded the enemy great advantages over the remaining divisions, whose flank was thereby exposed to a very galling fire. They continued to break from the right, and in a short time the whole line was routed. The right made some attempts to rally; but, on being briskly charged, again broke, and the flight became general.

On the first commencement of the action on the right, Gen. Washington pressed forward with Gen. Greene to the support of that wing. It was, however, impossible to get up, though they marched with the utmost rapidity, until the route of that part of the army had become complete. Yet he served to check the pursuit. After having covered the rear for a small distance, the 10th Virginia regiment commanded by Col. Stephens, and a regiment of Pennsylvania commanded by Col. Stewart, neither of which had been in action, were posted on an advantageous piece of ground on the road taken by the defeated army, for the purpose of checking the enemy and securing the retreat. These orders were gallantly executed; and the fire of these regiments made such an impression, as, in addition to the approach of night, induced Sir William Howe, after dispersing them, to give over the pursuit.

When the right was found to be fully engaged with Lord Cornwallis, Knyphausen made dispositions for crossing the river in reality. Chadd's ford was defended by an intrenchment, and battery, with three field pieces, and a five and a half inch howitzer. After some resistance, the work was forced; and the defeat of the right being about that time known, no further opposition was made in that quarter. The whole army retreated that night to Chester, and the next day to Philadelphia.

The loss sustained by the American in this action, has been estimated at three hundred killed, and six hundred wounded. Between three and four hundred, principally the wounded, were made prisoners.

As must ever be the case in new raised armies; unused to danger, and from which undeserving officers have not yet been expelled, their conduct was not uniform. Some regiments, especially among those who had served the preceding campaign, maintained their ground with the firmness and intrepidity of the most disciplined veterans, while others gave way as soon as they were pressed. The authors of a very correct history of the war, speaking of this action, say, "a part of their troops, among whom were particularly numbered some of the Virginia

regiments, and the whole corps of artillery, behaved exceedingly well in some of the actions of this day, exhibiting a degree of order, firmness, and resolution; and preserving such a countenance in extremely sharp service, as would not have discredited veterans. Some other bodies of their troops behaved very badly."

The event of this day, though unfavorable to the American arms, did not abate the ardor of Gen. Washington and army to defend Philadelphia. Accordingly, dispositions were immediately taken to annoy the enemy in their march, and arrest him in his progress to the Capital. By a second engagement, on the 16th, Gen. Washington resolved to meet the enemy about 23 miles from Philadelphia, near Goshen. Each army prepared for action. The advanced parties met, skirmishes commenced, when heaven interfered. A heavy storm commencing, becoming more and more violent, damaged their ammunition, and soon rendered the retreat of the Americans absolutely necessary. Gen. Washington made great exertions to repair the damages and stop the invader, but in vain. On the 26th, the British army made its triumphant entry into Philadelphia, and Congress retired before the conqueror, with the archives of our nation, to Lancaster.

At Brandywine, the Marquis La Fayette was wounded. Here, for the first time, this gallant youth met the foe of liberty. Noble and generous by nature, great in danger, humanity in him found a friend, worthy the exalted character of a true Philanthropist. At the early age of 18 years, he espoused the cause of freedom, and quitted the ensign of royalty, and readily embarked in the perilous struggle of suffering America. The Goddess of Liberty animated the breast and views of this young heroic nobleman to noble deeds. America may justly reverence the worthy name of La Fayette; and while time lasts, may rolling generations pay a tribute of gratitude to that youthful hero, now grown old in the cause of freedom, whose useful life shall stand on the archives of fame, a living monument of greatness. Virtuous ambition, unawed by tyrants, unshaken by

threats, unfettered by superstition and bigotry, this young nobleman possessed in an unusual degree. Such, Americans, was La Fayette, a friend and aid to our beloved Washington. Such is the man whose virtues speak when dead; and live when mortal is no more.

Count Pulaski, a Polish gentleman, whose greatness of soul rendered him conspicuous in the annals of America, and illustrious on her field of fame; stained with the blood of martyrs who died in the cause of liberty, whose noble blood, at Charleston, S. C., flowed from his veins to purchase freedom and seal the grand charter of Independence; seeing oppressed America, resigned repose, opulence and ease, and volunteered, under Washington, to fight our battles and face the car of oppression, in the arduous struggle of from 1775 to 1782. Always ready at the point of honor, a second Kuosiusko, Poland may boast, while America may shed a sympathising tear over her slain friend, and honor his memory, on her archives of remembrance, as a martyr in the cause of independence, a friend in time of need, and a pure philanthropist to suffering humanity. And although dead, he still lives, where generosity dwells, and manly virtues swell, the hearts of Columbians.

Adieu, departed shade! Thy memory lasts, while thy suffering country and countrymen claim our commiseration; and may heaven soon break the yoke of bondage, and restore peace, happiness and independence, to Poland, while the Russian Autocrat shall bow at the altars of freemen, and respect the names of Kuosiusko, Pulaski, Stanislaus, and other heroes, who dared oppose the wrathful hand of tyranny.

Lord Howe and army, now in Philadelphia,—Howe immediately took measures to bring his shipping into the Delaware, which was impeded, by obstructions sunk in the channel by the Americans, to obstruct the passage. This was effected with little loss. One division of the British army was stationed at Germantown, a village not far from Philadelphia. Gen. Washington determined to attack this post the first opportunity that offered. Concentrating his forces, they amounted to eight thousand regulars and three thousand militia.

Battle at Germantown.

Arrangements being made and all things ready for the attempt, the army moved from its encampment on the 3d of October, at 7 o'clock, P. M. About sunrise, next morning, the advance columns, commanded by Gen. Sullivan, fell in with and drove in a British picket, placed at Mount Airy; the main body, following upon their rear, commenced a sharp attack, which continued for some time. The British pickets were driven in, and success seemed to favor the American arms. Every thing had succeeded to the wish of Gen. Washington. Several brigades entered the town; the British retreated, and hopes of a speedy victory were soon expected to be realized; when the darkness of the morning, occasioned by a dense fog, threw the American troops into disorder, and defeated the enterprise, which a few minutes before, had promised complete success. The British, recovering from their first surprise, rallied and formed anew. Great efforts were made to rally the Americans, but all proved ineffectual; a general confusion prevailed, and a retreat made without loss. In this battle about two hundred Americans were killed, nearly four hundred wounded, and four hundred made prisoners. Amongst the killed was Gen. Nash, of North Carolina. The loss of the British was little more than five hundred in killed and wounded. Among the wounded were Gen. Agnew and Colonel Bird.

This engagement was a lesson to Howe to keep close within his own lines. Dr. Franklin observed on Gen. Howe's cautious behavior after the Germantown surprise, that "Philadelphia had taken Howe." Auspicious events marked this eventful day: Great Britain, rallying all her forces, determined to subdue her revolted subjects to obedience. The defeat and capture of Gen. Burgoyne and army; the alliance with France; the sturdy valor of our own soldiers; Lord Chatham's spirited address in the British Parliament, all betokened an interesting period in the annals of the world. America, rising in infancy against a powerful oppressor, had maintained her ground two and a half years,

and had gained some important victories, and now stood determined never to give up the contest till independence crowned her toils. All things threatened the downfall of tyranny, and the triumph of liberty in the cause of virtue and emancipation.

CAMPAIGN OF 1777.

Anxiety that night was wide awake,
Nor sleep, nor slumber, fame alive could take.
The active powers of Washington engaged,
Out-generaled this illustrious, warlike sage.
Fires formed a bulwark, for his main design,
In front extended all along his line,
While silence reigned, and darkness veiled the sky,
All nature slumbering, rests in harmony.
The warrior's genius in the shade's alive,
Nor slumber sealed, nor darkness dimmed his eye.
The vigilance of Washington surveys,
His weakness to contend the victor's prize ;
Decamped at midnight, gained a famed retreat,
And marched for Princeton, 'Wallis to defeat.
At break of day, next morning under arms,
His lordship calls. The trumpet sounds alarms,
Mars rallies all his forces to the gaze
Of smoking embers, and of lone highways.
Deserted camps tell, tell the fatal news
To Lord Cornwallis, to consult his muse,
And learn from Erskine's energy and fame,
That night may vanish to a morning's dream.
The sound of cannon from a distance told,
The farce then acting to this vet'ran bold.
At sun rise, met, the vans of foes engage,
The British fly, o'erpowered, with fiercest rage,
Princeton surrenders, victory crowned our sons,
While frightened Britains hear the sound of guns.
Brave General Mercer fell, among the slain,
His country mourns. While mem'ry shall retain
A lasting crown of laurels for the brave,

And drop a tear of sorrow o'er the grave
Of worthies, slain, to free America
From British edicts and her tyranny ;
While generations read, may gratitude
Extend her views to fields where heroes stood ;
'The fierce encounter of oppression's band ;
Laid down their lives, to pay the great demand.
'That liberty has cost, now realized,
Of wealth the noblest, and the highest prize.
Victorious Washington triumphant leads
Defiance to his lordship's artful trades.
In consternation, 'Wallis sees his plans
Out-generaled ; himself and hostile bands
Left to consult their muse on winter's day,
Retrace his steps and curse his own delay.
'This brilliant victory cheered America,
Spirits depressed, aroused ; resumed its sway
While animation rode upon the wind.
New Brunswick soon receives the royal guest,
While pondering thoughts disturb his nightly rest.
Defeat and chagrin preyed upon his mind,
Before his eyes, nightly displayed, his enemies behind.

'The op'ning scenes of seventy seven display
Mars' bloody flag, spread o'er the face of day ;
Mars, armed with wrathful engines to destroy,
And, satan-like, deceit his whole employ.
The campaign opens : famous Tryon's sent ;
With hostile force begins the great event,
Like some great nabob, who, to show his power:
Would soon himself, and mankind half devour.
Fit body to fit head old Tryon bore,
A torch of sulphur 'long Columbia's shore ;
Lights Danbury with its blaze, which rolls on high,
Immortalized, his name, defunct, shall die.

ACROSTIC.

Traitor to nature, let his name be cursed,
 Recorded on earth, scrawls that turn to dust.
 Non-rising sun, blast, with its burning rays,
 On his ball'd head, the fury of its blaze,
 Nighly beset by ghosts, and hell's infernal lays.

Destruction marked the tyrant's mute career,
 Smoke mixed with flames rolled hard upon his rear
 Pleased with the sight, like Nero, set his guards,
 While Rome's dire tragedy his eye rewards.
 He, like some demon of inferior rank,
 Bowed to his god, and his good fortune thanked.
 The stores of Danbury fill his wrathful hand,
 And wanton waste, a Governor's command.
 But justice frowned, and thundered on his rear,
 While Arnold met him with a storm of fire.
 Amazed, he flees, all conscious of his guilt;
 Before his eyes is spread the blood he spilt;
 Death wanton rode behind his flowing car,
 And sports amid the horrid din of war.
 Slaughter precedes the bloody tyrant's sway,
 And murder crowned the horrors of each day.
 This bloody scene and murd'rous tragedy,
 Mourn, mourn thy sons that fell, America!
 Brave Wooster slain, he dies, but not alone,
 Many a parent lost a worthy son.
 Long may their names, engraved on mem'ry, live,
 A life to freemen and our armies give;
 And while in battle's rage, and cannon's roar,
 With thrilling drums, and vallies stained with gore,
 Thy slaughtered sons in troops ascend the skies,
 May we, their valor fully realize.
 Great Britain to support her dignity,
 Her usurpation and her cruelty,
 Exerts her power to crush the rising flame,
 That liberty enkindles with her name.

The ocean groaned beneath the cumb'rous load
 Of war's huge engines, and a hireling brood.
 The mountain waves, from slumber's long repose,
 In angry mood, sullen around them rose.
 Huge fleets and armies, shame must blush to see,
 'This grand parade for human butchery.
 Kind nature mourns as she the scene surveys,
 And all the lamps of heaven seem to blaze
 With indignation and revengeful wrath,
 On Mars, and all the terribles of earth.
 In human discord seems the dire contest,
 'The storm's huge features thicken in the west.
 'Terrific frown its skirted flanks advance,
 As fear and hope upon its surges dance.

Burgoyne's Expedition.

General Burgoyne advanced with martial pride,
 A numerous host, with every means supplied
 'To render awful, terrible to man,
 And counteract the Great Eternal's plan.
 Ten thousand men in death's employ advance,
 Old England's vet'rans, armed with sword and lance;
 Her northern air resounds with war's alarms,
 With thundering cannon, and oppression's arms;
 While drums and trumpets swell the solemn sound,
 And martial pomp spreads all its terrors round.

Columbia, calling on her sons.

'To arms ! to arms ! Your country now commands;
 Arouse ! arouse ! Your freedom's claim demands.
 Go ! meet the tyrant ; go, my sons, nor fear,
 Old England's vet'rans, nor their sword, or spear.
 Fear not their cannon's roar, nor trumpet's sound ;
 With shouts of victory let your fame be crowned,
 Go, under heaven's supreme, my battles fight,
 The Lord of hosts, your king, maintain your right,

Let him be general of my men to-day,
And every soldier his command obey.

Early in spring records Burgoyne's advance,
Fame on swift wings spread like the lightning glance.
A powerful armament of all supplies
Of warlike stores, and Indians as allies,
A numerous host of brave and active men,
One half to die on Saratoga's plain.
Like sheep to slaughter led, they know not where,
'To kill, be killed, in butchery's mad career.
Seven generals to command this mighty host,
Great George's servants, humanity's curs'd ghosts,
Ambitious spirits—fatal to mankind,
A blank to nature and to virtue blind.
This mighty army and its armament,
Sent to be actors in this great event,
Lands at Crown Point, the early part of June,
With colors flying, marching to the tune
Of "God save the King;" the British lions roar,
Re-echoed back, her whelps are all on shore.

Nineteenth of June, this royal force appears
Before Ticonderoga's gates and bars,
Pressed hard on every side St. Clair retreats,
And leaves Burgoyne and all his warlike feats,
On Mount Defiance, to concert his plans
Of further pursuit, and sending forth his vans.
Success aroused ambition, and the flame
Of war, spread rapid through their lines;
Frazer pursues—at Castleton o'ertook
St. Clair retreating, where old ether shook;
The battle ground, with yells and cannon's roar,
That rent the air and stained the ground with gore.
A sanguinary contest soon ensued,
Unequal matched, conflicting parties stood;
Our troops beset with double numbers yield,
And to the British quit the mournful field,
Covered with dead, fruits of all victory;

War's greatness is, delight in butchery.
'Cross'd o'er Lake George and landed on that shore
Stained deep in former wars with freemen's gore.
'Twas here Montcalm, black, black with infamy,
Witnessed a scene and cursed tragedy,
That even savages must blush to name,
And to oblivion sink his warlike fame.

Burgoyne pursues—our army on retreat,—
Halt at Fort Ann, new orders to await.
Anxiety had lit the lamp of fame,
Rekindled ardor and heroic flame;
Aroused the latent spark, and blew the fire
Of war's dread hatred to a deadly ire.
The approaching danger of a northern foe,
Called forth our veterans to its overthrow;
Awake to freedom's call, all flew to arms,
And hasten to the field of war's alarms.
Burgoyne and army, pressing on our rear,
On Lake Champlain, in search of prey, appear;
'Triumphant ride before the gentle gale,
While proud ambition swells her lofty sail.
Anticipated hope, with fancy rides,
And flattering prospects meet them on the tides.
Victorious o'er our fleet, with colors flying,
With martial pomp, and on their strength relying,
Land at Skeensborough, and with courage bold
Face every danger and possession hold.

To Albany their warlike road surveyed,
Their charts are drawn and dispositions made,
'To meet Sir Henry Clinton is the plan,
But death stands fronting his exulting van.
'The storm's huge features thicken as it rolls,
And cloudy vapors shroud its dusky folds,
Aghast with terror stands the embattled front,
While death is ready his pale horse to mount.
Destruction's vulture, hovering o'er her prey,
'The prowling wolf in couchant ambush lay;

Mount *Ætna* trembles at its stern advance,
 While winged *Pegasus* on its visage pranced.
 No nerves unstrung, each armed with deadly ire,
 'The mountains smoke, and flame sulphurous fire.
 'The cannon's roar rend other elements,
 And fame stands ready to record events.
 On one side, *Independence* spreads her wings;
 'The towering eagle in her talons brings
 A proclamation—wrote that all may see,
 In letters large, freedom and liberty.
 Auspicious waves her banner and declares,
 Her name and character to freedom's heirs.
 Her pleasing looks speak an angelic birth,
 And all her ways are pleasing to the earth.
 'The olive branch in one hand she displays,
 Peace and good will, and jubilee of days,
 She bears a mandate from the courts above
 Of friendship, charity, and perfect love;
 'The sword of justice in her other hand,
 Makes tyrants tremble at her stern command;
 Her veneration strikes the world with awe,
 Her claim is nature's fundamental law.
 She calls, her sons most readily obey,
 And sign a contract, death or liberty.

The other side displays terrific power,
 The couchant lion, skulking to devour;
 The rights of nature, and to counteract
 'The sacred seal, that binds the great contract
 Low to the earth oppression's views confined,
 Offspring of vice, the demon of mankind;
 Its main supporters are a royal race,
 That hell's scorch pages would on fame disgrace.
 Murder, ambition, and tyrannic rage,
 Fill up the list of every monarch's page;
 Pride and ambition, fatal to mankind,
 Are the pursuits that most of monarchs mind.

Burgoyne, his master's orders to fulfil,

Sent forth his servants under Capt. Hill,
Allured by blood—Fort Ann the martial scene
Records the event upon her bloody green.
Here musket shot, and cannon deafening roar,
A sharp contest, with garments stained with gore,
Raged for two hours; death, triumphant o'er the field
With murderous sway waved his two-handed shield.
Success attends—Great Britain claims the day,
Our troops retire and leave the bloody fray;
And to fort Edward hasten with the news,
While John Burgoyne hard on their rear pursues.
Havoc and slaughter ruled with maddening sway,
While wanton waste and murder was the play;
Bridges destroyed—obstructions filled the road,
And man to man proved a chastising rod.
Christians by name—by practice worse than thieves;
Destruction's phrenzy was the dire disease;
Old Mars in front—his veterans most agree
To strike from earth thy name, Humanity!
Disorganizing nature, and her plan
Is war's pursuit, and sinks the name of man
To murderers, thieves, and the name
Of nature's madmen on the list of fame.
July the 13th, all obstructions cleared,
Burgoyne's advance is sounded by our guard;
While Gen. Schuyler and council all agree
To leave the fort to war's harsh destiny,
Retreat to Saratoga's fertile plain,
To wait the storm a-gathering round again.

The foe's advance seemed to obstruct the day,
And spread its terrors o'er America;
Juno retreats before the God of war,
Who rides exulting on his bloody car.
Our bulwarks of defence are doomed to fall
Before their sword, and spear, and cannon ball.
Victory still urged the ruthless lion on
To ruin's verge, allured by Syren's song.

America aroused—the lion's roar—
To arms! to arms! resounds, from shore to shore.
Her sons by thousands hasten to the field
And summon Mars, his trophies gained to yield.
Old veterans staggered, and in dire commotion
Saw yankee chains and fetters fast approaching.

Fort Stanwix next the British force assail;
Here for the first their courage seemed to fail.
St. Leger, eager for renown in arms,
The fort invests around with war's alarms;
He sends a summons, in a warlike form,
'Threatening destruction by a fiery storm,
Which soon was answered in a prompt reply—
Come on, come on, if you'r prepared to die!
Brave Gansevoort sends terror with his name,
Leger retreats and joins his master's train;
The royal standard, flushed with victory,
Saw, for the first, its future destiny.

Another feat of fortune soon is planned,
Burgoyne, his Hessians, under Baum's command,
Sends forth to Bennington, to take some stores
Collected there from Vermont's verdant shores.
His troops in want—imagined these supplies
Might furnish him, and all his hired allies,
With means to gain his destined rendezvous,
And kill and slaughter all his yankee foes.
Flushed with the recent wreaths of victory,
Fame lends a hand to aid his destiny;
Fortune forsook the lion's bold advance,
While at his breast she aimed the glittering lance;
Minerva's shield protects Columbia's sons
From battle's rage, and thunder of its guns.

The Battle near Bennington.

General Stark, his country's call obeys,
Flies to her aid, the advancing foe surveys;
While time demands his energetic powers

'To meet the event of fame's approaching hours,
Watching the movements of the enemy,
He sends expresses through the country ;
Calls the militia to the bloody field,
To face the invader, and our rights to shield.
August the fourteenth, ope's the bloody scene,
Mars' stern advance was checked upon the green ;
Green Mountain boys, heroic ardor fired,
Ambition, through the ranks, each soul inspired.
The advancing parties of each army meet,
Commence the work of death along the street,
While heavy clouds hung o'er the vault of day ;
Skirmish on skirmish ends the bloody fray,
'The thunder's dreadful sound, re-echoing, shook
Old ether's temple, and with wrath o'ertook
Destruction's car, and stopped the wrathful hand
Of war and bloodshed by divine command.
Rain in fierce torrents, on the fifteenth pour,
Deluged the ground, and washed away the gore
Where many a father, son, or brother dear,
Lay weltering in his blood and suffered here.

The sixteenth morn had hardly flushed the skies,
When Mars awake, with red and fiery eyes ;
The cannon's roar, calls—and the rattling drum,
The din of war, to arms ! to arms ! begun ;
Sol's blazing chariot rose with fiery beams
And spread his rays around the warlike scenes.
When, Nature beheld the unusual flush of day,
Stained with the carnage of the crimson ray.
Humanity must blush—virtue aghast—
Pity must weep, and melancholy fast—
Pale fear must shudder, and the host of heaven.
“ Man is to man the sorest, surest ill ”
When reason forsakes, and man is sovereign still ;
Danger conceals, and compliments his foe,
He sends the fatal tidings in a blow.
All things prepared, blood's demons wait for prey,

The listening elements, hushed in dismay ;
Angels hovering o'er the fatal scene,
'That shortly must o'erspread this native green.

A shower of cannon balls commenced the bloody fray,
Smoke soon obscured the flaming orb of day ;
'The roaring cannon and the clash of arms,
'The rattling drums, and trumpets' hoarse alarms,
With sight of death and groans of dying men,
'The rage of battle, and the sanguine plain,
'To view in prospect war's destructive scene,
Must chill humanity with anguish keen.

Confusion never saw, in wild uproar,
Sight more detestable than human gore,
On battle's field, where carnage clothes the ground,
And death stands sending all his terrors round.
In doubtful balance stood the odds of fight,
Long hung in even scale the murderous sight,
Valor supports each one to valient deeds,
Heroic ardor every bosom feeds.

'The British Indians fly, confusion reigns,
And slaughtered victims strew the sanguine plains ;
'The Hessians, in dismay, are forced to flee,
And trust their lives to future destiny.
Hundreds lay gasping from a mortal wound,
While death was thundering from the cannon's mouth.

Conquest and victory waved their bloody hands,
Success to Stark, and his brave yankee bands ;
When reinforcements, under Col. Breechman
Join'd Baum, Stark rallied to receive them,
Each army roused, the combat soon renewed,
And battle's rage the ground with dying strewed.

Fierce was the onset, sanguine the contest,
Sharp the dispute for victory and conquest.

The Germans to superior valor yield,
Retire and leave the sanguinary field.
Artillery, baggage, and two hundred slain,

Seven hundred prisoners, are the trophies gained.

This victory proved disastrous to Burgoyne,
As in the sequel we shall shortly find.

Fortune of war rides on the wings of fame,
Shifting its features with the torch of flame,
'To-day the Goddess smiles—success attends,
'To-morrow frowns, and all her terrors sends.
Her trophies stained with blood, the robber's prize,
Exalted fame grows on her sacrifice.

The hero, crimsoned by his neighbor's blood,
Revered with titles, and adored as God,
Sinks to a madman, on the general plan
That Heaven ordained, to fix the worth of man.
Strange to relate, and stranger still to find,
The warrior's breast, to all that 's human 's blind :
Exalted nature, shudders to behold
Fields stained with blood, and garments in it rolled.

Ambition's rage, rules with an iron rod,
And treads to earth all that exalts to God.
The laws of nature drives from face of day,
And Xerxes like, bids earth and sea obey.

All earthly glory is consigned to dust,
And her detestables shall meet it first.

Pride, ostentation, rage, and war,
All ride together on destruction's car.

War, unhallowed war, thy fatal sway—
Waste, havoc, slaughter, mark thy way ;
Death, wanton death, mows down thy marshaled ranks.
Nor spares thy rear, thy main, thy van, or flanks.

The hovering genius of America
Urged on her sons, to fame and liberty,
'To test the courage of the British foe,
And deal destruction, to its overthrow.

'The name of Independence, seals the fate
Of John Burgoyne, and registers the date
Fatal to tyrants. Empress of Deity

Erects her standard o'er America.
The recent victories checked Burgoyne's career,
His veterans trembled, while approaching fear
Sends forth her terrors, and her dread alarms
Spread through his army ; all are called to arms.
Dangers are thick'ning round the British foe ;
'To advance, destruction and their overthrow ;
Retreat impossible ! 'The chance of battle,
'The smoke of powder and the cannon's rattle ;
'The clanging drums and trumpets' hateful sound,
While fields of dead and dying strew the ground ;
The clash of arms, and men in fierce array,
Must now decide the fortune of the day.
Gates on his front and Lincoln on his rear,
Green Mountain boys on every side appear.
Thus in a Cope-de-main, this mighty foe,
Strongly entrenched, waits the decisive blow,
Which must decide their fate and destiny,
On fame's vast record of its history.

The Battle of the 19th of Sept., on Bemis' Height, Saratoga.

'Three thousand men, the eighteenth of September,
Were sent by Gates to rouse Burgoyne from slumber,
Who the salute declined—the bloody fray—
Until the opening of the nineteenth day.
Scarcely had the morn her rosy beams displayed,
And Sol's advancee drove off the dusky shade,
When Mars, exulting, thundered o'er the plain,
And mustered his heroic, hostile train.
Heaven saw the dreadful carnage of the day
In prospect ; all its fury and dismay ;
Sees death in triumph stalk the crimson ground,
And o'er the field of carnage ride his round.
The scouting parties of the advancing foes,
By skirmishes, commence with deadly blows ;
While reinforcements reinforcement join,

Lead on the armies to a general line.
In furious rage each charge with dreadful ire ;
'The thundering cannon vomits death and fire,
While optics flame and smoke rolls home to heaven,
And showers of lead are like a tempest driven.
'The groans of the wounded and sight of the dying,
'The whizzing of balls continually flying ;
Death hovers around each moment in fear,
What is seen is all terror, and all that we hear.
'The loud belching cannon the senses confound,
'The rattle of muskets and shrieking around,
While each one's engaged to kill and destroy ;
In havoc and slaughter their hands find employ.
'The dreadfuls of earth with fury engage,
When man shall on man, vent all of his rage.
Valor and skill display their talents here,
In battle's mad, and bloody, wild career ;
Eight hundred slaughtered victims bit the ground ;
With groans and shouts the distant hills resound.

Night closed the scene ; each army quit the field,
'The contest sore, the blood of thousands sealed ;
In equal balance hung the dreadful fray,
Left the decision till another day.
Night's balmy wings scarce any rest afford
'To hostile foes, and war's destructive horde,
Whose only aim is to concert and plan
Some act of treachery to deceive the man.

Burgoyne's disasters thickened day by day ;
Wants urge on wants, with terror and dismay ;
Slaughter and death stand ready to engage ;
And every day records destruction's page.
His Indian allies find his proffers vain,
Desert his army and our standard join.
Insidious friendship only proves a curse,
Like canker poisons, and like iron rusts.
The laurels gained revived the drooping hope,
That often trembled when the tyrant spoke.

Nine thousand men—sons of Columbia—
 Assembled at thy shrine, America !
 Devote their lives their country to defend,
 And drive the invading foe from freedom's land.

The lion's courage soon began to fail,
 While Yankee forces all his powers assail.
 Burgoyne retreats, but all in vain ; he finds
 'The Yankees ready all along his lines.
 For sixteen days of dread and dire alarm,
 'The hovering armies wait the eventful storm.
 Contests sore, and skirmish day by day,
 Wanton destruction, were the dreadful play.
 Ah, fickle Fortune ! fatal to mankind,
 Thy flattery 's false, as all that seek thee find !
 Delays are dangerous when the danger's near,
 As in the sequel plainly doth appear.
 Burgoyne saw ruin hang upon his rear ;
 His van beset, his main emerged in fear ;
 Death hovering o'er the standard of the brave ;
 Behind the vulture, and before the grave.
 He, to Sir Henry Clinton sends express,
 And calls for help on George's favorite guest ;
 But, ah, too late ! the threatened storms advance ;
 O'erwhelmed his ranks and left their lives to chance.
 Hard pressed on every side, flight is in vain,
 'The battle's rage, and sanguinary plain ;
 'Follows retreat, while slaughter strews the ground,
 And death is echoed in each solemn sound.
 Led on by valor, midst conflicting fire,
 'The thundering cannon and terrific ire ;
 'The whistling balls and clouds of sulphurous smoke,
 'That hurled destruction with a sudden stroke.
 Pity has lost all tender feeling here,
 Mercy has fled, and Mars brings up the rear.
 Hearts hard with rage, and brazen-faced designs,
 'The savage in the human breast combines.
 He, who kills most, is honored most in fame,

Illustrious only by a bloody name.
Greatness in battle, like elementary strife,
Dies with its rattle, terminates with life.
Day opens, but the bloody scenes of war,
Alarms, alarms, are sounded from afar.
The affrighted air rolls back the solemn sound,
And morn awakes to shew the bloody ground.
The god of war stands brandishing his spear,
And calls his heroes, who in crowds appear.

Battle of the 7th October, 1777.

The thundering cannon soon begins to play,
And rolling smoke beclouds the blaze of day.
Burgoyne and Frazer marshal all their host,
Commence retreat to gain some safer post ;
But soon beset, the event of war must try,
While earth's artillery shook the vaulted sky.
Brave Arnold in the front of Yankee boys,
Fearless engaged the lion's rattling noise ;
Death through the ranks rode general that day,
Commanding all his workmen to obey.
No nerve 's unstrung ; nor foe, nor valor fear,
Each one engaged in slaughter's mad career ;
The prize of victory is the great contest,
That raged predominant in the human breast.
Pierce was the contest, bloody was the field ;
Mars' bravest heroes to its fierceness yield.
Nature must long lament her slaughtered sons,
And deep record her register of wrongs.
Fatal ambition led her sons astray,
Brave Frazer cried, as he a bleeding lay.
A mortal wound ends all his earthly fame,
And only left a record of his name.
Memory long retains the virtuous brave
Alive ; their merit shall outlive the grave.
The honored foe, where sympathy doth dwell,

The generous bosom must revere, and swell.
 Fame only brightens, virtue lights the blaze,
 That shines on nature's page a thousand ways ;
 Illustrious only by illustrious deeds
 Is he who lives, or for his country bleeds.
 Had Frazer, like Lord Effingham, returned
 His sword to George, his name might stand adorned
 With virtue's wreath : but, ah ! 'tis sad to tell,
 He in a battle of oppression fell.
 Sir James Clark a mortal wound receives,
 And to his God returns the loan he gives ;
 And hundreds more, in troops, ascend the air,
 Slaughtered, like bullocks, bought in British fair.
 Victory decides Burgoyne's renown and fate ;
 Success to Arnold, Lincoln, and to Gates.
 A wreath of laurels crowns this victory,
 Decisive of the claims of royalty.
 Burgoyne reduced, one half his veterans slain,
 Fatigue and danger urging on their claim,
 Surrender now the last alternative,—
 Submits to what his conquerors please to give ;
 Capitulates the thirteenth of October,
 And binds in fetters Britain's royal rover.

The treaty signed—arrangements being made—
 The British drums call all to the parade,
 While at the shrine of liberty they bow,
 Confess her power, and her demands allow ;
 March out ; lay down their arms as prisoners ;
 Hush their alarms under our stripes and stars.
 Gates takes possession of their camp and stores,
 And plants his standard on their warlike towers.
 The tune of Yankee-doodle leads their van ;
 Thus ends the great designs of mortal man.
 In less than four months see this mighty host,
 Killed, murdered, slaughtered, nearly half reduced ;
 From a victorious foe to low submission,
 And humbly sue for terms as a condition.

Such are the varying scenes of human life :
 To-day, the reason and the mind 's at strife.
 This points to all that 's great in man or God ;
 That to anticipate fame abroad.
 The mind is powerful only when it charms
 With virtuous act, that virtue's son adorns.
 Not in the scenes of garments rolled in blood,
 Nor battle's rage, confusion o'er the flood ;
 But peace and friendship, love and charity,
 Are seals of greatness with the Deity.
 God's special providence is here displayed ;
 In this event we see it full portrayed.
 Burgoyne's surrender frustrated the plan,
 Laid to enslave and crush the rights of man.
 The mighty scheme of George and Parliament,
 Is now decided by the great event.
 Sir Henry sends, but, ah ! it is too late,
 Three thousand men to register the date,
 Up Hudson river, designed for Albany,
 To reinforce the northern destiny.
 But fatal tidings, swift as lightning flew,
 Met, at Esopus, Wallis, Vaughan and crew.
 Here ends the great projected, fancied schemes,
 And lords and kings are left to muse on chains.

Here to record and register the date,
 These wanton demagogues record the fate
 Of John Burgoyne, on Hudson's pleasant shore ;
 Esopus' flames their names to heaven bore,
 A scorched scroll of inhumanity,
 Couched under war and tyrants' cruelty.

The late victorious and exulting foe,
 The fates of war that with all armies go ;
 Ambition only leads to danger's gates ;
 The order of another master waits.
 To Boston, under Yankee guards they march ;
 Fortune has fled, and left them in the lurch.
 Five thousand and seven hundred active men,

Prisoners of war and under war's commands ;
 War's black history one sad story tells ;
 Destruction's list her fatal mandate swells,
 In the short period of four months' time,
 The royal army of the northern line,
 By slaughter, sickness, nearly half reduced.
 Fame is false fancy, where all virtue's lost.
 The northern guest now quiet in his cage,
 Tranquility resumed her tranquil stage ;
 And war's alarms, now sounding from afar,
 That late were echoed o'er the mountains there.
 General Gates, obedient to his trust,
 A friend in need, and in defence the first,
 Marches to Kingston—with Putnam's forces joins;
 To guard the country and defend the lines:

We shall now return to the southern department, and take a
 view of the campaign and scenes of war in that quarter.

We shall return, and take a southern view,
 And recent dates again in form pursue.
 New York, the rendezvous and famed resort
 Of British arms, and vessels in her port ;
 A powerful armament by sea and land,
 A numerous foe composed this hostile band ;
 America this martial train surveyed,
 The pomp and splendor of this grand parade ;
 Calls on the God of battles for relief
 In this dark hour, obscured by anxious grief.
 The cloudy horizon seemed big with dread,
 That o'er our arms in heavy columns spread.
 The air resounds with horrid dins of war,
 And black despair came floating on her car:
 Mars rides in triumph on the winged gale;
 Discord his pleasure, on land or under sail:

Heaven, all-propitious, saw America,
 Hard struggling with the grasp of tyranny,
 Aided by power, and mercenary bands
 To execute his vengeance and commands.
 Stern justice can oppose his mad career,
 And o'er the claims of despots interfere.
 The mighty strides of Britain's Parliament,
 The haughty tone that with their armies went,
 Seemed to presage no tones but low submission,
 To kings, and lords, and dukes, and their condition.

Gen. Howe sails for the Chesapeake,—the Battle of Brandywine, &c.

July the twenty-third, auspicious day,
 Howe sailed from York. Old ocean in dismay
 Groaned underneath the ponderous weight and load
 Of war's huge engines, and a hireling brood.
 "To count them all requires a thousand tongues.
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs."
 The sea—a forest—floats before the gale,
 With canvas spread, in warlike grandeur sail
 On Neptune's empire. And the deep profound
 Heard the wild uproar, and the martial sound.
 The murmuring waves retire at war's advance;
 Blood demons rise and on its billows dance.
 Sixteen thousand, armed in death's employ,
 Led on to butcher, murder, kill, destroy;
 Two hundred sixty sail spread their broad wings,
 Freight with terror, and her thousand stings,
 Death sailed as admiral of this mighty fleet,
 In a black vessel o'er the rolling deep;
 Faithful attendant, worthy of his trust,
 Earth's heavy scourge, and meet him soon we must.
 'This private expedition, and its plan,
 Designed to crush the honest rights of man,
 Horrid its character, butchery its aim,

Sailed southward to exult in future fame.
While Washington, whose watchful eye surveys
The gathering storm, in all its dark amaze,
Sees Philadelphia's danger, and the foe
Advancing rapid to its overthrow,
Great in all danger, to her aid he flies ;
Courage and fortitude his want supplies.
The God of battles smiled upon his son,
Who, in adversity, more brightly shone.
Howe hovering round our coast for several days,
His martial power in pride and pomp displays :
Enters the Chesapeake ; triumphant rides,
While fancy paints her victories on her tides.
The sight displays oppression's wrathful power,
The tyrant's strength the feeble to devour ;
The man outrageous to the laws of God,
And justice changed for the despotic rod.
The waves in angry mood the navy bore,
Along Columbia's deserted shore,
While cannon shook the elements below,
And fear stood gazing on the advancing foe.
Ask, kind reader ! ask of heaven why,
This grand parade for human butchery ?
Can Christians in such horrid scenes engage,
And war, against the checks of conscience wage,
As if grim death, unable to destroy
Men fast enough, an agent would employ.
Can man to man prove such a chastening rod,
And all claim mercy at the hand of God ?
Te Deum sing for blood-stained victory,
Degrade a God with songs of cruelty ?
The scene disclosed, the British army land ;
Elk river ferry floats the hostile band,
With drums and trumpets sounding, to the shore,
Amid the din of arms and cannon's roar ;
While Washington marched, without loss of time,

To meet the foe near far famed Brandywine,
Arrangements being made, night's sable shade
Spreads o'er the vault its ancient hue displayed.
The demon of destruction, wide awake,
The carnage scents, that shortly must o'ertake
The slumbering armies, lulled to balmy rest,
'That ere another night must see distress.
The wounded, dead and dying hear the sound
Of wars tremendous, shakes the solid ground.
The day's advance the empurpled east displays,
And Sol's bright chariot sends his distant rays.
Aurora's blush tinged the empyreal blue,
And nature all her charms in form renew.
When Mars, advancing, calls on all to arms;
The thundering cannon sounding forth alarms;
The trumpet's echo o'er the distant hills,
The listening ear with martial music fills.
September eleventh records the bloody day;
That sends disaster to America.
Thousands awoke this morn to wake no more.
Ere eve advanced, their bodies, stained with gore,
A lifeless corse, stretched on the bloody ground,
No more to rise till the last trumpet's sound.
The vulture, havoc, hovering o'er the field,
The flying banners and the glittering shield;
The clash of arms announce the approaching scene,
'That shortly must o'erspread the vivid green.
Death sudden starts, begins the bloody fray,
While roaring cannon sweep the ranks away.
Smoke rolls to heaven, and in its columns bear,
Departing souls by hundreds through the air.
Each side for conquest, and for victory
Fought sore, and claim a page in history.
Death strewed the ground with dead and dying men.
The rattling musket, wounded, and the slain,
The shouts of victory and the trumpet's sound,

Float o'er the field and shake the solid ground.
All, all conspire to fill the mind with dread,
And o'er the scene its thrilling horrors spread.
The contest sharp, blood-stained the sanguine field,
Our heroes to superior numbers yield.
Washington retreats and leaves the ground,
Covered with carnage, and the mournful sound
Of wounded, bleeding, dying, mangled men.
Calling for help where friendship's nearly vain ;
Retires into the hilly country,
To watch the movements of the enemy ;
Who, flushed with victory, marched with martial pride,
With colors flying, and with means supplied
To oppress the oppressed, and heavier bind in chains
The conquered foe, and triumph in their claims.
For Philadelphia Howe, victorious, marched.
His genius muses, while his reason searched,
The rights of conquest ; with ambition holds
A tragic dialogue, that truth unfolds.
Thou shalt not kill, oppress, nor steal,—commands,
Which God in justice from each one demands,
Conscience must here resign her ancient station,
And unto conquerors yields the conquered nation.
Philadelphia soon capitulates,
And on the twenty-sixth records the dates.
Howe with his officers and marshaled train,
Takes full possession in his master's name.
Before this mighty host, Congress retires
To Lancaster, to meet our veteran sires ;
In council to consult the general plan,
To rouse ambition, to awake the man.
That gallant youth, the Marquis La Fayette,
A volunteer, at Brandywine first met
The foe of liberty. With ardor charmed,
His generous breast of every fear disarmed.
Exalted greatness stamps her worthy name

On this young hero of illustrious fame ;
Noble by birth, noble by nature too,
Humanity's first friend in him we view.
When danger hovered o'er America,
The all-protecting hand of Deity
Called on this young philanthropist, who heard
And at the shrine of liberty appeared ;
Sees her a weeping o'er her children dear,
And pity, bathed in nature's friendly tear.
Mothers and sisters, with heart-rending cries,
Pierce the blue vault ; to God ascending rise.
Fired with ambition to revenge our wrongs,
His noble nature woke in martial songs ;
Quits all the ensigns of his royalty,
To fight thy battles, oh America !
Congress receives this youthful volunteer,
And compliments him, as a friend sincere, .
With a commission under Washington,
Of Major General, and her worthy son. .
France long may cherish, in historic fame,
'The honor La Fayette may justly claim.
America, with gratitude, may join,
And to posterity his worth consign. .
Wounded, he shrank not to oppose the foe ;
Faced every danger till its overthrow ;
Restored peace, with Independence crowned ;
Earth hailed the day, while angels bear the sound !
Triumphant home, departed ghosts to cheer,
Who bled and died, to pay a debt so dear.
Read to your children, fathers, and relate
'The meritorious feats of La Fayette,
Whose youth, whose life and character agree,
'To rank his name, earth's first philanthropy.
Where virtue's charms command the youthful hearts,
'The sympathising tear of love imparts, .
That rouses all the actions to a flame,

To share a part, and ease the sufferer's pain.
 The Count Pulaski, famed on history's page,
 A volunteer in freedom's cause engaged.
 Distinguished feats of military skill,
 At Brandywine, gained Washington's good will ;
 And Congress to reward the generous brave,
 And give to valor what its worth conveys,
 As Major General claims him as our son ;
 Records his fame and what his valor won.
 Poland may boast her hero's high renown,
 While liberty shall wear the civic crown ;
 And ages yet unborn revere the sage,
 Who lost his life while in our cause engaged.
 May heaven reward his liberality,
 And crush the Russian bands of slavery ;
 Oppression's chains sink to oblivion's cell,
 And send the tyrant with his chains to dwell ;
 Raise liberty's bright emblem in the sky,
 That all may see her rank with Deity.
 Lord Howe, to execute further designs,
 To guard his enemy and defend the lines,
 Orders his shipping up the Delaware,
 His passage to the ocean to secure.
 While Washington, whose ever watchful eye,
 With vigilance their movements all descry ;
 And like a Hannibal of modern age,
 Employs his talents as a warlike sage ;
 To check the tyrant, and to keep in play
 Howe and his army in the infernal fray ;
 To clip his wings, and cut off his supplies,
 And on his flanks attack him with surprise,
 Was studiously his aim, and main design,
 To scourge the foe and keep him in his line.

The Battle of Germantown, Oct. 4.

October fourth, about the dawn of day,
 At Germantown, where Howe's main army lay,

Washington's advance, the bugle sounds,
The echoing air with clash of arms resounds.
Scarcely had the sun arose to gild the field,
When Mars came thundering, armed with sword and shield.
The rattling drums, to arms, to arms, resound,
While roaring cannon shake the solid ground.
The horrid din of war rolls through the air ;
Confusion reigns in all her black despair.
Death from their slumbers roused the veteran band ;
Rode o'er the field and waved his fatal wand.
Success attends, and victory seemed our own ;
The first fierce onset wore the victor's crown.
The British foe, surprised, began to break,
And in confusion, a retreat to make.
When the pursuit received a partial check,
The British rallied, and renewed the attack.
A heavy fog obscured the blaze of day,
Proved a disaster to America ;
Who, in their turn, retreat and leave the ground,
Covered with carnage, and the doleful sound
Of battle's rage, in all its mad career,
Where all is dreadful which we see or hear ;
Abandon victory so fairly won,
Which cost both armies many a worthy son.
Havoc and slaughter is all martial play,
A scene of terror is each bloody fray.
The watchword, death, and victory the slain,
Confusion's rage. The wilds of chaos reign.
This lesson cautioned Howe to guard his lines,
And not to venture o'er his own confines.
In Philadelphia snug his lordship's penned,
His winter quarters, and his sole command.
Doctor Franklin in satires allow,
That Philadelphia had taken Howe.

Auspicious day, propitious the event,
Heaven saw the scene and straight Minerva sent.
Her royal banner, freedom and liberty,

Waves o'er the scene that all on earth may see.

Nations astonished view the rising sun,

Spreading its lustre o'er the work begun.

Conspicuous councils and a nation new,

Illustrious birth, a gazing world may view.

Earth's renovating guest from heaven appears,

And in her visage all that's pleasing wears.

France first salutes our rise from slavery,

And sends her sons to aid America;

Receives us to a rank as her ally;

With liberal views grants us a large supply.

Her armies sends to fight in freedom's cause,

And teach all tyrants to respect her laws.

The campaign closed, but war's huge features wore

Terrific frowns, and jaws crimsoned with gore.

Mars, through the winter, all his thoughts employ,

To kill, to murder, plunder and destroy.

CAMPAIGN OF 1778.

Seventy-eight commenced with the British army under command of Gen. Howe, in Philadelphia, Sir Henry Clinton, in N. York; and the American army, under our gallant chief, in winter quarters at Valley Forge. The genius of America, cheered with the pleasing prospect of success; high expectations were entertained of the final result of the contest. The union that seemed to unite all parties in the common cause, was flattering. America saw her dignity fast advancing in the scale of nations—returned thanks to almighty God for his protecting care, while fathers, mothers and their children join in the universal joy that pervades the land. Independence illuminates the western hemisphere, and the cheering angel of peace smiles, hovering over our suffering country. The great author of nature takes command of our armies, and seems a father to our cause.

The power of omnipotence is visibly seen in the display of the events unfolding to mankind. Crowns and scepters, dignities and honors, must bow, and acknowledge the inherent right of man. The vaunting boasts and pride of man is mortal, and must die with him; immortal honors must arise from virtuous fame. The various scenes of 1778, that now lie in vision, and ere twelve months must be realized, must fill the contemplative mind with thoughts that demand a serious consideration. Armies marching, cannon roaring, trumpets sounding, death and destruction clothing the ground with a bloody vest, shortly must and will result from the vile passions and heated imaginations of a deluded soldiery, and ambitious, tyrannical, and oppressive officers. Thousands and tens of thousands, ere the expiration of another year, must return to God. The loan received at birth returns—as the sentence denounced

at creation is, "from dust thou art," (man know thy birth,) "and to dust thou shalt return." 'Lamentable indeed is truth, told loud as thunder to the living. Nature, deaf as adders, hardly hears, and full as hardly believes, what time must and will unfold. How can sworn enemies on earth, imbibtered even to the taking of life, meet before their heavenly judge, having just butchered each other, and whose command is, "thou shalt not kill." Shall maddening passions break the laws of heaven and go unpunished?

The campaign opens with the engines of destruction in motion. England, on hearing of our alliance with France, resolved to carry fire, slaughter, massacre and devastation into all parts of America, and subdue by force what they were unable to perform by threats. Lord North nor Bute, with all the thunders of his satanic majesty, could make little impression against united freemen.

Gen. Washington, ever watchful of his own, and his country's honor, stood ready to front the threats and advances of proud oppression. Awake to his own danger, and more than half subdued, Gen. Howe, saw it imposible to continue in Philadelphia, and made arrangements accordingly. It was not easy for Washington to determine the views of Sir William. His movements equally denoted an expedition to the south, or an embarkation for New-York, or for marching through New-Jersey by land to New-York. The latter was the opinion of our gallant chief. An army of forty thousand men was called for by government, for the present campaign. The division of this force for the various purposes of defending our suffering county to the best advantage, was a matter of difficulty in the present crisis. At this period, Gen. Howe, whose prudence in military tactics entitles him to the fame of a worthy general and consummate officer, resigned his command, and Sir Henry Clinton succeeded him.

In this state of things, certain intelligence was brought to head quarters, that the greater part of the British army had crossed the Delaware, and that the residue would soon follow. The opinion of the general officers was required on the course

proper to be pursued. All concurred in deeming it inadvisable to attempt to take possession of the works about Philadelphia till they were entirely abandoned.

Philadelphia Evacuated.

The active operations of the campaign of 1778, commenced on the part of the British on the 13th of June, when Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware, and encamped on the Jersey shore. Washington, always ready, and as a son of liberty stood at the helm of independence, summoned a council of war. The opinion of the general officers was requested, what course it was best to pursue. Washington favored the idea of a general engagement. Of seventeen generals, only two, Wayne and Cadwallader, sanctioned his views. La Fayette said little, but silently espoused the motion. Gen. Greene was disposed to risk more than the majority of the council would sanction. The new alliance with France, aroused the spirit of America, and seemed to presage the happy result anticipated by the country. The American army was now equal in number and rather superior to the British. Gen. Lee thought it criminal to hazard an action, and that a defeat would endanger our independence; to this he argued that our army ought not to be exposed, and that a partial engagement might bring on a general one; which was Washington's wish. Gen. Greene said the country must be protected, and if in its protection an engagement should become necessary, it would justify the motive. According to the best information, the British army amounted to ten thousand effectives, and that of the Americans to ten or eleven thousand. The foreign generals were mostly opposed to a general engagement; but Gen. Washington thought his country's good required it at this crisis. Sir Henry Clinton, by his movements, seemed willing to be overtaken. He proceeded slowly through Haddonfield, Mount Holly, Slabtown, and Crosswicks, to Allentown and Imlaytown, which place he reached on the 24th.

Gen. Washington kept possession of the high ground in New Jersey which enabled him to retain a choice of either coming to, or avoiding an action. He crossed the river on the 22nd. Gen. Arnold, whose wound was not sufficiently healed, commanded in Philadelphia. The British army now encamped at Allentown, and the main body of the Americans at Hopewell. Notwithstanding the current opinion of the officers against a general action, Washington, with a mind of firmness, a temper enterprising as well as cautious, could not be persuaded that with a superior force, he hazarded much by bringing on a general engagement.

Thus far the route taken by Sir Henry Clinton left his future destination uncertain. New-York or the Highlands might be his object. Washington summoned a second council, the result was, as before, a peremptory and decided negative to a general action; but it was agreed to strengthen the corps on the flanks of the enemy, and to act as occasion might require. Although opposed by a majority of his officers, Washington was still of the opinion that his country demanded the test of strength, which he thought adequate to the task, and was unwilling to shrink from his duty. Supported by the private wishes of some of his officers, whom he highly valued, he determined to take the responsibility upon himself, and promptly prepared to meet his antagonist, and try his chivalric bravery in a general interview at Monmouth.

Hearing that the enemy were on their march for Monmouth, Washington resolved to strengthen his lines, and detached Gen. Wayne with one thousand men for that purpose. The troops in front of the main army were at least four thousand men, Washington ordered a Maj. General to command them.

This duty Maj. Gen. Lee had a right to claim, but as he declared himself openly against hazarding a partial action, and expecting that in conformity to the advice, signed by all the general officers then in camp, without one single exception, that nothing further would be attempted than to reconnoiter the enemy and restrain plundering parties, he showed no disposition

to assert his claim, unintentionally promoting the private wishes of Washington. Gen. Lee yielded this important service to La Fayette, who was ordered immediately to proceed and form a junction with Gen. Scott; to use the most effectual means to gain the enemy's left flank and rear, and give them every degree of annoyance in his power. He was directed to take such measures, in concert with Gen. Dickenson, as would most impede the enemy in his march. For this purpose he was to attack, as occasion offered, by detachments, or, if circumstances required it, with his whole force. This disposition and arrangement manifested the intentions of the commander-in-chief, they could hardly fail of bringing on a general engagement. Gen. Wayne openly espoused the measure, and La Fayette, although against seeking a general encounter, was in favor of a partial one. He was accompanied by Col. Hamilton, who felt a strong desire to forward the wishes of the commander-in-chief. Gen. Washington immediately moved to Cranburn, in order to be ready to assist, as occasion might require. He reached that place about nine o'clock on the 26th. The intense heat, a shower of rain, and want of provisions, prevented the army from resuming its march that day. The advanced corps had taken a position on the Monmouth road, five miles in the rear of the enemy; with the intention of attacking them next morning on their march. This position was found too remote, and too far on the left to be supported in case of an attack, and orders were sent to La Fayette to file off towards Englishtown. These orders were executed early in the morning of the 27th. Gen. Lee, apprehensive that the movement indicated something more than he at first conceived, and that his honor was in danger, began to regret his decision, and solicited the command he had declined. To relieve the feelings of Lee without wounding those of La Fayette, Gen. Washington detached him with two brigades to Englishtown to support the Marquis; he would of course have the command of the whole front division, which would soon amount to five thousand men; but it was expressly stipulated that if any enterprise had been formed by La Fay-

ette, it should be carried into effect as if the commanding officer had not been changed. To those conditions Lee acceded, and with two brigades joined the front division of the army, the whole encamped at Englishtown, and the main army encamped about three miles in the rear, Col. Morgan's corps still hovering on the right flank of the British, and Gen. Dickenson on their left.

Sir Henry Clinton had taken a very strong position. He lay on the high ground about Monmouth court-house, having on his left a small wood, while his right was secured by a thick one, and a morass running towards his rear; his whole front was covered by a wood, and for a considerable distance towards the left, by a morass.

This position seemed unassailable, and the British army was within twelve miles of the high grounds about Middletown, after reaching which, they would be perfectly secure. Under these circumstances, Gen. Washington determined to attack their rear the moment they commenced their march. This determination was immediately communicated to Gen. Lee, with orders to make his dispositions for the attack, and to keep his men constantly on their arms, that he might be in readiness to take advantage of the first movement of the enemy. About 5 o'clock in the morning of the 28th, intelligence was received from Gen. Dickenson, that the front of the British army was in motion. The troops were immediately under arms, and orders sent to Gen. Lee to move on and attack their rear, unless there should be powerful motives to the contrary. He was informed at the same time, that the whole army would be put in motion to support him. The 27th, Sir Henry perceived from the appearance upon his flanks and rear, that the Americans were determined on a general engagement, and were advancing hard upon his rear; changing the order of his march, he prepared for the conflict that shortly must ensue. While nature sat lamenting the folly of mankind, the war-like chieftains were busily employed in arranging their armies for butchery. The soliloquy of America, beholding the awful tragedy displayed in vision, yet to

be unfolded, must excite those emotions in the breast, more easy to be conceived than described. Language is too feeble to detail the horror, confusion, and uproar of a battle. The feelings must be raised to the highest pitch of courage, to face in dread array a tempest of iron and lead, that outstrips the winged gale, spreading destruction to the right and left, murdering by command, and rendering miserable the existence of frail, mortal man.

The Battle of Monmouth, fought June 28, 1778.

On receiving the orders that had been given the preceding evening and repeated early next morning, Gen. Lee made his arrangements for carrying into execution the orders of the day, and soon after the rear of the enemy was in motion, he prepared to attack it. Gen. Dickenson, at the same time, was ordered to detach some of his best troops to take such a position as to co-operate with Lee; and Col. Morgan was ordered to act on their right flank, with so much caution as to be able to extricate himself if necessary.

Lee appeared on the heights of Freehold soon after the enemy had left them, and following the British into the plain, gave directions to Gen. Wayne to attack their covering party in the rear so as to halt them, but not to press them sufficiently either to force them up to the main body, or to draw re-inforcements from thence to their aid. In the meantime, he proposed to gain their front by a shorter road on their left, and entirely intercepting their communication with the line, to bear them off before they could be assisted.

While in the execution of this design, a gentleman of Gen. Washington's suit came up to gain intelligence, and to him, Lee communicated his present object.

Before he reached the point of destination, there was reason to believe that the enemy were approaching in much greater force than had been expected. The intelligence on this subject was contradictory, and the face of the country, which was a

good deal covered with woods, was well calculated to conceal the truth. He, therefore, deemed it advisable to reconnoitre them in person, and to satisfy himself, from his own view, of their numbers.

Sir Henry Clinton, soon after the rear division was in full march, had received intelligence that a column of the Americans was on his left flank. This being a corps of militia, was soon dispersed, and the march continued. When his rear-guard had descended from the hills, he saw it followed by strong corps, soon after which, a cannonade upon it was commenced from some pieces of artillery commanded by Col. Oswald, and at the same time, he received intelligence that a respectable force had shown itself on both his flanks. Believing a design to have been formed on his baggage, which in the defiles through which it was to pass, would be considerably exposed, he determined, in order to secure it from the danger with which it was threatened, to attack the troops in his rear with all his force, so vigorously as to compel them to call off those on his flanks. This induced him to march back his whole rear division, which movement was making, as Lee advanced for the purpose of reconnoitering, to the front of the wood which adjoined the plain that had been mentioned. He soon perceived himself to have been mistaken in the force which formed the rear of the British; but he yet proposed to engage on that ground, although his judgment, as was afterwards stated by himself on an inquiry into his conduct, disapproved of it; there being a morass immediately in his rear, which could not be passed without difficulty, and which would necessarily impede the arrival of re-inforcements to his aid, and embarrass his retreat should he be finally overpowered.

This was about ten. While both armies were preparing for action, and performing those previous manœuvres which each deemed necessary, Gen. Scott (as stated by Gen. Lee) mistook an oblique march of an American column for a retreat; and in the apprehension of being abandoned, left his position, and re-passed the ravine in his rear.

Being himself of opinion, that the ground on which the army was drawn up was by no means favorable to them, Lee did not correct the error Scott had committed, but directed the whole detachment to regain the heights they had passed.

He was pressed by the enemy, and some slight skirmishing ensued during this retrograde movement, in which not much loss was sustained on either side.

When the first firing announced the commencement of the action, the rear division of the army threw off their packs, and advanced rapidly to the support of the front. As they approached the scene of action, Gen. Washington, who had received no intelligence from Lee notifying his retreat, rode forward; and about noon, after the army had marched about five miles, to his utter astonishment and mortification, met the advanced corps retiring before the enemy, without having made a single effort to maintain their ground. Those whom he first fell in with, neither understood the motives which had governed Gen. Lee, nor his present design; and could give no other information than that, by his orders, they had fled without fighting.

Gen. Washington rode to the rear of the division, which he found closely pressed. There he met Lee, to whom he spoke in terms of some warmth, implying disapprobation of his conduct. He also gave immediate orders to the regiments commanded by Col. Stewart, and Lieut. Col. Ramsay, to form on a piece of ground which he deemed proper for the purpose of checking the enemy, who were advancing rapidly on them. Gen. Lee was then ordered to take proper measures with the residue of his force to stop the British column on that ground, and the commander-in-chief rode back himself to arrange the rear division of the army.

These orders were executed with firmness. A sharp conflict ensued, and when forced from the ground on which he had been placed, Lee brought off his troops in good order, and was then directed to form in the rear of Englishtown.

The check thus given the enemy afforded time to draw up the left wing and second line of the American army on an eminence,

partly in a wood, and partly in an open field, covered by a morass in front. Lord Stirling, who commanded the left wing, brought up a detachment of artillery commanded by Lieut. Col. Carrington with some field pieces which played with considerable effect on the enemy, who had passed the morass, and were pressing on to the charge. These pieces, with the aid of several parties of infantry detached for the purpose, effectually put a stop to their advance. The American artillery were drawn up in the open field, and maintained their ground with admirable firmness, under a heavy and persevering fire from the British field artillery.

The right wing of the army was for the day commanded by Gen. Greene. To expedite the march, and to prevent the enemy from turning the right flank, he had been ordered to file off by the new church, two miles from Englishtown, and to fall into the Monmouth road, a small distance in the rear of the court-house, while the residue of the army proceeded directly to that place. He had advanced on this road considerably to the right, and rather beyond the ground on which the armies were now engaged, when he was informed of the retreat of the party commanded by Lee, and of the new disposition of the troops occasioned by that circumstance. He immediately changed his route, and marching up with the wing he commanded, took an advantageous position on the right.

Finding themselves warmly opposed in front, the enemy attempted to turn the left flank of the American army, but were repulsed, and driven back by parties of infantry detached to oppose them. They then attempted the right with as little success. Gen. Greene had advanced a body of troops with artillery to a commanding piece of ground in his front, which not only disappointed their design of turning the right, but severely enfiladed the party which yet remained in front of the left wing. At this moment, Gen. Wayne was advanced with a body of infantry to engage them in front, who kept up so hot and well directed a fire of musketry, that they soon gave way, and withdrew behind the ravine, to the ground on which the first halt

had been made, where the action had commenced immediately after the arrival of Gen. Washington.

Here the British line was formed on very strong ground. Both flanks were secured by thick woods and morasses, while their front could only be reached through a narrow pass. The day had been intensely hot, and the troops were very much fatigued. Notwithstanding this circumstance, and the difficulty with which the enemy could be approached, Gen. Washington resolved to renew the engagement. For this purpose, he ordered Brigadier Gen. Poor, with his own and the Carolina brigade, to gain their right flank, while Woodford with his brigade, should turn their left. At the same time the artillery were ordered to advance and play on them in front. These orders were obeyed with alacrity, but the impediments on the flanks of the enemy were so considerable, that before they could be overcome, and the troops could approach them near enough to commence the attack, it was nearly dark. Under these circumstances, it was thought most advisable to defer further operations until next morning. For the purpose of commencing them with the return of light, the brigades which had been detached to the flanks of the enemy, continued on their ground through the night, and the other troops lay on their arms in the field of battle, in order to be in perfect readiness to support them. Gen. Washington, who had through the day been extremely active, and entirely regardless of personal danger, passed the night in his cloak in the midst of his soldiers.

In the mean-time the British were employed in removing their wounded. About midnight, they marched away in such silence, that their retreat was effected without the knowledge of Gen. Poor, though he lay very near them.

As it was perfectly certain that they would gain the high grounds about Middletown before it would be practicable to overtake them, in which position they could not be attacked with any advantage; as the face of the country afforded no prospect of opposing their embarkation; and as the battle already fought had terminated in such a manner as to make a

general impression favorable to the American arms; it was thought advisable to relinquish the pursuit. Leaving the Jersey brigade, Morgan's corps, and M'Lane's command to hover about them, to countenance desertion, and protect the country from their depredations, it was resolved to move the main body of the army to the Hudson, and take a position which should effectually cover the important passes in the highlands.

The commander-in-chief was highly gratified with the conduct of his troops in this action. Their behavior, he said, after they recovered from the first surprise occasioned by the unexpected retreat of the advanced corps, could not be surpassed. Gen. Wayne was particularly mentioned. His conduct and bravery, it was declared, merited peculiar commendation. The artillery too were spoken of in terms of high praise. Both the officers and men of that corps who were engaged were said to have distinguished themselves in a remarkable manner.

The loss of the Americans in the battle of Monmouth was eight officers and sixty-one privates killed, and about one hundred and sixty wounded. Among the slain were lieutenant colonel Bonner of Pennsylvania, and major Dickenson of Virginia, both of whom were much regretted. One hundred and thirty were missing; but of these, a considerable number afterwards rejoined their regiments.

In his official letter, Sir Henry Clinton states his dead and missing at four officers, and one hundred and eighty-four privates; his wounded, at sixteen officers, and one hundred and fifty-four privates. This account, so far as respects the dead, cannot be correct, as four officers, and two hundred and forty-five privates were buried on the field by persons appointed for that purpose, who made their report to the commander-in-chief; and some few were afterwards found and buried, so as to increase the number to nearly three hundred. The uncommon heat of the day was fatal to several on both sides.

As usual, when a battle has not been decisive, both parties claimed the victory. In the early part of the day, the advantage was with the British; in the latter, with the Americans.

D'Estaing's arrival with the French Fleet.

Gen. Washington's attention was now turned toward the Hudson river. But before he reached the place he intended to occupy, intelligence was received that Count D'Estaing, with a powerful French fleet, had arrived on the coast of Virginia. The Count had sailed from Toulon, the 13th of April, with twelve ships of the line, and six frigates, with a respectable land force on board. His destination was the Delaware, and sanguine hopes were entertained that he would find the British fleet in that river.

The joy throughout America on their arrival was universal; the toils of war seemed nearly at an end, while liberty and independence re-echoed in every part of the Union.

The British fleet had just sailed from the Delaware, and in safety reached New-York; a lucky incident for Sir Henry, five days earlier would most certainly have entrapped the British squadron, and cut off its retreat from the Delaware, where a coup-de-main would have been the result.

Providence now seemed to smile on our beloved country, her arduous struggle consolidated our countrymen into one republic, whose determination was liberty or death.

On reaching the capes of the Delaware, the Count D'Estaing announced his arrival to Congress. Having failed to accomplish his first object, he proceeded along the coast to New-York, in the hope of being able to attack the British fleet in the harbor of that place. Immediately after the arrival of the Count off the Hook, he dispatched Maj. De Channing, a gentleman of his family, to Gen. Washington, to communicate his views, and his design of attacking the British fleet. Col. Hamilton was immediately dispatched to wait on the Count and lay before him Washington's ideas of the enterprise. The general was apprehensive that the water on the bar at the entrance of the harbor was not of sufficient depth to admit his ships to pass without great danger; in that case the siege of New-York would be hopeless.

In the preceding winter Gen. Sullivan had been detached to command the troops in Rhode-Island, where, if the expedition against New-York failed, it was thought by the allies, to turn the attention of the French fleet to co-operate with Gen. Sullivan in the reduction of Newport. As the opinion that an attack upon New-York would be unadvisable gained strength from every quarter, it was laid aside as rashness, in consequence of the impossibility of crossing the bar at the Hook. The Newport expedition was next on the list of adventures. Count D'Estaing hoisted sail, after laying eleven days at anchor off Sandy Hook, and the British in New-York, in anxious gazes of dread and fear, had the pleasure of seeing the French castles of destruction sail south, and soon disappear.

Sir Henry Clinton, apprehensive of the safety of Newport, had detached a considerable number of troops from his army in New-York, to reinforce Gen. Pigot, who commanded on Rhode-Island. The British garrison there amounted to six thousand men. The main body lay at Newport. The American army under Gen. Sullivan, lay on the main land, about the town of Providence, ready to cross to the Island as occasion should require.

On the 28th, Count D'Estaing and fleet appeared off Point Judith, and anchored in the main channel, and blockaded the harbor. Gen. Sullivan went on board the fleet, and measures were immediately concerted for an attack. Gen. Pigot concentrated his force at Newport. The French Admiral agreed to enter the harbor, with his fleet, and land his forces, to co-operate with the Americans; while Sullivan and army, were to land on the opposite shore and form a junction with the French, when an attack should be made on the enemy by the joint forces of the allies. Measures being accordingly arranged, Gen. Greene marched a detachment of the army to Tiverton.

Aug. 28th. Animation seemed to rouse the nation; volunteers from every part, flocked to our standard, while the genius of our nation seemed to awake, and soar above the idea of slavish oppression. Ten thousand soon assembled at the shrine of

liberty, to fight the invader, and then convey the news of victory, home to their families and friends.

Count D'Estaing, according to arrangement, entered the channel, and passed the British batteries into the harbor, with but little damage. Owing to the militia's not arriving in time, Gen. Sullivan and the Count postponed the attack to another day. Gen. Pigot, with promptness, prepared for the approaching storm. The 9th, agreeable to arrangement, Gen. Sullivan crossed the channel and landed on the north-east end of Rhode-Island. The Count resented this movement as having been done without his knowledge, and some altercation took place, which after some delay was settled. He accused Lieut. Col. Fleury, a French officer who delivered him Sullivan's letters, in justification of the movement of the army; of being more an American than a Frenchman, and preferring the interest and honor of America to that of France. The Count D'Estaing was a land as well as a sea officer. While this was doing, the British fleet, commanded by Lord Howe, hove in sight, and anchored off point Judith. Anxiety was now on tip-toe, and stood viewing the scene. Two mighty fleets in contrast, the land army, nearly ready to begin the work of death; pity a weeping, while Mars stood exulting in his bloody trophies, wild ambition, and a thirst for earthly fame, made man forget himself, and take the tiger's heart of Bengal, to destroy his own species, which nature forbids and beasts only obey. Intelligence and reason is here, only employed to provide means to kill, murder and destroy, which God, and all the tender feelings of humanity forbid. Shall weak man counteract laws, human and divine? At the time the British fleet anchored off Judith point, the wind blew into the harbor, so that it was impossible to get out. The next morning the wind shifted to the north-east.

The Count instantly determined to sail out and give his lordship a French salute. Previous to his leaving Newport, he informed Gen. Sullivan, that on his return he would land his troops as that officer should advise.

The French fleet sailed out of the harbor with a wind that

blew directly on the British. They had of course, the weather gage, which being deemed by Howe too great an advantage to be added to their superior weight of metal, was an objection, for which he determined to contend with all the skill and judgment he was master of. He therefore weighed anchor and stood to sea; he was followed by D'Estaing, and both fleets were soon out of sight. The militia had now arrived, and Sullivan's army amounted to about ten thousand. It was determined to commence operations against the enemy immediately.

On the 12th, before this determination could be put in execution, a furious storm came on from the north-east, which blew down and almost ruined all the tents, rendered the arms unfit for service, and damaged the ammunition, of which fifty rounds to a man had just been received. The soldiers having no shelter, several perished in the storm. On the return of fair weather, and as soon as circumstances would permit, the army moved towards the lines, and encamped not three miles from Newport. As yet, no intelligence had arrived from D'Estaing. The situation of the American army had become critical; reinforcements from New-York, might easily be thrown into Newport, and not only defeat the enterprise, but render a retreat difficult. On the 19th, the French fleet came in sight, and joy animated the Americans—though their rejoicings proved to be short lived. The two Admirals had spent nearly two days in manœvering without engaging. When on the point of commencing the contest, Heaven interfered, and the storm that raged so on shore, scattered, dispersed, and damaged both fleets, so that little was done; some single ships engaged, but nothing decisive occurred. In a shattered condition, one returned to New-York, and the other to Newport.

A letter was immediately sent by D'Estaing, informing Gen. Sullivan that in pursuance to orders from his King, and the advice of all his officers, he had determined to sail for Boston to repair his fleet. This determination prostrated Sullivan's highest hope. Success, without the aid of the fleet, could hardly be

expected. Gen. Greene and the Marquis La Fayette were instantly dispatched to wait on the Admiral, with a letter from Gen. Sullivan, remonstrating against his resolution, and the almost certainty of success, provided he would co-operate with him for two days. They portrayed the danger of the navigation over the shoals of Nantucket, with the fleet in its shattered condition, and the facility with which it might be repaired at Newport; and that, in case a superior British fleet should arrive, Boston offered no advantage over Newport. It might with equal ease be blockaded, and could not so easily be defended. To these considerations, Gens. Greene and La Fayette added that the expedition had been undertaken on the ground that the French fleet and army should co-operate with the Americans: that stores of all kinds had been brought to the island, and to abandon it would be a heavy expense to the nation, and a disgrace to their arms. To be deserted at this critical juncture would cast an odium on the new alliance, and give their internal, as well as common enemies room to animadvert on the prospect of assistance. They concluded with wishing that the utmost harmony might subsist between the two nations, and that the common cause might not be interrupted by private prejudice. But all arguments proved unavailing—the Count's determination could not be shaken. Gen. Greene, in making a representation of this conversation, throws the blame principally on the land officers belonging on board the fleet. D'Estaing was both a land and sea officer, and not very well beloved.

On the return of Gens. Greene and La Fayette, Sullivan was chagrined beyond measure. The failure of the enterprise was now certain. The anticipation of a speedy triumph over an enemy, almost within his reach, was blasted in a moment, and his proud spirit could hardly brook the reverse. He addressed a second letter to the Admiral, remonstrating against his withdrawing from the enterprise, and pressed him, in any event, to leave his land forces. Lieut. Col. Laurens, the bearer of this letter, was also charged with a protest, signed by all the general

officers of the American army in Rhode-Island, except La Fayette, remonstrating against the measures in terms of great earnestness. The fleet having sailed, a swift sailing privateer was engaged to take Col. Laurens on board and pursue it. He soon overtook the Count, and delivered his dispatches. That officer was much displeased with the protest, and continued his voyage to Boston.

Gen. Sullivan's Retreat from Rhode-Island.

Thus abandoned, Sullivan called a council of war, to consult on future measures—to attempt the siege, or evacuate the island. The latter, after some deliberation, was agreed upon. Accordingly, on the night of the 28th of August, Sullivan broke up his camp before Newport, in great silence, and retired to the fortified works on the north end of the island. The rear was covered by Cols. Livingston and Laurens, who commanded parties on both the east and west roads. Early next morning, the retreat being discovered, the enemy pursued in two columns, and soon overtook, on their respective roads, Cols. Livingston and Laurens; when smart skirmishing ensued, and the retreat was slowly directed to the fortified camp, where the main army lay. These orders were executed with judgment, and the action continued till the English were led too near where the main body of the American army lay, which was drawn up in order for battle near their encampment to receive them.

The British formed on Quaker hill, a position strong by nature, and more than a mile in front of the American line. Sullivan's rear was protected by strong works, and in his front a redoubt. In this position a cannonade from both armies commenced, and continued some time. Several skirmishes took place in front of both lines. About the middle of the afternoon, the enemy advanced in force, attempting to turn the right flank, and made demonstrations to dislodge Gen. Greene, who commanded the right wing. Four regular regiments were moved forward to meet them; but these not being strong enough to

check them, Gen. Greene advanced with two regiments of continental troops, and Lovell's brigade of militia, when the action became warm for a short time.

Col. Livingston's regiment was ordered to reinforce the right, and after a sharp engagement of about half an hour, the British gave way, and retreated to Quaker hill, where they had first formed. The cannonade was renewed and kept up till night.

The American troops displayed great firmness on this occasion. Gens. Sullivan and Greene both speak in terms of the highest commendation of the gallant conduct of Cols. Livingston and Laurens, especially the latter.

According to the official account, returned by Gen. Sullivan, our loss in this battle, in killed, wounded, and missing, was 211. The loss of the enemy, as stated by Gen. Pigot, was 260. The next day a cannonade was kept up by both parties. The British waited for a reinforcement. Sullivan received intelligence from the commander-in-chief that Sir Henry's plans indicated a design to reinforce the British army, and cut off his retreat. This reinforcement, consisting of four thousand men, commanded by Sir Henry in person, was delayed by adverse winds, till a letter from Gen. Washington, giving notice of its sailing, was received. Arrangements were immediately made for leaving the island. All things being prepared, on the 31st, at 6 o'clock, Gen. Sullivan gave orders to be ready for a retreat. And his whole army crossed over, under the shade of night, and landed on the continent by 2 o'clock in the morning, with all their artillery, baggage, and stores.

Never was retreat more fortunate. The next day Sir Henry Clinton arrived; and the return of the American to the continent, had it not been effected at the time it was, would have then been impracticable. The conduct of Sullivan was highly applauded by the commander-in-chief, and Congress returned him thanks for this timely and prudent retreat; they also declared their thanks to the officers and men under his command. The excitement occasioned by the failure of this enterprise was very considerable. Count D'Estaing not co-operating, as was

expected; his sailing to Boston to refit his fleet after the storm, and some altercation and misunderstanding between the allies was doubtless the principal cause. The prudence used by Washington and other American officers, allayed the ferment, and restored harmony.

The storm under which the French fleet suffered so severely, considerably damaged the British under Lord Howe. They soon refitted, and were ready to put to sea. Having received information that Count D'Estaing had sailed from Boston, Lord Howe sailed for the same port, in hope of reaching it before him. In this he was disappointed. On entering the Bay he found the French fleet already in Nantasket road, in so judicious a posture of defence, that after reconnoitering their position, he relinquished the idea of an attack, and returned to New-York. On his arrival, he found that several war ships had just arrived from Europe, and that Admiral Byron was expected every day from Halifax. He resigned the command to Admiral Gambier, till Byron arrived. Sir Henry, finding that Sullivan had left Rhode-Island, returned to New-York, leaving Maj. Gen. Gray with the troops, with orders to conduct an enterprise to the eastward as far as Buzzard's Bay.

Gray entered Acushnot river, destroyed a number of privateers and merchantmen. On the 5th of September this worthless incendiary ordered Bedford and Fairhaven to be destroyed by fire, which was nearly accomplished, together with a large quantity of stores and merchandize. The next day, before the militia could collect to oppose him, he embarked the troops under his command and sailed to Martha's Vineyard, where they destroyed several vessels and some small works, robbing the inhabitants of three hundred oxen and ten thousand sheep. While this gang of royal incendiaries and public thieves were sporting with sufferings, and plundering the coast of New-England, preparations were making in New-York for some great expedition. Soon after Gen. Gray's return with his army to New York, the British army moved upon each side of Hudson River in great force. The column on the west side, commanded by Lord

Cornwallis, consisted of about five thousand men, while that on the east side, commanded by Gen. Knyphausen, consisted of about three thousand, extending about the same distance from the Hudson, and so situated as to unite at a short notice should the American army advance in force against them. Washington conceived their principal design to be forage, yet, jealous of their plan to seize the passes in the Highlands, he ordered a detachment on the lines to be ready should an emergency of that nature take place.

Col. Baylor, whose regiment of cavalry had been stationed about Paramus, crossed the Hackensack early on the morning of the 27th September, and had taken quarters at Taupan. Notice of this was immediately given by the tory party to Cornwallis, who formed a plan to surprise this corps. Gen. Gray was detached with orders to attack the cavalry, and Lieut. Col. Campbell, to go against the militia. Campbell's enterprise was defeated; but Gen. Gray, led by some malecontents who perfectly understood the ground, eluded the patrols, got into the rear of a sergeant's guard which had been stationed at a bridge over the Hackensack, and surrounded and cut off the party, without alarming Baylor, after which he surprised the whole regiment. The British troops rushed upon them in a barn where they slept, and refused to give quarter, bayoneting all that fell in their power; of one hundred and four, sixty-seven were killed, wounded or taken prisoners. The number of prisoners amounted to about forty. One of Gen. Gray's Captains, more humane than his blood-thirsty leader, saved a few of the devoted band. Cols. Baylor and Clough were both wounded, the latter mortally. Three days after, Col. Richard Butler, assisted by Lee's cavalry, fell in with Capt. Donop and one hundred and fifteen of the enemy, on whom they made a furious charge, killed ten on the spot and took about twenty prisoners, without losing a man. This seemed a small retaliation for Baylor's massacre. Having completed the forage, the British returned to New-York. A British expedition against Little Egg Harbor completely succeeded; destroying all the shipping in the harbor, with the stores.

merchandize, etc. Count Pulaski was ordered to march from Trenton towards Little Egg Harbor, and then was encamped in the country, eight or ten miles from that place, with three complete companies of foot, and three of horse, when one Juliet, a British deserter who had enlisted in Pulaski's corps, deserted and carried intelligence of the strength, situation, and design of the American army. A plan was immediately formed for its destruction, which was nearly effected so far as the infantry was concerned, who were mostly butchered by that infamous rascal, Ferguson, and his myrmidons of cruelty; Count Pulaski, charging them with his cavalry, saved a few.

Admiral Byron reached New-York and took command of the fleet about the middle of September. After repairing his shattered squadron, he sailed in October for the port of Boston, for the purpose of blocking up Count D'Estaing. He had been but a short time in the bay when fortune again disconcerted all his plans. A furious storm drove him out to sea, and damaged his fleet so materially that he was forced to put into the port of Rhode-Island to refit. D'Estaing seized the favorable moment, and on the 3rd of November sailed for the West Indies. About this time the Marquis de La Fayette, ambitious for fame on another theatre, was now desirous of returning to France. He supposed it probable that war might break out on the continent of Europe, and was desirous of tendering to his king and his own country his services. From motives of real friendship, and political reasons, Gen. Washington was desirous to have him remain in our service, and retain his office, and strengthen his attachment to the American cause. He wished that the Marquis would retain his commission, and have unlimited leave of absence to return when he pleased, and might carry with him every mark of the confidence of our government. To this policy Congress readily assented, and added their highest encomiums for his past services, by flattering resolutions. Their confidence in the Marquis was not misplaced; he cherished the highest regard for our cause and country; our welfare and pros-

perity engrossed the energies of his noble mind; fatigue and danger, by sea and land he was ever ready to encounter for our sakes; generosity found in him a son, humanity a friend, and need a ready supporter. The good Samaritan manifested his character fully in this young nobleman.

The campaign of 1778 nearly at a close, and no appearance of an active winter's war, a detachment of five thousand men under Col. Grant, sailed the same day Count D'Estaing sailed from Boston, conveyed by six ships of war commanded by Com. Hotham, for the West Indies. Another expedition sailed for the southern states, commanded by Col. Campbell, escorted by Com. Hyde Parker.

In December the Americans went into winter quarters. The main army was cantoned in the state of New-York, on both sides of the Hudson River, about West Point and Middlebrook. The troops were quartered in huts, as they were accustomed to spend their winters in that way; although far from being well clothed, their condition was tolerable.

Thus after five campaigns of trials of strength by arms, the arduous struggle of our heroic countrymen for independence still continued without any apparent criterion to calculate on its termination. The evil genius of despotism still fostered the idea of final success, while the American cause seemed to pre-
sage the pleasing prospect of a final result in the emancipation from slavish thralldom and royal bondage. Every inch of ground gained by our adversary was purchased dear with blood, and held in doubtful tenure by the sword. The strong holds they then possessed stood trembling, supported only by the iron rod of despotism and hired mercenaries. Heaven smiled propitious on our cause, while a glow of enthusiasm for valorous deeds in war, and a generous display of benevolence entered our breasts to those unfortunates who asked mercy of us as prisoners. Proud of the name of philanthropists, our country shone in infancy amongst the most celebrated nations of the earth. Washington illumed the world with a character worthy

the imitation of all future heroes, statesmen, and useful citizens. And while time lasts this sage of America shall be highly revered by every nation and individual on earth who has any knowledge of intrinsic worth, and feels a degree of patriotism worthy the character of a freeman.

Exalted merit crowns a birth
With royal pedigree's renown,
High titles sink before its worth,
And nature gives her child a crown
Worth more than all the diadems,
And noble pedigrees on fame,
Decked in their sparkling brilliant gems,
Whose greatness is a royal name.

CAMPAIGN OF 1778.

Seventeen hundred seventy-eight, commenced
With our alliance and friendship with France ;
Joy mounts on eagle wings, and crossed the sea,
And hailed the nation in a jubilee.
Te Deum burst from every vocal voice,
Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons rejoice ;
All, all is thanks unto the Deity,
The fountain head of light and liberty.
The sun of liberty refulgent rose,
Rolled back the cloud, o'er our exulting foes ;
The darkened horizon, illuminates,
While independence, she congratulates.
Success to freedom and her conquering band,
The world's great author, takes the great command ;
Jehovah's power rides forth with martial sway,
Crowns, sceptres, kings and empires must obey.
How feeble, frail, impotent, is poor man,
Vaunting with rage, nor stops himself to scan ;
Puffed up with pride that floats on earthly fame.
That can't to heaven transfer his sinking name.
The grand dramatic plans of seventy-eight,
The approaching scenes, the mind may contemplate
Heaven ope's the season with its usual charms,
Man counteracts and fills it with alarms ;
Opposes will, to heaven's sacred cause,
Breaks her strict orders, by oppressive laws.
Fields strewn with dead instead of verdant green,
Blood stained garments shortly must be seen ;
Thousands that now in health and bloom appear,
Must meet stern death, before the closing year.

The ascending ghosts from battle's field arise,
 Sworn enemies on earth—meet in the skies,
 In squadrons ; can they meet on friendly terms,
 So late sworn enemies, 'midst war's alarms?
 The murdered, meet the murdered in the air,
 And God regarded the murderers' warlike prayer.
 The new alliance soon pass o'er the straits,
 To George, and North, and Bute, the tale relates,
 Who now resolve their force to concentrate,
 And try their arms against the strength of fate.
 Determined for to govern those whom they can't subdue,
 And massacre the stubborn, to hell's infernal crew ;
 But ah ! too late, the yankees met George and Parliament,
 And all the host of tyrants, engaged in the event,
 With thunder from our cannon, and musket, sword and gun,
 And at the head of freemen, the gallant Washington.
 Arouse my countrymen, for the fight prepare,
 Maintain thy country's cause, and rush to war ;
 God will protect and take the great command,
 While Washington leads on our veteran band.
 Fear not the thunder of the lion's roar,
 Though it resound from east to western shore ;
 Fight for your wives, your sons and daughters dear,
 The first in peace, the last in war appear.

Battle of Monmouth.

Lord Howe, the royal force to concentrate,
 Leaves Philadelphia, and to try his fate,
 Crosses the Delaware, the eighteenth day of June,
 With his whole army, marching to the tune,
 God save the King, the royal music plays,
 And all the pride of martial pomp displays ;
 With colors flying, and drums a beating,
 While death 's advancing on the road to meet them
 Mars always ready, foremost in the war,

Sounds an alarm that thundered from afar.

About this date, Gen. Howe resigns his command to Sir Henry Clinton, and sails for England.

While Washington, whose watchful eye surveyed
The plans of Clinton, dispositions made,
His destination and his scheme intended,
And in a word, his plans are comprehended.
Prepared at Monmouth to receive his guest.
'Try titles with him, for the sore oppressed ;
The dire decision, leave to God on high,
And strength of power in a pitched battle try,
The vulture havoc, waiting for her prey,
The couchant lion, in his slumbers lay;
The balls arranged to waft the shafts of death.
Await command, to start the wheels of wrath,
While sighing nature in deep melancholy,
Sees Mars employed, his hostile troops to rally.
The vans advance—soon, soon the trumpet sounds.
The cannon's roar, peal after peal, resounds;
The gathering storms advance, calls all to arms,
While martial music spread her chilling charms,
Lowering defiance rode between the foes,
And maddening discord breaks divine repose.
June 28th, records the bloody fray,
At Monmouth fought on a hot summer's day;
Sol's blazing influence, and the rage of war,
The clouds of dust, and the tremendous jar,
Of cannon, musket, drum and trumpet's sound,
Shakes heaven's imperial blue, and solid ground.
All, all conspire to fill the mind with dread,
And o'er the field a shrilling horror spread.
Not one kind ray serves to illuminate,
The mind all anxious to impending fate ;
Hope rides upon the all tempestuous storm,
Conflicting fire, and shouts and war's alarm.
'The bending air rent by the death like cries,

'Of yells and groans, that mingle as they rise ;
 Heart-aching scenes, where nought but terror reigns.
 Death, swift as lightning, darting o'er the plains.
 A storm of lead outstrips the winged gale,
 And iron balls, thick as a shower of hail,
 While lightnings blaze, and sulphurous smoke ascend,
 And all that's awful with its terrors blend.
 My pen's unable to describe the scene,
 Where every action, arm, and power is seen
 Engaged in murder, and destruction's rage,
 And man to man his wrathful might engage.
 When men lose reason—ah ! tis sad to tell,
 They rank the foremost on the rolls of hell ;
 " Devils to devils damned firm concord hold,
 Men only disagree."

This day records the bloody tragedy,
 Renowned on fame and modern history.
 The morn awoke. Aurora's smile advanced,
 And o'er the fields her purple streamers glanced,
 Mars calls aloud, the marshaled hosts arouse,
 Defiance lowers, and all his plans allows ;
 While liberty sat sighing for her sons,
 Sees them a marching—hears the clanging drums,
 Sees the advancing armies in display,
 Facing destruction which in ambush lay,
 She calls on God to vindicate her right,
 Her wrongs redress, and with her tyrants fight,
 And supplicates his kind parental aid
 Against oppression, and her grand parade.
 The hostile armies meet in death's employ,
 Their only aim each other to destroy ;
 On every side no slackness there was found,
 And soon the dead and dying strewed the ground.
 Panting for breath, lay bleeding many a son,
 His parents' hope—his work on earth is done.
 Here a father, there a brother dear,

Fallen, ah ! fallen, on earth no more to hear
The heavy cannons' roar, that shakes the ground,
Nor the glad voice of nearest kinsmen round.
Their eyes are closed, death seals their earthly fate,
And battle's field records the fatal date.
The deadly charge, when men in fierce array
Meet, all enraged, with bayonets to play;
And sport with life, as a poor worthless toy,
Kill, butcher, murder, wantonly destroy.
Huge clouds of sulphurous smoke ascending roll,
And bear to heaven each slaughtered victim's soul
Olympus trembles—death in triumph rides,
And all that's awful this stern hero guides.
In doubtful contest, long our fathers fought,
In even balance, victory is dearly bought,
While heat, fatigue, and all the powers of man.
Striving to master life's poor feeble van ;
While doubt stood hovering o'er the bloody field.
And victory, waving her two handed shield,
America leads forth her veteran bands,
And all the fury of its rage withstands.

Success seemed favoring the exulting foe ;
Lee retreats—for reasons he must know.
Coward or traitor, sullied his war like name,
And struck from greatness all his future fame.
But Washington, whose watchful eye surveyed
The abuse of confidence, in Lee betrayed,
Arrests the flying army and commands,
To face about and front the hostile bands.
Prompt to the word, they halt and face the foe,
And from retreat salute him with a blow ;
Stop'd his career, and sent a shower lead
With such profusion, that to victory led.
This salutation from a flying foe,
When least expected, proved their overthrow ;
And victory crowned thy sons, America,

With a fair wreath adorned with liberty.
 'The trophies gained, the laurels of the brave—
 'The price was blood, and many a father's grave.
 'Too dear, too dear the wreath of victory,
 'The purchase, life, that debt was paid to thee.
 'The sultry heat of this eventful day,
 'The use of water, thirst's rage to allay,
 Destructive proved, and fatal as the ball
 'To hundreds whose imprudence proved their fall.
 Washington victorious, keeps the field,
 His weary army to recruit and shield;
 Night's balmy influence rests their weary limbs,
 While to their God they chant the warrior's hymns.
 When in the arms of sleep the army lay,
 'The guards around wait the approach of day,
 Washington awake, his country's cause
 He sees emerging from the lion's jaws.
 At day's approach determined to renew
 'The bloody onset with the British crew,
 And teach Sir Henry yankee doodle play,
 On battle field in North-America.
 But, this English Knight beheld the danger near,
 That threatened hard, and hung upon his rear;
 Brave Washington, victorious to engage,
 And horrid slaughter, in its dreadful rage;
 'The vision nightly passed before his eyes,
 His slumbers served to heighten the surprise;
 Battle's dire rage, in fancy shook the ground;
 Bade him beware a second fatal wound;
 Aroused from slumber, under shade of night,
 Calls all to arms before the morning light,
 Retreats in haste, to avoid the impending blow
 Aimed at his own and army's overthrow.
 E'er morning's purple had adorned the sky,
 Or Sol's advance inflamed the realms on high,
 Or mountain's top, tipped with his golden ray.

Had to the earth announced the approach of day ;
When nature slumbered in the arms of sleep,
Sir Henry stole his march to gain the fleet ;
While dread hung heavy on their sable rear,
Hob-goblins damned lit all their lamps of fear.
At Sandy Hook this chieftain soon arrives,
Glad to escape, if under night's disguise.
Embarked on board the fleet with all his host,
To seek repose, and give up all for lost,
Old ocean groaned beneath the useless load
Encumbered with oppression's worthless brood ;
Stern justice frowned upon the tyrant's claim,
And drove his minions out to sea again.
Old Neptune's empire, soon the foe invades,
Sailed for New-York—along the strand parades ;
Thus ends the mighty expedition planned,
Which terminated by divine command.
Disastrous to oppression's iron laws,
Whose effect reacts and centers on its cause.
This expedition cost the English dear,
Three battles fought, and skirmishes severe ;
The vast expense, and heavy loss of lives,
The British nation fully realized.
The vast parade that sailed with Gen. Howe
From York last year, and thro' the billows plowed
Up Chesapeake, to the famed Brandywine,
To meet the Yankees in a general line,
Victorious, on to Philadelphia march,
The Yankee's towns and villages to search.
At Germantown, brave Washington salutes
The British knight, and claims with him dispute.
Victorious still, the British chivalry,
Snug, winters safe in Philadelphia.
In June decamps to Monmouth ; he's pursued
By Washington, who all his movements viewed.
Sir Henry halts, prepares to meet his foe,

Who soon advances to his overthrow.
 The Yankees too severe, this royal British knight
 Saw dangers thicken round, fled thro' the shades of night,
 On board his fleet he rallied, and for New-York did steer.
 This enterprise cost Britain one calenderic year,
 Besides a vast expense of lives and treasures lost,
 Nor gained a cent's advantage to pay its master's cost ;
 From New-York where Howe started, Sir Henry now
 returns,
 To count up past expenses of Britains under arms.

Gen. Lee, whose conduct on the field,
 Betrayed that confidence of merit, skilled
 In honest valor and renown on fame,
 And leaves on history's page, a sinking name.
 When independence raised her towering head,
 And called her sons—her declarations read,
 All that is sacred on the list of fame,
 All that is noble to transfer her name,
 Signed the vast contract, liberty or death,
 Our fortunes, honor, and our all on earth.
 Solemn the pledge, no less than life demands,
 Strict duty from each son her voice commands.
 Lee, lost to honor's calls, forfeits his claim,
 And struck from greatness all his future fame.

Alliance with France.

The scenes of war after the arrival of the French fleet under Count D'Estaing, July 8th, 1778.

France to assist the suppliant, and to aid
 America, her honor soon displayed,
 And sent her hardy sons to plow the main,
 The British lion and her whelps to tame.
 Count D'Estaing, with the Toulon fleet,
 And a vast armament of war complete,
 Arrives. Joy filled the breast—heroic fame

Spread through America its martial flame.
Hail, Independence! was the sound abroad,
Hail, Liberty! and nature's rights from God.
A generous ally, to support our cause,
And bind oppression fast in iron laws.
The storm seemed gathering with redoubled rage,
A bloody season did the clouds presage;
Two powerful nations armed in death's employ,
Their only plans each other to destroy.
The sea looks gray with magazines of death,
Fraught with destruction and the feuds of earth,
A nation's slaughter house—ah! cursed name,
May the future banish its infernal fame,
And sink war's engines to the lowest hell,
And seal their doom in its remotest cell.
July the eighth this powerful fleet arrives,
And brings us hope, and with that hope supplies.
Our imbittered days, our troubles, toils, and pains,
Are fast emerging from the lions chains.
Jehovah's banner, as a sacred shield,
Spread its broad influence o'er creation's field;
His all-provident care, protects and feeds
All those who call and his protection need.
War bore an aspect fraught with angry frowns,
Mars sends his terrors while the trumpet sounds.
The hovering fleets of England and of France,
Like two proud champions, slowly do advance
The first grand scheme D'Estaing undertook,
Was to attack the foe at Sandy Hook,
Whose fleet at anchor, in the harbor lay,
Prepared, and ready for the infernal play.
But unforeseen obstructions lay concealed
Beneath the waves, a bar that proved a shield
Against attack; the enemy secure,
Ride on the waves, exulting in their power.
All hopes of conquest lost, the warrior's pride,

'To mischief prone, rode o'er the swelling tide ;
 New schemes for havoc all his thoughts employ,
 His reason checks, but passion bids destroy.
 'The new ally and Washington agree,
 On a new plan and further destiny,
 'To attack the British, on Rhode-Island shore,
 And leave decision to the event of power.

The meditated attack on the British fleet, lying in Newport harbor, by D'Estaing, and the land forces under Gen. Pigot, by Gen. Sullivan.

'Two powerful armies with their fleets combined,
 'The tragic scenes of dire destruction mind ;
 'Their only thought is now on martial fame,
 Blood and slaughter, their intent and aim.
 Earth trembled under war's revengeful rod,
 And nature calling on the throne of God,
 Laments to see her children's wild career,
 And views in prospect what must soon appear.
 July the twenty-eighth, D'Estaing sails,
 And bears to sea before the gentle gales,
 His fleet, like nature's vulture, spreads its wings,
 While Syren songs enchancing fancy sings.
 'The grand attack, the meditated aim,
 'The concentrated forces plow the main ;
 'By land and sea, ambition swells her sails,
 And great with conquest, rides before the gales.
 D'Estaing, off point Judith soon arrives,
 Joy filled each breast—Columbia's sons arise,
 While volunteers by thousands line the strand,
 Join Gen. Sullivan and war like band.
 Impatient, wait the orders of the day,
 'To try their courage in a martial way,
 Against oppression and its lawless power,
 And show the world that adamant tower

Built on the ruins of despotic fame,
Freedom its charter, liberty its name—
Join our illustrious ally, fight the foe,
And teach all tyrants their just bounds to know.
While Washington, under that gallant youth,
'The Marquis La Fayette—his country's boast—
Detached two thousand veteran sons of Mars,
'To join the standard emblazoned with stars.
'The spangled banner floats, the eagle soars,
O'er the grand army on Columbia's shores—
'Ten thousand strong, determined to oppose
Oppressive edicts and invading foes.
Sir Robert Pigot, snug in Newport lay,
Six thousand strong, waiting the approaching day;
Destroy their fleet, and all retire on shore,
Await the event of fate's deciding hour.

D'Estaing's fleet, under a gentle breeze,
With crowded sail, line the adjacent seas;
Enter the harbor and triumphant ride
O'er the green waves, on ocean's briny tide.
Success seemed certain; expectation's high;
The advancing armies wait, the event to try;
Anticipation viewed the victory gained,
And saw in vision her demands obtained.
July the ninth, all things prepared, the morn
Awoke with trumpet's sound and bugle horn;
Soon after Sol's illumined chariot rose,
'The scenes of nature and of art disclosed,
Our army crossed, and on Rhode-Island land,
Await for orders, then form along the strand.
'The enemy retreat and leave the field;
A bloodless victory to our army yield.
D'Estaing's fleet in open prospect lay,
Riding triumphant, anchored in the bay.
Each breast beat high, while distant cannon roar,
Re-echoing thunder roll along the shore.

Lord Howe's arrival, with a powerful fleet,
Off Judith's point, their plans at once defeat.
All anxious now, each one awaits the event,
Of new commands, till general orders sent.

The scene now opens to a grand display—
Two powerful fleets in opposition lay,
Sworn enemies, with earthly power supplied,
To render awful, terrible besides.
Ambition, fatal in its cursed career,
First lit the lamp that always sets in fear ;
Earthly its views, while grandeur is its aim,
A cruel engine of tyrannic fame—
Cursed in itself, and cursed its whole employ,
Domesticated Devil, to destroy.
Worth it soon levels to a worthless name,
And on oblivion's pages writes its fame.
D'Estaing, now all eager for renown,
The thought of victory wore a civic crown,
While fancy paints her glowing colors high,
Through scenes of blood and groans of agony.
The tenth, D'Estang with ambition charmed,
In freedom's cause, heroic ardor warmed ;
With canvas spread his fleet proceed to sea,
To try the strength of power for victory.
The grand dramatic stage is ocean's wave ;
The two advancing fleets a challenge gave—
Like two huge clouds, with Heaven's artillery fraught,
Stand front to front, waiting the deciding lot.
France saw her sons exulting on the main,
Proudly advancing on the British line
With colors flying, haughty defiance lowers,
While death stands ready to decide their powers.
The British champion chews his iron curb,
Awaits the event that must the main disturb ;
Fatal to thousands—ah, the dreadful thought,
Destruction must decide the casting lot.

But pitying nature kindly interferes,
And, like a mother bathed in nature's tears,
Stepped in between the wrathful sons of war,
And intermingles dread within the air.
'The rolling clouds, with Heaven's artillery stored,
The storm's approach is seen by all on board ;
While distant thunder and the darkening sky
Presage an elemental battle nigh.
A heavy gale for three successive days,
Drove slumbering ocean into furious waves,
And waters meet in a tremendous strife ;
The warriors thoughts are changed from death to life ;
The storm's approach, closed the eventual scene,
And shattered vessels seek their ports again ;
Some single ships in death's employ engage,
With all the fury of the warrior's rage—
Nothing decisive, or of victory,
Decides the event of this famed destiny.

D'Estaing urged by La Fayette and Greene
'To enter Newport, and renew the scene
Of the famed enterprise now big on fame,
That floats in air and wants another name ;
But the late storm had sunk ambition low,
His fancied victory proved an overthrow,
His shattered fleet bewildered all his plans,
And to necessity yields his commands.
So fickle is the state of wild ambition,
'That those who fancy soon will yield submission
And bow to reason, when it is too late,
And taste of folly from the frowns of fate.
When all was anxious on the adjacent shore,
When all were waiting for the cannon's-roar,
When expectation waited on the gale,
D'Estaing weighed his anchor and set sail
For Boston. Ah ! what heart solicitude
Pervades each breast as he sails o'er the flood.

Human pursuits, anticipated hope,
Oft vanish as a visionary smoke,
While all that 's left is but an earthly shade,
Stretched out to nothing, and the phantom 's dead.
Lost in a moment, all that martial fire
That burned in thousands to a deadly ire ;
The contemplated enterprise o'erthrown,
While war's stern tyrant wears a deadly frown.
The storm seemed gathering its terrific form,
To advance is rashness, and its hope forlorn ;
Brave Sullivan, whose martial pride surveys
The advantage lost, and danger of delays,
Abandoned by his volunteers, retreats,
The only safety the forsaken meets.
He calls to arms ; a council soon agrees
To leave the Isle and the surrounding seas,
Sends off his heavy cannon to the main,
Retreats in haste the northern straits to gain,
While Gen. Pigot hung upon his rear
With his whole force, in slaughter's mad career ;
The thundering cannon strewed the path with slain,
While drums and trumpets roused the rage to flame,
Severe the contest—night soon closed the scene,
And mad'ning rage subsides, a warrior's dream.
All hopes of reinforcement being lost,
Lord Howe at sea, and Clinton on the coast ;
Four thousand troops this royal navy bears,
Whose tender mercies bathe the heart in tears,
Ready to land, and join oppression's throng,
And, like all fools, march to a syren song ;
Allured by blood, no one can tell the cause,
Oppressed to fight for cursed oppression's laws.
The last alternative left was a retreat,
Which Sullivan with skill prepared to meet ;
September first, arrangements being made,
At early dawn called all to the parade ;

The Marquis La Fayette, and Gen. Greene,
 Displayed their talents in the passing scene ;
 Retreat in safety to the continent,
 And leave the foe to ponder the event.
 Safe landed without loss, God interfered,
 Protects our army, dejected spirits cheered,
 Although in presence of superior foe,
 Armed for pursuit and anxious for the blow ;
 While fortune favored Sullivan's retreat,
 Sir Henry Clinton with the British fleet
 That day arrives—but, ah ! too late ; they find
 D'Estaing 's gone, and Sullivan purloined.

*Lord Howe sails in pursuit of Count D'Estaing ; finds his
 fleet safe in Boston harbor, and returns to New-York.*

Lord Howe's ambition sailed in quest of prey,
 Allured by fancy's record of the day :
 Plowed through the main—blood demons on it rise,
 And victory starts for game before his eyes.
 September third, his lordship's anxious gaze
 O'er Neptune's empire and its wide amaze
 Extended view—now limits his career,
 In Boston harbor snug the French appear.

Here ends anticipated victory,
 Like all vast projects and their destiny ;
 God's holy providence directs the plan,
 And man to execute is but a man,
 Back to New-York his lordship soon returns,
 New mischief to invent ; the ocean mourns,
 Lamenting tale, time spent in idle plans,
 Disorganizing nature's strict commands.
 A nation's robbers, next to piracy,
 Deserve the gallows and black infamy ;
 Destruction only serves to heighten rage
 Of maddening passions, in a barbarous age ;
 And only tyrants wantonly employ

Men lost to reason, and the sense of joy.
 Tumultuous passions only lead astray,
 And foul desires within the mind display ;
 The virtuous man disdains oppressive laws,
 And, like Lord Effingham, explains the cause.

New-Bedford Burned.

Lord Howe, to shew his heavy-handed power,
 Of cursed oppression, marshaled to devour ;
 The fifth, at Bedford see this British vulture,
 O'er the town and harbor, lowering flutter ;
 Wanton destruction was his lordship's pleasure,
 And devastation was his only measure.
 Ships, brigs, and schooners—seventy sail and over,
 Burnt and destroyed by Britain's royal rover ;
 Abodes of innocence, sacred to fame,
 Shared the same fate—ascend to heaven in flame,
 While vengeance slumbering in the smoky skies,
 And wait the day its wrath to realize.
 Awakened thunder, shakes the ethereal vault,
 And publishes to earth, the tyrant's fault.
 Nature must call her son a worthless knave,
 The first of madman, and the basest slave
 That thinks destruction will transfer his name,
 And future greatness realize his fame.
 The immense amount of property destroyed,
 Records the baseness of the knave employed ;
 Added to Satan's roll, to Hell's account,
 A sinking fund to pay the last amount.

Martha's Vineyard plundered by Howe.

Another trophy still, of plunder robbed,
 Howe and his crew must answer to their God
 On Martha's vineyard these marauders land,
 To steal and pilfer under war's command.

'This famous rover took on board his fleet ;
'Three hundred oxen and ten thousand sheep,
'The amount of which, he at the judgment day,
'With compound interest, must to justice pay..
'Brave Washington, his country's cause reviews,
'With pleasantness, the scenes of action views ;
'Expressive wonder this bold sage exclaims,
'Is contemplation on the warlike scenes.
'After two years of varied vicissitude
'Of battles, marches, and the plans pursued ;
'Both armies are brought back to the same state,
'That first commenced the revolution's date.
'While the proud foe, who the aggressor stood,
'Whose frown rolled o'er old ocean's briny flood,
'Reduced to spade and pick-axe for defence.
'To build them ramparts and a warrior's fence ;
'The hand of providence, the sage replies,
'Is in the whole transaction realized ;
'Conspicuous is the friendly hand unseen,
'All must acknowledge God the all supreme.
'Whose fostering care is visible to all,
'Who for protection on his mercies call.

CAMPAIGN OF 1779.

The campaign of this year was distinguished by a change of the theatre of war, from the northern to the southern section of the union. The arrival of British commissioners, to treat for the adjustment of existing difficulties, with terms of reconciliation offered by Great Britain. These instructions not offering absolute independence, were rejected by Congress. The British commissioners failing in their proffers for peace, before their departure, issued a manifesto addressed not only to the members of Congress, but to all the provincial assemblies, and all the inhabitants of the colonies, of whatever denomination ; in which they briefly recapitulated the terms offered, and the refusal of Congress to open a negotiation with them. They declared their readiness to still treat with deputies from all, or each of the colonies, or with conventions of individuals, at any time within forty days from the date of their manifesto. Then addressing themselves to persons of every description, whether in civil, military, or ecclesiastical capacities, or in private stations, and suggesting to each of these classes, such motives as might have the greatest influence, adjuring them all to not let pass so favorable an opportunity to secure their liberties, and their future prosperity and happiness upon a permanent foundation—as tho' the foundation of mortals' salvation, rested on the false proffers of a weak, mortal, tyrannical king. They also, in the name of their trembling and more than half conquered monarch, offered a general pardon to all traitors and rebels that should immediately return to non-resistance and perfect obedience ; to foster mothers of ignorance and vice, and in future conduct themselves as faithful royal subjects ; denouncing the utmost vengeance against all and every person, sex, age or condition, who refused obedience to the tottering throne of British hereditary

simpletons, who had neither power to enforce nor strength to subdue those whom he and his myrmidons had decreed to utter destruction. That all persons might avail themselves of this gracious offer, they caused thirteen copies to be executed of this manifesto, to which each commissioner fixed his hand and seal: of which sir Henry Clinton was one, who had fought several battles, suffered defeat, and fled from Monmouth in the night, and witnessed the obstinacy of American courage and bravery, and yet was so simple as to suppose that such troops as he met at Monmouth, and citizens, that as militia, hemmed him in in his environs in New-York, should tamely submit to royal proclamations and bull-ragging manifestos. The thirteen copies of this blustering dogma, these ministers of mistaken authority, transmitted to each state, by a flag of truce. A vast number was printed and sent by means of flags and otherwise, to the people of the union. Congress on being informed of this, instantly declared such practices contrary to the laws of nations: and that agents employed to distribute such papers, were not entitled to the protection of a flag. They recommended to the different state authorities, "to secure in custody every person, who under the sanction of a flag, or otherwise, was found circulating those manifestos." Not long after the publication of this British transcript of royalty, Congress issued a counter manifesto, "solemnly declaring that if their enemies presumed to execute their threats, or persist in their present course of barbarity, they will take such exemplary vengeance, as will deter others from like conduct. They appeal to God who searches the hearts of men, for the rectitude of their intentions, and in his holy presence declare, that as they are not moved by any light or hasty suggestions of anger or revenge, so through every change of fortune, they will adhere to their determination."

Thus ended the fruitless attempt to restore connection which had been wantonly broken. In their present situation the colonies could not, under the solemn engagements entered into with France, accept of other terms, than absolute independence. Even the British nation themselves wished it. The time had

now come, when the interest of that nation required a relinquishment of an expensive war, where the object was unattainable; and which, if attained, must be supported by the sword; as the Syrians told Alexander, "one thing is to conquer, and another to retain the conquest." Amicable relations, reciprocal interests, equal intercourse of good offices, of being serviceable to each other, England at this period saw, would be more to the prosperity of the nation than slavish bondage and cramped authority. The cabinet of London opposed with avowed determination, not to submit to the will of the people, nor relax their pretended right to hold us as vassals dependent on the disposition of hereditary kings, lords and dukes. At this eventful period, the earl of Chatham, who had warmly opposed the contest, and afterwards had endeavored to bring about a reconciliation, closed his useful life, and the monsieur Girard, who had negotiated, on the part of his sovereign, the treaties between the United States and France, arrived in Philadelphia, as minister plenipotentiary from the government of France.

The joy that pervaded all classes of people was unbounded. He was received by the Americans with all the marks of honor they could render to their first visitant on such an occasion, from one of the first nations in Europe. This insignia of independence was highly flattering to the nation, and stimulated the brave to action, the wavering to union, and the cowardly and treacherous to dread the approaching event. England saw her destiny sealed, while her monarch trembled with fear, unwilling to give up the contest, though almost certain of defeat; and while this diplomatic concern employed the American cabinet, war seemed to languish on the Atlantic, but it raged in the west, in the most savage form. The United States wishing to have the Indians remain and take no part in the war, was soon interrupted by rich presents from Montreal, and the intrigues of British flattery, to take the tomahawk and scalping knife; the frontiers, from the Ohio to the Mohawk, all lay exposed. Congress knowing that defensive war with Indians was useless, resolved to attack them in their own country. And being aware that Col.

Hamilton, Governor of Detroit, was the principal instigator—urging the Indians on to hostilities, it was determined in Congress to drive him and his copper-colored associates from this position. Accordingly, Gen. McIntosh was directed to prepare for the expedition with three thousand men. To facilitate this enterprise, and the sooner to reduce the hostile tribes to submission, it was also determined to enter the Seneca country by way of the Mohawk. But, unfortunately, before this could be effected, the plans of the Indians had been matured, and the storm that threatened, burst upon the frontiers with desolating fury.

Wyoming, the first slaughter-house of Indian and tory massacer, was situated on both sides of the Susquehannah river, and contained about one thousand families, and had furnished about one thousand soldiers for the army, besides garrisoning fortifications for their own security. At the head of about sixteen hundred men, composed of Indians and painted tories, Col. John Butler, an infamous and most inhuman monster of cruelty, broke into the settlement and committed horrid depredations. The two upper forts were given up through treachery; the others were taken. The two principal fortifications, were Kingston and Wilkesbarre, near each other, on opposite sides of the river. Col. Zebulon Butler, marched into Kingston with the greatest part of the armed force of the country. A number of old men, women and children flew hither for safety. After rejecting a summons to surrender, he proposed a parley, and agreed to meet the chiefs. He marched out with four hundred men, and was soon drawn into an ambush, when the enemy, who nearly surrounded him, rose from their concealment and fired on them. A skirmish ensued. His men stood firm, defending themselves bravely, till a soldier, either a coward or traitor, cried out, the Col. has ordered a retreat. Immediately, confusion was succeeded by total route. The troops fled to the river, which they endeavored to pass, in order to regain fort Wilkesbarre. The enemy pursued with the fury of devils. Of the four hundred who marched out to the unfortunate parley, only

about twenty escaped. Fort Kingston was immediately invested, and to increase the terror of the scene, these savage monsters sent into the garrison the green and bleeding scalps of their murdered countrymen, for their inspection. Col. Z. Butler, with his family retreated down the river. Col. Dennison went out with a flag to agree on terms of a surrender, and asked the commander what terms he would give. Uniting the vindictive ferocity of the tiger with his untutored savage mind, Butler answered in two words, "The hatchet." Not hardly believing it possible that such hardness to humanity could exist in a mortal being, and having lost the greater part of his garrison, he surrendered at discretion. He misunderstood this felon despot's character. The threats of Butler were executed with scrupulous punctuality. After selecting a few prisoners, the great body of the people in the fort, were enclosed in houses, and fire applied to them, and all shared one common destruction, to feast the brutality of savage eyes, savage hearts, and more than savage dispositions. The cries of mothers; the entreaties of fathers, and screeches of children, were unavailing. Humanity shudders at the recital, and nature, abashed, mourns. Butler then passed over to Wilkesbarre, which surrendered without resistance. The effort to modify the revengeful fury that governed him was unavailing. The continental soldiers were hewed and hacked to pieces, while the rest, men, women and children, shared the fate of their brethren in Kingston. All show of resistance having ceased, while the earth was strewn with mangled carcasses and roasted victims; yet the work of destruction was not complete. Nearly three thousand persons had escaped, flying to the wilderness like timorous deer, without money, food or clothing. To prevent their return, every vestige of remaining property was doomed to destruction. Fire and sword was alternately applied, and all the houses and improvements, which years of labor had made, with all the living animals that could be found, were destroyed. The property of the tories only, was preserved. "They appear," says Mr. Gordon, "as Islands amidst

surrounding ruins." Nature recoils at such horrid barbarity. In some instances parents were butchered by their children, and brothers and sisters fell by the hands of brothers.

"Man is to man the sorest, surest ill ;

"From man the danger is most concealed when near."

These savage invaders having completed the work of their master the devil, retired, before the continental troops arrived.

On the first intelligence of this horrid massacre Col. Hartley's regiment, and two companies of militia was ordered to repair hither. The Col. immediately marched into the Indian country, destroyed some of their towns ; but on hearing the enemy were collecting in great force, he commenced a retreat. His rear was attacked with spirit, but his men soon drove back the assailants with loss. Col. Wm. Butler with a regiment from Pennsylvania, and a part of Morgan's rifle corps, was also detached to the aid of the frontier settlements, who took a position at Schoharie village, about twenty-seven miles east of Albany. With his continental troops and about thirty rangers, Col. Butler entered the enemies' country in October, and after a lengthy and fatiguing march over high mountains and deep waters, he reached the Unadilla towns, the head-quarters of the celebrated Col. Brendt, an half-breed Indian chief, distinguished for his courage and cruelty to the whites, whose towns, with a considerable quantity of corn gathered for winter stores, he destroyed. Having effected his object, he returned to Schoharie without meeting any of the enemy. Pending these transactions, Congress received intelligence from Col. Hartley that the enemy were collecting and fortifying at Chemung, a large settlement twelve miles from the mouth of Cayuga, a river that empties into the Susquehannah; and that a large body of Tories were stationed there. Niagara and Chemung being their principal rendezvous west of the city of New-York, resolutions were immediately adopted by Congress to drive them from these posts ; but the season of the year being advanced, and the rains having com-

menced and rendered the streams impassable, the plan was abandoned for the present.

About the same time, a body of five hundred Tories and Indians under cover of the night, broke into Cherry Valley settlement, where Col. Alden was stationed with a continental regiment. A sergeant, with a small patrol was cut off; in consequence of which, the Colonel was completely surprised. In attempting to gain the fort, he, with ten of his soldiers, were killed, and the lieutenant Colonel and two subaltern officers, were made prisoners. The fort was next assailed, which made a brave resistance, and hearing that relief was soon expected, the enterprise was abandoned, and this gang of lawless assassins and robbers, retired, after repeating the same tragic scenes of horror as at the Wyoming settlements.

While the western frontier lay exposed and open to the inroads of a savage foe, Col. Hamilton, Governor of Detroit, was at St. Vincents with six hundred men, principally Indians, projecting an expedition down the Kaskaskia river, and then up the Ohio to Pittsburg, proposing to desolate the frontiers of Virginia. A regiment of infantry, and a troop of cavalry, commanded by Col. George R. Clark, was stationed at Kaskaskia, a bold and daring officer, whose uncommon hardihood had rendered him renowned in Indian warfare.

Clark determined to defeat Gov. Hamilton's design; and with a boldness hardly equalled on the annals of history, formed his plans and executed them with energy equal to his military and enterprising genius. Col. Clark, though too far removed from the inhabited country to hope for much support—and though too weak to maintain Kaskaskia and Illinois against a regular force, aided by the whole body of Indians from the Lakes to the mouth of the Ohio, which he might expect against him early in spring, made every preparation for defence in his power. While thus employed, he received unquestionable information that Hamilton, who supposed himself perfectly secure at St. Vincents, had sent his Indians to invest the Ohio, and to harrass the frontiers; reserving with himself at St. Vincents, only eighty regu-

lars, three pieces of cannon, and some swivels. Clark at once resolved to attack him, and thus secure himself from future danger from that quarter. He detached a small galley, which he fitted out, mounting two four pounders, and four swivels, and manned by a company of soldiers. It had, also, on board stores for his troops, and was ordered to force its way up the Wabash, and take her station a few miles below St. Vincents, allowing nothing whatever to pass up. Having made this arrangement, he set out, in the depth of winter, with one hundred and thirty men, and crossed the country from Kaskaskia to St. Vincents. Sixteen days he marched through woods, and over high waters. Five days were employed in crossing the drowned lands of the Wabash. They were under the necessity of wading in water in many places up to the breast. After surmounting every obstacle, this small party appeared before the town; which was completely surprised, and readily agreed to change masters. Hamilton defended the fort for a short time, and then surrendered himself and garrison prisoners of war. With a few of his immediate agents and counsellors, who had been active in Indian barbarities, he was, by order of the Governor of Virginia, put in irons and confined in jail.

The campaign of 1779 having closed, public anxiety was still alive in the breast and view of our beloved chief, Gen. Washington; who saw with regret the tardiness and delays of public affairs, occasioned by the want of suitable energy on the part of Congress, and the conflicting scenes of hope and despondency manifested by the people. A long war had entailed a series of miseries and calamities on all classes, almost insupportable. The desire of independence illumined the mind to future exertions, while the weight of grievances seemed almost insupportable. On the one hand stood the alluring mount of fame; on the other hand lay the gulf of despondency. Washington on the pinnacle of doubt and fear, stood inviting his countrymen to persevere in a firm perseverance of those principles manifested in the declaration of independence, in defence of the blessings of liberty, justice, moderation, temperance, frugality and virtue;

waving an emblem of future greatness, unrivalled on the archives of nations; and at the same time pointing to the gulf of despondency, sinking deeper and deeper in the mire; bidding his countrymen beware of fostering false hopes of a speedy termination of the struggle they had engaged in, and not to think of any thing less than a full acknowledgement of our independence on the part of our enemies. The people, and a number of our rulers, thought the struggle almost over; that our alliance with France had crippled the resources of our enemies; that, consequently, future operations on their part must be weak, and that they would soon give up a hopeless contest. Such conclusions were pleasing, and spread like contagion—lulling the mind and energies to quietness, while war was still staring them in the face, armed with all its malignant qualities. In a calm is the time to prepare for a storm. This Washington saw, and urged his countrymen to meet the struggle with fortitude, and not to concede one inch of ground, nor think of peace, until the last invader should be driven from their soil.

Four campaigns had terminated, and our cause had advanced at home and abroad. The lion, instead of reigning king of the forest, was confined to his strong holds to defend his whelps.

Short enlistments had heretofore hindered the efficient organization of the army; and the failure of Congress and the state legislatures in having their levies of men, &c. in readiness early in the season, proved a great hindrance to the prompt measures of an able commander. Washington used his best exertions to remedy these deficiencies, so that he might be able to meet the enemy early in the season.

The operations of the war were now principally confined to the southern states; in which section of the country the campaign commenced early.

The Siege of Savannah.

Lieut. Col. Campbell, who sailed from the Hook about the last of November, 1778, escorted by a small squadron under

the command of Com. Hyde Parker, reached the isle of Tybee, near the Savannah, the river which separates Georgia from South-Carolina, on the 23d of December, and in a few days, the fleet with the transports got over the bar, and anchored in the river within the light house of Tybee.

The command of the southern army, composed of the troops of South-Carolina and Georgia, had been committed to Major Gen. Robert Howe. In the course of the preceding summer, he had invaded East Florida. The diseases incident to the climate, made such ravages among his raw soldiers, unused to the precautions necessary for the preservation of health, that, though he had but little more than seen an enemy, he found himself compelled to hasten out of the country with very considerable loss. After this disastrous enterprise, his army, consisting of between six and seven hundred militia, had taken post in the neighborhood of the town of Savannah, then the capital of Georgia, situated on the southern bank of the river bearing that name. The country about the mouth of the river is one tract of deep marsh, intersected by creeks and cuts of water, impassable for troops at any time of the tide except over causeways extending through the sunken ground.

Without much opposition, Lieut. Col. Campbell effected a landing at Gerido's plantation, about three miles below the town of Savannah; upon which Howe drew up his army half a mile east of the town, across the main road, so as in some degree to flank it. His left was secured by the river, in addition to which, it was strengthened by the fort of Savannah Bluff behind this wing, in the style of a second flank. Along the whole extent of his front was a morass which stretched to his right, and was believed by him to be impassable for such a distance, as effectually to secure that wing. A bridge, over which the road through this morass led, had been taken up, and a trench had also been cut across the causeway for the purpose of further embarrassing the advance of the enemy. The town of Savannah, round which were the remains of an old line of intrenchment, covered his rear. One piece of artillery was

placed on his right, one on his left, and two occupied the traverse across the great road in the centre of his line.

In this position he expected the enemy; and such were the advantages of his situation, that, notwithstanding his inferiority of numbers, he might without being over sanguine, count on being able to maintain his ground:

After reconnoitering the country, Col. Campbell advanced on the great road leading to Savannah, and about three in the afternoon, appeared in sight of the American army. While making dispositions to dislodge it, he accidentally fell in with a negro who informed him of a private path leading through the swamp, round the right of the American lines into their rear. Of this route, which seems to have been entirely unknown to Gen. Howe, he immediately determined to avail himself. The situation of the ground was favorable to the execution of this determination. It enabled him to conceal in part the movements of the troops, and to detach to his left, a column under Sir James Baird, entirely unperceived by Howe.

As soon as Sir James emerged from the swamp, he attacked and dispersed a body of Georgia militia, which gave the first notice to the American general of the danger that threatened his rear. At the same instant, the British troops in his front were put in motion, and the artillery began to play upon him. A retreat, which had now become extremely difficult, was immediately ordered. The continental troops were under the necessity of running across a plain, in front of the corps which had been led into their rear by Sir James Baird, who attacked their flanks with great impetuosity, and considerable execution. Those who escaped retreated up the Savannah, and crossing that river at Zubly's ferry, took refuge in South-Carolina.

This victory was complete, and decisive in its consequences. About one hundred of the Americans were either killed in the field, or drowned in attempting to escape through a deep swamp in their way. Thirty-eight officers, and four hundred and fifteen privates were taken. Forty-eight pieces of cannon, twenty three mortars, the fort with all its military stores, a large quantity

of provisions collected for the use of the southern army, and the capital of Georgia, fell on the day of the action into the hands of the enemy. These advantages were obtained at no other expense than the loss of seven killed, and nineteen wounded.

The state of Georgia, now nearly all under royal authority, yielded to necessity. Proffers of peace and safety brought many, ignorant of self-command and self-respect, to the British standard. Savannah taken, Sunbury was the last fortress in the hands of the Americans within the limits of Georgia. South-Carolina now became the rallying point for both parties. Gen. Howe was superseded by Gen. Lincoln, who immediately repaired to Charleston. He instantly called on the states of Virginia and North and South-Carolina, for assistance; which was promptly sent forward in a reinforcement of two thousand militia, under Gens. Ash and Rutherford. They reached Charleston before Com. Parker appeared off the coast. The British fleet soon entered the Savannah river, that divides Georgia from South-Carolina. This river, for one hundred miles above, is deep; its margin marshy and difficult to pass with an army. An attempt was soon made by the enemy to invade South-Carolina by the sea-coast; but was met and defeated by Gen. Moultrie, with great loss.

From the commencement of the war a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the western part of the three southern states had been favorable to the royal cause. On the first success of the British in Georgia, emissaries were sent amongst them, inviting them to co-operate with the King's troops. About seven hundred of them actually embodied in the back part of South-Carolina, and began their march for Augusta. Dependent on plunder for their support, they resembled a lawless banditti, rather than a military force. The militia of the country soon rallied, and attacked them, near Kettle creek. The insurgents were defeated, and their leader, Col. Boyd, killed. Several who escaped were arrested, and tried as traitors; seventy were condemned; five of whom, the most notorious offenders, were executed; three hundred in a body reached the British camp. This defeat silenced the Tories for a time.

The American army gained strength from the Carolinas. Gen. Lincoln began to contemplate offensive operations. It was his design to cross the Savannah river above Augusta, near which Gen. Ash was stationed with fourteen hundred men. Before Lincoln was able to execute his plans, Gen. Provost, apprehensive of danger, withdrew his troops from Augusta, and fell back to Hudson's Ferry, which now became the head-quarters for the royal army.

Gen. Lincoln ordered Gen. Ash, with his troops, to cross the Savannah, and take a station on Briar creek, near its confluence with the Savannah—a site well situated for defence. From this post Gen. Provost determined to dislodge the Americans. Accordingly, making feints to deceive Gens. Lincoln and Ash, he took a circuitous route, and crossing Briar creek fifty miles above, came unperceived and unexpectedly upon his rear. His continental troops under Gen. Albert, met the enemy's advance, and engaged, but were soon overpowered. Most of his militia threw down their arms and fled. Not many were taken. The regulars, after fighting valiantly, surrendered. Our loss in killed and prisoners, amounted to between three and four hundred.

This victory restored to the British their communication with the Indians, and their back country. Now in entire possession of Georgia, Gen. Provost issued his proclamation, establishing a royal government, and declaring the laws that existed in 1775 in force.

These disasters in Georgia, instead of damping the energies of South-Carolina, served to arouse the state to a determined resistance to royalty. Mr. John Rutledge, a man of great talents, was elected Governor. Through his exertions, the militia in great numbers joined Gen. Lincoln, who was determined to rescue the upper part of Georgia from British authority. For this purpose he left Gen. Moultrie to protect the country, and marched immediately on this expedition. Gen. Provost, perceiving Lincoln's design, thought to arrest his plans by suddenly crossing the Savannah, and attacking Moultrie—threatening

Charleston, &c. Under these circumstances, he suddenly crossed the river with three thousand men, and attacked and dispersed Gen. Moultrie's little army—which, being mostly militia, fled in all quarters, on the approach of the enemy. Expresses were immediately sent to Lincoln of the invasion of South-Carolina by Provost, and to desire him to hasten back to its relief. This was what Provost wanted. But Lincoln pursued his march in Georgia, until another express announced the news that Gen. Provost was making rapid marches towards Charleston. It seems his first design was to draw Gen. Lincoln from Georgia by attacking Moultrie; but urged by his friends, after Moultrie's retreat, to make a descent on Charleston, he at last complied. Lincoln immediately recrossed the Savannah, and hastened to the relief of that state. Provost was several days ahead, and the most serious fears were entertained for the capital. The Governor, and the authority of Charleston, exerted every means in their power to fortify the city, and defeat Provost in his anticipated conquest. The British general, after having marched half the distance, as if ordered by Providence, halted two or three days, deliberating on the measures to be pursued; thus giving the citizens time to put Charleston in a state of defence, and affording Gen. Lincoln an opportunity to advance upon his rear.

When General Provost arrived in front of Charleston he found lines of fortifications on the land side, mounted with a numerous train of artillery; flanked by armed galleys, stationed in Ashley and Cooper rivers, ready to give him a warm salute. The neighboring militia were drawn into the town; a reinforcement sent by Lincoln, and the legion of Pulaski arrived—the Governor marching into the city at the head of the regulars. The next morning, Provost, with a part of his army, crossed Ashley river, and marched down the neck to within cannon shot distance of the works, and summoned the town to surrender. The day was spent in sending and receiving flags, while all diligence was used in urging forward works of defence. The terms proposed by the British being rejected, the town pre-

pared for an assault. But, thinking the task beyond his abilities, Provost recrossed Ashley river, retired from thence to St. James' Island, and from thence to St. John's, both of which lay to the south of Charleston harbor.

Gen. Lincoln, having returned to Charleston, followed Provost, who had erected a small fortified camp ashore, nearly opposite the island, thirty-six miles from Charleston. Here Lincoln attacked him; but reinforcements from the island being ready to advance, he withdrew, with the loss of one hundred and seventy men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The British, soon after this attack, retired to Georgia, and Lincoln to Charleston.

Sir Henry Clinton now turned his attention to Virginia; and detached Gen. Matthews with two thousand men, on board the fleet commanded by Sir George Collier. This fleet entered the Chesapeake, and on the morning of the tenth entered Elizabeth river, and effected a landing at a place called Glebe, three miles below the fort. The garrison, being weak, retreated. Gen. Matthews, now in possession of the whole sea-board on the south of James river, fixed his head-quarters at Portsmouth, and sent his messengers of mischief to plunder, burn, and destroy the country—which suffered immense loss from these freebooters. Towards the latter end of May, Gen. Matthews was ordered back to New-York, by Sir Henry Clinton.

Gen. Sullivan's Expedition against the Indians.

The savage barbarities committed on the western frontiers by the Indians, and more barbarous white men, called aloud for chastisement, and Gen. Washington, who from his youth up was well acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare, laid his plans to carry devastation into their country and villages, and meet them at the doors of their wigwams, and starve them to submission. For this purpose Gen. Sullivan was selected by Washington to command the army, which was to enter their country in three divisions, consisting of five thousand men.

One division of three thousand to march up the Susquehannah and enter the settlements of the Seneca nation. One thousand men were to proceed up the Mohawk; and the remaining one thousand, up the Alleghany river and attack the towns in that quarter. To prevent the savages from receiving aid from Canada, a feint was made, demonstrating a design to invade that country by the way of Lake Champlain.

Arrangements were nearly completed, and a day fixed to march, when the officers of the New-Jersey brigade, testified to Gen. Maxwell their determination to resign and return home, unless their stated grievances, the want of pay and supplies for themselves and families, were immediately furnished, and three days were allowed for an answer. This unexpected resolution, at this time, just as the army was undertaking an important expedition, made a serious impression on the commander-in-chief, although they offered to keep their stations of command till others could be appointed and arrive to take their places. He immediately addressed a letter to Gen. Maxwell, stating his warm sympathy for their sufferings, his knowledge of their past bravery and patriotic conduct; that he had, and would use his endeavors with his country to procure them relief. Hoping at the same time, that they, on reasonable reflection, would lay aside their rash determination, and view the consequences that must result to their country from such proceedings. This letter in part cooled their determination to abandon the army, and the Legislature of New-Jersey promised to attend to their wants; they consented to withdraw their resolution and march with the army. Gen. Washington says, in a letter to Congress, "the patience of men, animated by a sense of honor and duty, will support to a certain point, beyond which it will not go." A small expedition was undertaken, before the main army moved, against the Onondagas, one of the nearest tribes of the Six Nations, from Fort Schuyler. Six hundred men, under the command of Col. Van Schaick, commenced their march on the 19th day of April, and marched ninety miles in three days, destroyed the settlement, and returned to the Fort in three days; having been

gone six, surprised and took a number of prisoners, and killed twelve, without losing a man.

The largest division of the army was to halt at Wyoming, on the main branch of the Susquehannah, till ready to proceed. Gen. Sullivan arrived at this station about the 1st of June, but owing to the provisions provided here for the use of the army having spoiled, and the want of ammunition, etc., it was late in July before the army marched from Wyoming. The division that was to penetrate into the Indian country by the way of the Mohawk, marched early in the season under Gen. Clinton, to take Otsego, the head waters of the Susquehannah, and then proceeded down the western branch of that river, and on the 22d of August formed a junction with Gen. Sullivan. The whole army, amounting to five thousand men, then marched up the Cayuga, or western branch of the Susquehannah, which led into the heart of the Indian country.

Battle with the Indians.

The Indians had early intelligence of the advance of our army, and with promptness prepared to meet our troops in a general engagement. The ground they had selected for the bloody conflict was ill chosen; a few miles above the Chemung they collected their forces, amounting, according to their own account, to eight hundred, whilst Gen. Sullivan estimated them at thirteen hundred men, and five companies of whites, (about two hundred,) which had joined them, commanded by the two Butlers, Guy Johnston, McDonald and Brendt. They had constructed a breast-work on a rising piece of ground, about half a mile in length. The right flank of this work was covered by the river, which bending to the right, and winding round the rear, exposed only their front and left to an attack. On the left, was a high ridge nearly parallel to the general course of the river, terminating somewhat below the breast-work; and still farther to the left, was another ridge running in the same direction, and leading to the rear of the American army. The ground they occupied was covered with pine, interspersed with

low shrub oaks, many of which, for the purpose of concealing their works, had been cut up and stuck in front of them, in such a manner as to exhibit the appearance of being still growing. The road, after crossing a deep brook at the foot of the hill, turned to the right, and ran nearly parallel to the breast-work, within rifle shot of it, so as to expose the whole flank of the army to their fire, if it should advance without discovering their position.

Parties, communicating with each other by sentinels, were stationed on each of the hills on their left, so as to fall on the right flank and rear of Sullivan, when the action should commence.

About eleven in the morning of the 29th August, (1779,) this work was discovered by Major Par, who commanded a rifle corps which constituted the advance guard of the army. Gen. Hand immediately formed the light infantry in a wood, distant about four hundred yards from the enemy, and stood upon his ground until the main body should arrive. In the meantime, a continual skirmishing was kept up between the rifle corps, and small parties of the Indians who sallied from their works, and suddenly retreated, apparently with the hope of being incautiously pursued.

Conjecturing that the hills on his right were occupied by the savages, and that they designed from them to annoy his flank and rear as soon as he should be engaged in front, Sullivan immediately ordered Gen. Poor, supported by Gen. Clinton, to take possession of that which led into his rear, and thence to turn the left, and gain the rear of the breast-work; while Hand and Maxwell with the artillery should attack in front. These orders were promptly executed. The artillery opened just as Poor reached the foot of the hill. He immediately pushed up the mountain, and a sharp conflict commenced, which was sustained for some time with considerable spirit on both sides. Poor continued to advance rapidly, pressing the enemy before him with fixed bayonets, and occasionally firing on them. They retreated from tree to tree, keeping up an irregular fire, until he gained the summit of the hill. Perceiving that their flank was com-

pletely uncovered, and that they were in danger of being surrounded, the savages immediately abandoned their breastwork, and crossing the river, fled with the utmost precipitation. An unavailing pursuit was kept up for a few miles.

This victory, which was complete in its effect, cost the Americans in killed and wounded about thirty men. The loss fell chiefly on Poor's brigade. The ascertained loss of the Indians was inconsiderable. Only eleven dead bodies were found on the field; but they were so intimidated by the total failure of this first attempt to defend their habitations, and by the apparent strength of the invading army, that every idea of further resistance was abandoned. As Sullivan advanced, they continued to retreat before him without harrassing his main body, or even skirmishing with his detachments, except in a single instance.

He penetrated into the heart of their country, which his parties scoured, and laid waste in every direction.

Every lake, river, and creek, in the country of the Six Nations, was traced for villages; and no vestige of human industry was permitted to remain. Houses, corn-fields, gardens, and fruit trees, shared one common fate; and Sullivan strictly executed the severe but necessary orders he had received, to render the country completely uninhabitable for the present, and thus, by want of food, to compel the hostile Indians to remove to a greater distance.

Eighteen villages, a number of detached buildings, one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn, and all those fruits and vegetables which conduce to the comfort and subsistence of men, were utterly destroyed. Five weeks were unremittingly employed in this work of devastation.

The objects of the expedition being accomplished, Sullivan returned to Easton in Pennsylvania, having lost only forty men by sickness and the enemy. The want of a sufficient supply of provisions, and the impossibility of finding in the country thro' which his march must have been directed, food enough for the subsistence of his army, alone prevented his endeavoring to ren-

der the campaign completely decisive, by making an attempt on the British post at Niagara.

The devastation of the country has been spoken of with some degree of disapprobation. This disapprobation appears to be the result rather of a general disposition in the human mind to condemn whatever may have the appearance of tending to aggravate the miseries of war, than of reflection. There were circumstances which reconciled to humanity this seeming departure from it. Holding the commanding posts on the lakes, and at all times ready to afford the Indians an abundant supply of those European commodities which had become necessities, the English possessed a controlling influence over them, which kept them in almost continual war with the United States.

The cruelties which they were in the habit of practising on their enemies, seemed to have received an additional degree of ferocity from the virulent malignity of the whites who had taken refuge among them, and who sought occasions to retaliate ten fold on their countrymen, the injuries they supposed themselves to have sustained. There was real foundation for the opinion that an annual repetition of the horrors of Wyoming could only be prevented by disabling the enemy from perpetrating them. And no means in the power of the United States to use, promised so certainly to effect this desirable object, as the removal of neighbors whose hostility could only be diminished by terror, and whose resentments were only to be assuaged by fear.

While Sullivan laid waste the whole country on the Susquehannah, another expedition under Col. Brodhead was carried on from Pittsburgh, up the Alleghany, against the Mingo, Munsey, and Seneca tribes. At the head of between six and seven hundred men, he advanced two hundred miles up that river, and destroyed the villages and corn-fields on its head branches. Here too, the Indians were totally unable to resist the force with which they were invaded.

After essaying one unsuccessful skirmish, they abandoned their

villages to a destruction from which it was not in their power to defend them, and sought for personal safety in their woods.

On receiving the communications of general Sullivan, congress passed a vote of approbation on his conduct, and on that of his army. That approbation, however, seems not to have extended beyond his operations in the Indian country.

His demands for military stores for the expedition had been so high; in his conversations with his officers he had so freely censured the civil government for having failed to comply with all these demands; in general orders, he had so openly complained of inattention to the preparations necessary to ensure success to the enterprise, that considerable offence was given to several members of congress, and still more to the board of war. In consequence of these causes, when at the close of the campaign, Sullivan complained of ill health, and offered on that account to resign his commission, the endeavors of his friends to obtain a vote requesting him to continue in the service, and permitting him to withdraw from actual duty until his health should be restored, was over-ruled, and his resignation was accepted. The resolution permitting him to resign was, however, accompanied with one thanking him for his past services.

Although the great exertions made in the course of this campaign to terminate the Indian war did not produce all the benefits expected from them, and did not afford complete security to the western frontiers, they were certainly attended with considerable advantages. The Indians, though not subdued, were intimidated. They became less terrible, and their incursions were less formidable, as well as less frequent.

While the operations of the campaign were transacting, the two armies under Washington and Clinton, nearly equal in strength, lay watching each others movement. The British army at New-York, estimated at nine thousand; in Virginia, at two thousand; in Rhode Island at five or six thousand, in all about sixteen or seventeen thousand. The American army (not including Sullivan's corps, and a few troops in the south, under

Gen. Lincoln,) was a little inferior. Of these, three thousand were under the command of Gen. Gates in New-England, and the remainder, thirteen thousand strong, on both sides of the North-River, to watch the motion of Sir Henry Clinton. Gen. Washington's force at this time, was totally unable to attack any of the strong British posts, without hazarding too much. After the destruction of forts Montgomery and Clinton, the ground for defence was changed, and carried higher up the river. West-Point, a commanding position, was chosen, where the river is narrow, and banks high, and gradually rising from the water for some distance back, affording by nature, a site well calculated for defence, as cannon can from this eminence command the river. Being embosomed with hills, it may be termed the Gibraltar of the United States.

Here our engineer had selected a spot suitable to the occasion, forming a complete barrier against invasion from the ocean. At this post unremitting exertions were made to render it impregnable to attack. Some miles below West Point, lay the great crossing place or ferry, then called King's Ferry, affording communication between the eastern and middle states. Near the ferry lay two opposite points of land, that on the west side an elevated piece of rough stony ground, called Stony Point, and that on the east side a flat, extending into the river, called Verplank's Point. The possession of these points, as they commanded the ferry, was an object to both parties. At Verplank's point, Gen. Washington had erected a small fort, called fort Fayette. And Stony Point was in a state of forwardness.

The campaign opened, and Sir Henry Clinton, possessing all the means to commence a sudden invasion by water, sailed up the river with a large body of troops, conveyed by Sir George Collier's fleet. Sir Henry in person commanded the enterprise. The largest division of the army, commanded by Gen. Vaughn, landed on the east side of the river, eight miles below Verplank's; while Gen. Patterson, accompanied by Sir Henry, landed on the western shore, three miles above Stony Point. Operations were immediately arranged for carrying the works

by storm. Stony Point being unfished, was abandoned, and the garrison on Verplank's being closely invested, Capt. Armstrong, who commanded fort Fayette surrendered to necessity. Sir Henry gave orders for finishing the works at Stony Point, having a large force with him. Washington was apprehensive of his extending his views to further conquests, and made all the arrangements in his power, to stop the knight in his chivalric adventures. Whatever plans he might have formed, Washington's vigilance counteracted them; a reinforcement from Massachusetts joined Gen. M'Dougal at West Point, and a division of the army at Middlebrook was already in the neighborhood, which rendered Sir Henry's design against West Point abortive. Our army at this crisis was too weak to risk much, and obliged to act on the defensive. When the works on Stony and Verplank's Points, were supposed to be nearly impregnable, Sir Henry returned down the river to Phillips'. The relative situation of the hostile armies, rendered it difficult for either to venture much. Gen. Washington still continued his cautious system, thinking it best to hazard but little, as he anxiously hoped and expected a powerful co-operation on the part of France. While Gen. Washington lay with his army at West Point, and along the Highlands, Connecticut State lay exposed to the invasion of British invaders and marauding parties. Long-Island and the adjacent shores were completely under the mercy of their neighbors of New-York. Sir Henry's active mind soon embraced the opportunity to display his power. With this view, an expedition was planned, and the infamous Tryon entrusted with its execution. On the 3d July, the army, amounting to about twenty-six hundred men, embarked at Frog's Neck, on the Sound, and sailed east, entering New-Haven bay on the 5th. Intelligence was immediately sent to head-quarters, of the danger. The militia assembled, but unable to make a stand against such force, the British landed and took possession of the town, and destroyed the naval and military stores.

Fairfield Burnt.

The next day they embarked; landed, and burnt the flourishing village of Fairfield.

The infamous Tryon, to justify his conduct, said, "The inhabitants fired on his troops from their houses, which induced him to destroy it."

Embarking from thence, they proceeded to Huntington's bay, and on the 11th they landed at the Cow Pastures, a point on the east of Norwalk bay.

About the same time, a much larger detachment from the British army directed its march towards the Horse Neck, and made demonstrations of penetrating Connecticut.

On the first intelligence that Connecticut was invaded, Gen. Washington dispatched Gen. Persons to hasten to the scene of action, and take command of the Connecticut troops, one hundred and fifty in number, and the militia. With these he attacked the British on the morning of the 12th. Not strong enough to make a stand, he harassed them through the day, by a distant, irregular fire, from concealments.

Gov. Tryon ordered Norwalk to share the same fate with Fairfield, and then sailed to Huntington's bay, to await fresh supplies and a reinforcement. From thence he was ordered to White Stone. Here a conference was held between Sir Henry Clinton and Sir George Collier; and, with an increased force, it was determined to proceed against New-London.

On receiving intelligence of these movements, Gen. Washington ordered Gen. Glover's brigade to proceed rapidly towards the Hudson. On his march he was requested to join the Connecticut militia, and assist in repelling the invaders. Gen. Heath was ordered to take possession of New-Bedford, to assist likewise. But before the continental troops could arrive, Sir Henry's attention was called to the Hudson.

Gen. Washington, in order to relieve the public from the necessity of defensive warfare, conceived a design against the very important post of King's Ferry.

Stony Point Taken.

The commander-in-chief had used his best endeavors to gain correct information of the strength of Stony Point. He personally reconnoitred the post, and concluded to attempt it by surprise. He concluded to attack Stony Point first, and should he be successful, his next object was to attack Verplank's. To Gen. Wayne the command of this expedition was given. Secrecy being deemed more essential to success than numbers, it was thought inadvisable to add to the force already on the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover the troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked for disaster; and Maj. Lee, of the light dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with Gen. Wayne, as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service.

The night of the 15th was fixed on for the assault; and it being suspected that the garrison would probably be more on their guard towards day, twelve was chosen for the hour.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth, is in a great measure covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh there is only one crossing place. But at its junction with the river is a sandy beach passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected a fort, which was furnished with a sufficient number of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breast-works and strong batteries were advanced in front of the principal works, and about half way down the hill were two rows of abatis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach, and the crossing place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from either of those points towards the fort. In addition to these defences, several vessels of war were stationed in the river, so as in a considerable degree, to command the ground at the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by about six hundred men, under the command of Lieut. Col. Johnson.

At noon of the day preceding the night of the attack, the light infantry commenced their march from Sandy-beach, distant fourteen miles from Stony Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountainous country, arrived about eight in the afternoon at Spring Steel's one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant. The regiments of Febiger, and of Meiggs, with Maj. Hull's detachment, formed the right column, and Butler's regiment, with two companies under Maj. Murfree, formed the left. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieut. Col. Fleury and Maj. Posey, constituted the van of the right; and one hundred volunteers under Maj. Stewart, composed the van of the left. At half past eleven, the two columns moved on to the charge, the van of each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieut. Gibbon, and the other Lieut. Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abbatis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to secure every individual on the route who could give intelligence of their approach, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties having been experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until twenty minutes after twelve. Both columns then rushed forward, under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape shot. Surmounting every obstacle, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having discharged a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post.

The humanity displayed by the conquerors was not less conspicuous, nor less honorable, than their courage. Not a single individual suffered after resistance had ceased.

All the troops engaged in this perilous service manifested a

degree of ardor and impetuosity, which proved them to be capable of the most difficult enterprises; and all distinguished themselves whose situation enabled them to do so. Col. Fleury was the first to enter the fort and strike the British standard. Maj. Posey mounted the works almost at the same instant, and was the first to give the watch-word—"The forts our own." Lieuts. Gibbon and Knox performed the service allotted to them with a degree of intrepidity which could not be surpassed. Out of twenty men who constituted the party of the former, seventeen were killed, or wounded.

The loss sustained by the garrison was not considerable. The return made by Lieut. Col. Johnson represented their dead at only twenty including one captain, and their wounded at six officers, and sixty-eight privates. The return made by Gen. Wayne states their dead at sixty-three, including two officers. This difference may be accounted for by supposing that among those Col. Johnson supposed to be missing, there were many killed. The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three, among whom was one lieutenant colonel, four captains, and twenty subaltern officers. The military stores taken in the fort were also considerable.

The loss sustained by the assailants was by no means proportioned to the apparent danger of the enterprise. The killed and wounded did not exceed one hundred men. Gen. Wayne himself, who marched at the head of Febiger's regiment in the right column, received a slight wound in the head, which stunned him for a time but did not compel him to leave the column. Being supported by his aids, he entered the fort with the regiment. Lieut. Col. Hay was also among the wounded.

Although the design upon fort Fayette had yielded to the desire of securing the success of the attack on Stony Point, it had not been abandoned.

Two brigades under the command of Gen. M'Dougal had been ordered to approach the enemy on the east side of the river, so as to be in readiness to attempt the works on Verplank's, where Col. Webster commanded, the instant Gen. Wayne should

obtain possession of Stony Point. The impression made by success on the west side of the river, and the annoyance which might be given fort Fayette from the commanding height on that side, would, it was supposed, greatly favor the attempt to be made on Verplank's. That this detachment might not permit the favorable moment to pass unimproved, Wayne had been requested to direct the messenger who should bring the intelligence of his success to the commander-in-chief, to pass through M'Dougal's encampment, and give him the earliest advice of that event. He was also directed to turn the cannon of the fort immediately against Verplank's, and the shipping which lay in the river. The latter orders were executed, and a heavy cannonade was opened on fort Fayette, and on the vessels, which were compelled to change their station, and to fall down the river. Unfortunately, through some misconception never accounted for, the messenger dispatched by Wayne did not call on Gen. M'Dougal, but proceeded directly to head-quarters, then at New Windsor. Thus every advantage expected to have been derived from the first impression made by the capture of Stony Point was lost, and the garrison had full leisure to recover from the surprise occasioned by that event, and to prepare for an attack. This change of circumstances rendered it necessary to change the plan of operation. Gen. Howe was directed to take the command of M'Dougal's detachment, to which were to be annexed some pieces of heavy battering artillery, for the purpose of making a breach in the works. Having given these necessary orders, Gen. Washington repaired to Stony Point, whence he reconnoitred Verplank's, for the purpose of determining on the propriety of prosecuting the enterprise against that place. Being of opinion that it was practicable to carry the works, and to capture the garrison, he ordered Howe to proceed against it; and, after effecting a breach in the walls, to make the proper dispositions for an assault, and to demand a surrender; but if the garrison should refuse to capitulate, he was not to attempt a storm until it should be dark. To these orders were annexed explicit instructions, not to hazard his party by remaining before Ver-

plank's, if the British should cross Croton river in force. In that event, his situation would become dangerous, and he was directed to retire to the Bald-hill, or to the Continental village.

Through some unaccountable negligence in the persons charged with the execution of these orders, the heavy artillery was not accompanied with suitable ammunition, and the necessary intrenching tools were not brought. These omissions were supplied the next day; but then it was too late to proceed against Verplank's.

On receiving intelligence of the loss of Stony Point, and of the danger to which the garrison of fort Fayette was exposed, Sir Henry Clinton relinquished his views on Connecticut, and made a forced march from Dobb's ferry. Some troops were immediately dispatched up the river. This movement made it necessary for Gen. Howe to march towards the Highlands, which relieved fort Fayette.

Gen. Washington thought it best to destroy the works, and retire as soon as it was done. Sir Henry Clinton immediately took possession of the works, and placed a strong garrison in it under Gen. Stirling and returned to Phillips. Gen. Washington's head-quarters were transferred to West Point, that he might be able to superintend the works, and lend what aid he could spare to protect the sea coast.

A detachment, commanded by Gen. Howe, was stationed at Ridgefield, Connecticut, with orders to protect the inhabitants as far as circumstances would permit, but not to risk much. The two armies lay watching each other, frequently skirmishing, without any thing decisive. At length Sir Henry Clinton withdrew to New-York, and engaged in strengthening the fortifications, so as to render them proof against attack; and transferred the principal scenes of war to the southern states, as he expected a reinforcement from Europe; and was fully persuaded that nothing could be achieved up the Hudson river while Washington held possession of the Highlands. The British fleet sailed about this time for the relief of Penobscot.

Early in June (1779) Col. M'Lean with six hundred and fifty

men, penetrated from Nova Scotia, into the eastern and newly settled parts of Massachusetts, and took possession of a very defensible piece of ground on Penobscot, where he commenced such fortifications as indicated an intention permanently to maintain his position.

Alarmed at an invasion which threatened a serious diminution of its territory, the state of Massachusetts determined to dislodge him; and made extraordinary exertions to equip a fleet and raise an army for that purpose. A considerable naval armament was prepared to be commanded by Com. Saltonstall, on board of which was embarked an army amounting to between three and four thousand men, under Gen. Lovell.

With so much celerity had the preparations for this expedition been made, that as early as the 25th of July, the whole armament appeared in the Penobscot.

The ground on which M'Lean had commenced his fortifications was a peninsula on the eastern side of the Penobscot, the west point of which ran deep into the river. He had taken the precaution to intrench the isthmus connecting it with the continent, and the part towards the river, which was in some degree defended by his frigates, and batteries, was steep and difficult of access. Along this high bank, piquets were stationed; his principal work being about the centre of the peninsula. After being repulsed in his first attempt, Gen. Lovell at length effected a landing on the western part of the peninsula, where he ascended a precipice of not less than two hundred feet, and part of which was nearly perpendicular; and, with the loss of only fifty men killed and wounded, drove from the ground the party which defended it. Here, a battery was erected, within seven hundred and fifty yards of the main work of the besieged, and a warm cannonade was kept up for several days on both sides.

Perceiving the difficulty of carrying the place either by storm, or by a regular siege, with a militia impatient to return to their homes, Gen. Lovell represented his situation to the governor of Massachusetts, who applied to Gen. Gates, then commanding at

Providence, for a reinforcement of four hundred continental troops. This request was readily granted, and Col. Jackson with his regiment was immediately put in motion. In the mean time, an ineffectual cannonade was kept up, and preparations were made to storm the works so soon as he should arrive.

Such was the posture of affairs, on the 13th of August, when Lovell received information that Sir George Collier had entered the river with a superior naval force. He immediately re-embarked his whole army. This operation was conducted in the night, and with such silence as to be undiscovered by the garrison, who were in their lines, expecting the assault which the preparations of Lovell had indicated. The American flotilla then drew up in a crescent across the river, as if determined to maintain its position. This show of resistance was made in the hope of stopping the enemy, until the land forces on board the transports could be conveyed some distance up the river, to a place where they might safely disembark on the western shore. But the British Admiral was too confident in his strength to permit this stratagem to succeed; and as he approached, the Americans sought for safety in flight. A general chase and unresisted destruction took place. The *Warren*, a fine new frigate of 32 eighteen and twelve pounders, with five others, carrying from twenty to twenty-four guns each, were blown up. Nine vessels carrying from twelve to eighteen guns, and four of a still smaller size, experienced the same fate.

The transports on board which were the land forces, not being covered by the ships of war, fled in the utmost confusion up the river. Being pursued by the British squadron, the troops landed in a wild uncultivated country, without provisions or other necessaries, and had to explore their way through a pathless desert, for more than a hundred miles, before they could reach a place where supplies were to be obtained. Exhausted with famine and fatigue, they at length gained the settled parts of the country, after having lost several men, who perished in the woods.

The conduct of the commodore was severely reprobated

Though unequal to the enemy in force, it was supposed that resistance ought to have been made; and although the loss might have been inevitable, some alleviation would have been found in the reflection that it was sustained without disgrace.

Sir Henry Clinton still continued just above Haerlem, and Washington at West Point.

Strong parties were often sent down the river to check Sir Henry's marauding plunderers.

About this time Maj. Lee suggested to Gen. Washington the idea of surprising the British garrison on Powles Hook, on the west side of the river, opposite New-York.

On the east point of the Hook, near New-York, was a fort, three block houses, and some redoubts, with a garrison of five hundred men.

Gen. Washington acceded to the proposal, and Maj. Lee prepared for the enterprise. Every arrangement being made, the 18th of August was fixed upon as the day. A detachment from the division of Lord Stirling, including three hundred militia designed for the occasion, was ordered down as a foraging party. The American troops having frequently foraged in the same tract of country, this movement excited no suspicions. Lord Stirling followed with five hundred men, and posted himself at the new bridge, so as to afford his assistance should it be necessary.

At the head of three hundred men, Maj. Lee took the road through the mountains which run parallel with the North river; and, having secured all the passes into York Island, reached the creek which surrounds the Hook, between two and three in the morning.

Here he halted, and detached a chosen officer with a few select men to proceed under cover of the night to the ditch, in order to discover from the appearance of the garrison, whether notice of his approach had been received.

Every thing within the Hook exhibiting the appearance of negligent security, Lee passed first the creek, and then the ditch, undiscovered.

About three in the morning, after a feeble resistance, he entered the main work, and with the loss of only two killed and three wounded, made one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners, including two or three officers. Very few of the British were killed. Maj. Southerland, who commanded the garrison, threw himself with forty or fifty Hessians into a strong redoubt, which it was thought inadvisable to attack, because the time employed in carrying it, might endanger the retreat. The guns fired in New-York, and from the ships lying in the harbor, proved that the alarm was completely given. Maj. Lee determined not to hazard his party, and the advantage already gained, by attacking works which he had reason to suppose would be defended. Wasting no time in destroying what could easily be replaced, he with the utmost expedition, brought off his prisoners, and his detachment.

To avoid the danger of a retreat up the narrow neck of land between the Hudson and Hackensack rivers, some boats had been brought from Pluckemin to Newark the preceding evening, from which place they were carried in the night to Dow's ferry on the Hackensack, not far from Powles Hook. They were guarded by a trusty officer of Lee's corps, who was directed to remain with them until the arrival of the troops engaged in the expedition. This, it was understood, would happen before day, as it had been designed to make the attack at midnight. Day having made its appearance without any intelligence from Maj. Lee, the officer guarding the boats was led to believe that the attack had been postponed. The danger of his situation, and the fear that his being discovered would disclose the object, and prevent its execution on a subsequent night, induced him to retire with the boats to Newark. The head of the retreating column soon afterwards reached the ferry, where they had the mortification to perceive that the boats were gone. Fatigued as they were, no alternative remained but to pass as rapidly as possible up the narrow neck of land between the two rivers, about fourteen miles, to the new bridge, which was the first place the Hackensack could be crossed without boats. A

horseman was dispatched with this information to Lord Stirling, and the line of march was immediately taken up.

About nine in the preceding evening, Maj. Buskirk had been detached up the Hudson river with a considerable part of the garrison of Powles Hook and some other troops, for the purpose of falling in with the American party supposed to be foraging about the English neighborhood.

On receiving intelligence of the disappointment respecting the boats, Lord Stirling took the precaution immediately to detach Col. Ball, with two hundred fresh men to meet Lee, and cover his retreat. Just after he had passed Ball, Buskirk entered the the main road, and fired on his rear. Taking it for granted, as was indeed very probable, that this was the advanced corps of a much larger body which had been detached to intercept the party retreating from Powles Hook, Ball made a circuit to avoid the enemy, and Buskirk, finding a detachment he had not expected, took the same measure to secure his own retreat. The two parties narrowly missing each other, returned to their respective points of departure.

This critical enterprise, reflected much honor on the talents of the partisan with whom it originated, and by whom it was conducted. Gen. Washington announced it to his army in his orders with much approbation, and congress bestowed upon it a degree of applause more adapted to the merit and talents displayed in performing the service, than to its magnitude.

A few days after this affair, the long expected British fleet, under the command of Admiral Arbuthnot, arrived from Europe with a large reinforcement. Sir Henry Clinton not being ready for immediate offensive operations to the southward, this fleet was soon followed by one from France, commanded by Count D'Estaing, which stopped Sir Henry's triumph for the present in the south, and the knight thought it best to provide for his own safety, and protect New-York. Lord Cornwallis, who had embarked with a detachment for the south, soon returned; the troops from Rhode-Island were also ordered to New-York, where unremitted exertions were daily making to strength-

on the works against their triumphant rebel neighbors, whose popularity was fast advancing, while Sir Henry's was sinking in a ten fold ratio. The earnest representation made by our agent in France prevailed, and Count D'Estaing was instructed to lend us all the aid in his power. The present occasion seemed a favorable one; the British army nearly all in New-York, and Georgia still in their hands, the recovery of which was much wished for. Gen. Lincoln, the Governor of South-Carolina, and the French Consul at Charleston, urged the plan of co-operation for its recovery.

Attack on Savannah.

Yielding to these solicitations, the Count sailed with twenty-two ships of the line and eleven frigates, having on board about six thousand land forces, from Cape Francois, to which place he retired after the naval engagement near Grenada, and arrived so suddenly on the southern coast of America, that the Experiment of fifty guns, and three British frigates fell into his hands. A vessel was dispatched to Charleston with information of his arrival, on the receipt of which, Gen. Lincoln concerted a plan for the siege of Savannah, with major general viscount De Fontanges, who had been dispatched to him by the French admiral, and with the executive of South Carolina. It was agreed that on the 11th of September, D'Estaing would land three thousand men at Beaulieu; and that on the same day, Lincoln would cross the Savannah with one thousand Americans, and effect a junction with him.

To facilitate the landing of the French troops, a number of small vessels were sent round from Charleston, and the militia were ordered to assemble for the purpose of aiding these military operations, from which the liberation of the whole southern country was confidently expected.

The town of Savannah was at that time the head quarters of general Prevost who still commanded in the southern department. Apprehending no immediate danger, he had weakened

the garrison by the establishment of several distant out-posts in Georgia, and by leaving Col. Maitland with a strong detachment in the island of Port Royal in South-Carolina.

On the first appearance of the French fleet, expresses were dispatched to Col. Maitland, and to all the out-posts, directing the troops to repair without loss of time to Savannah. These orders were promptly obeyed; and on the 10th of September the several detachments in Georgia had all arrived in safety, except the sick and convalescent of the garrison of Sunbury, who being unable to march, were embarked on board an armed-vessel, in which they were detained by contrary winds until they were intercepted.

On the 11th, Gen. Lincoln reached Zubly's ferry and threw over a part of his troops; but he found much greater difficulty in crossing the river than had been apprehended. The adjoining marsh is three miles over, and several deep creeks pass through it. The bridges over them had been broken down by Gen. Prevost; and, to increase the embarrassment, a sufficient number of boats could not be procured.

These circumstances unavoidably produced such delay, that the troops and baggage had not entirely passed the river until the evening of the 13th, when they encamped on the heights of Ebenezer, twenty-three miles from the town of Savannah, where they were joined by Gen. M'Intosh with the corps which had been stationed at Augusta. On the 15th Lincoln was assured that the French had disembarked in force, and the next day a junction between the two armies was formed before the town of Savannah.

The French fleet had passed Ossiban bar on the 12th, and on the following night, had landed about three thousand men at Beaulieu. On the 15th, they were joined by Pulaski with his legion; after which, some skirmishing took place in front of the British lines, and the next day, before the arrival of Gen. Lincoln, the count D'Estaing sent in a summons requiring the garrison to surrender to the arms of the king of France.

From the first appearance of the French fleet, Gen. Prevost

had been most assiduously employed in preparing for a vigorous defence. He seems, however, to have been desirous of gaining time, and therefore, answered the summons in such a manner as to encourage the opinion that he designed to capitulate. He invited the count D'Estaing to propose terms, if he had any to offer; and on its being observed in reply that it was the province of the besieged to propose such terms as they might desire, he requested a suspension of hostilities for twenty-four hours, which was granted him. In the course of that critical and important interval, Col. Maitland arrived from Beaufort, with the detachment which had been stationed at that place.

As the French vessels were in possession of the main channel by which the Savannah communicates with the sea, Col. Maitland reached the town by a route which had not been deemed practicable. He came round by Dawfuskie, an island north of the mouth of the river, and landing in a deep marsh, drew his boats through it into the Savannah, above the place where the ships lay at anchor; and thence, made his way by small parties into the town.

On receiving this re-inforcement, it was determined in a council to defend the place to the last extremity; and the next day, this resolution was communicated to D'Estaing.

After reconnoitring the works, it was thought inadvisable to attempt them by storm. The two generals concurred in the resolution, that the effect of artillery should first be tried upon them, and several days were employed in bringing up the heavy ordnance and stores from the fleet.

On the 23d, the besieging army broke ground, and by the 1st of October, had pushed their sap within three hundred yards of the abattis on the left of the British works. Several batteries containing thirty-three pieces of heavy cannon, and nine mortars, had also opened on the besieged, and for several days, had played almost incessantly upon them. At the same time, a battery of sixteen guns was opened from the water. But this cannonade made no impression on the works.

The situation of D'Estaing was becoming very critical. More

time had already been consumed on the coast of Georgia, than he had originally supposed would be necessary for accomplishing the total destruction of the British force in that state. He became uneasy for the possessions of France in the West Indies, which, during his absence, were left in a considerable degree unguarded; nor was he without apprehensions for the safety of the ships under his command. The naval officers remonstrated strenuously against longer exposing so valuable a fleet on an insecure coast, at a tempestuous season of the year. The danger that a British squadron, refitted and re-enforced so as to become equal or superior in point of strength, might overtake them, broken and scattered by a storm, was urged with a degree of persevering earnestness which the Count found himself incapable of resisting.

In a few days, the lines of the besiegers might have been carried by regular approaches, into the works of the besieged, which would have rendered the capture of the town and garrison inevitable. But D'Estaing declared that he could devote no more time to this object, and it only remained to raise the siege, or to attempt to carry the works by storm. The latter part of the alternative was adopted.

On the left of the allied army was a swampy hollow way which afforded a cover for troops advancing on the right flank of the besieged, to a point not exceeding the distance of fifty yards from their principal works. Along this hollow, it was determined to proceed to the main attack, while feints should be directed against other parts of their lines.

Before day, on the morning of the 9th of October, a heavy cannonade and bombardment was commenced from all the batteries, and the flower of the French and American troops were drawn out. About three thousand five hundred of the former, and one thousand of the latter, of whom between six and seven hundred were continental soldiers, and the residue militia of Charleston, constituted the body which was to make the real attack; while the militia of the country were to divide the attention of the besieged by feints in other quarters.

The combined forces advanced in three columns, led by D'Estaing and Lincoln aided by the principal officers of both nations, and made a furious charge on the British lines. Their reception was warmer than had been expected. The besieged were entirely prepared for the attack; their lines were completely manned; and their works had been skilfully constructed. The fire from their batteries reached every part of the columns of the assailants which had emerged from the swamp, and did great execution. Yet the attacking troops advanced with ardor, pressed through the abattis, crossed the ditch and mounted the parapet. Both the French and the Americans planted their standards on the walls, and were slaughtered in great numbers, while endeavoring to force their way into the works. For about fifty minutes the contest was extremely obstinate. At length, warmly opposed in front by an enemy fighting under cover, and severely galled in their flanks by artillery incessantly pouring on them, the columns of the assailants began to relax, and something like a pause was manifested in the assault. While penetrating the works at the head of about two hundred horse, in order to charge in the rear, count Pulaski received a mortal wound, and his cavalry was broken.

In this critical moment, Maj. Glaziers at the head of a body of grenadiers and marines, rushing suddenly from the lines, threw himself furiously on those who had made their way into the redoubts, and drove them over the ditch and abattis into the hollow and swamp through which they had marched to the attack. It being apparent that further perseverance could produce no advantage, a retreat was ordered.

In this unsuccessful attempt, the loss of the French, in killed and wounded, was about seven hundred men. Among the latter, were the count D'Estaing himself, major general de Fontanges, and several other officers of distinction. The continental troops lost two hundred and thirty-four men, and the Charleston militia, who though united with them in danger, were more fortunate, had one captain killed and six privates wounded.

The loss of the garrison was astonishingly small. In killed

and wounded, it amounted only to fifty-five. So great were the advantages of the cover afforded by their works.

After this repulse, all hope of success was lost; and the count D'Estaing notified to Gen. Lincoln his determination immediately to raise the siege. The remonstrances of that officer were without effect. The motives which had induced the assault were decisive against a further continuance of the French armament in Georgia; and the removal of the heavy ordnance and stores was commenced. This being effected, both armies moved from their ground on the evening of the 18th of October. The Americans, re-crossing the Savannah at Zubly's ferry, again took post in South-Carolina. The French, having marched only two miles the evening on which the siege was raised, remained the next day on their ground, in order to cover Gen. Lincoln from the pursuit of the garrison; after which their re-embarkation was effected. A violent gale immediately came on which dispersed the whole fleet; and though the Count had directed seven sail to repair to Hampton road in Virginia, the marquis of Vandreuil was the only officer who was able to execute the order.

On receiving intelligence from Gen. Lincoln, Gen. Washington sent all the aid he could spare to the southern states.

The summer of 1779 passed away on the part of America, without achieving much to put an end to this unjust and bloody war. In Europe, matters turned in our favor. Spain determined to unite with France, and make one common cause with her and the United States, against Great Britain. Spain yielded to the cabinet of Versailles rather reluctantly. Jealous of her power at sea, and wishing to recover Gibraltar, Jamaica, and the Floridas, she was finally induced to seize the opportunity then offered to cripple the British empire. But yet, she dreaded the influence that the independence of the United States would have on her colonies in South-America. So his Catholic Majesty determined to sunder the United States from the mother country by negotiation, rather than by the sword. With this intention, he made overtures to the belligerents, which were readily

accepted by France, but evaded by England, who would not acknowledge the entire independence of the United States; and after a long and fruitless attempt on the part of Spain, the negotiation was broken off, and his Catholic Majesty determined to take part in the war; and ordered the Marquis D'Almadover, his minister in London, to deliver a rescript to Lord Weymouth, one of the principal Secretaries of State, in which he recapitulated the complaints of Spain against Great Britain, and declared his determination to use all the means with which the Almighty had entrusted him, to obtain that justice which he had solicited so many ways without being able to acquire.

This alliance with Spain was a wished for event; but her pretensions to certain boundaries of her territories east of the Mississippi, and the right of navigating that river, were pretensions that prolonged the negotiation till the close of the campaign of 1779.

Gen. Washington urged the civil authorities to prepare in time for the ensuing campaign; stating that between the first of June and the month of October, 1779, the term of nearly half the army would expire. He pressed Congress and the state authorities to attend to this important part of their duty, and have the grades of men ready in winter to take the field early in the spring, trained for the purpose. This request, which, from the commencement of the war, had been urged every year, was on that occasion slowly complied with. The requisition for the year 1780, was not agreed on until the 9th of February, and did not require the quotas to be furnished till the first of April.

On receiving intelligence of the defeat of the allies, before Savannah, Sir Henry Clinton, who had received a large reinforcement from England, and having a great force in New-York, resumed his plan of active operations in the south. A large detachment sailed from New-York about the last of December, commanded by Sir Henry in person. The defence of that city was entrusted to Gen. Knyphausen.

On the first news of the fleet's sailing, Gen. Washington conceived his design must be against Charleston, S. C., and hastened

forward all the militia from North-Carolina and Virginia, and a division of cavalry, to reinforce Gen. Lincoln.

The campaign of 1779 was now at an end, and preparations were making for winter quarters. It had now become the method for the soldiers to winter in huts, built for the purpose, in some secure position, where wood and water were plenty.

The army was now divided into two grand divisions. One, called the northern division, commanded by Gen. Heath, lay at West-Point; the other, and principal division, commanded by Gen. Washington in person, lay at Morristown, in the Jerseys—the army was conducted to that place late in December.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of the revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling:

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Col. Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said, "It is impossible not to admire the firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible."

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepped forward, and in an authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find

there?" said the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble of search, then," said Mrs. Hall—"You may find a plenty of it at my tongue's end."

An officer, distinguished for his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliott in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance—"the *Rebel Flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "*it thrives most when most trampled upon.*"

So much were the women attached to the whig interest, habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jocosely speak of misfortunes, though, at that moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabrina Elliott, having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of poultry houses, finding an old Muscovy drake which had escaped the general search; still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that in the hurry of departure, it had been left *altogether by accident.*"

The contrivance adopted by the ladies, to carry from the British garrison supplies to the defenders of our country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, and of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat, concealed with art and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards, expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and speedily converted into military shape, and worn triumphantly in battle. Boots have, in many instances, been relinquished by the delicate wearer to the active partizan. I have seen a horseman's helmet concealed by a well arranged head dress, and epaulettes delivered from the folds of the simple cap of the matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly hid and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true knight who did not feel the obligation to defend them to the last extremity.

In the indulgence of wanton asperities towards the patriotic fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph. The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far famed hero, Col. Washington." "Your wish, Colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of Cowpens." It was at this battle, that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Col. Tarleton observed, "You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington, and yet I am told that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly *write* his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify, that he knows how to make *his* mark."

CAMPAIGN OF 1779.

Great Britain finds her potent arm too weak,
Her veterans staggered, heroes on retreat ;
While shame sits hovering o'er her Parliament,
And wounded pride forsees the great event—
Her arms, nor thunder, nor gigantic power,
Terrific threats, nor navies to devour,
Can conquer or subdue the virtuous brave,
Or emancipated freemen's rights enslave.
Then to seduction and the traitor's art,
Proffers her gold to buy the virtuous heart ;
Contempt, disdain, and wrath was the result,
The honored bosom spurned the base insult ;
And with a sharp and spirited reply,
Erect they stood and all their arts defy.
Five thousand crowns, the royal proffer made,
Was a small sum for confidence betrayed.
No ! says the sage ; your kingdom cannot pay,
Nor buy, though poor, this little lump of clay.
Foiled in the attempt of base, insidious art,
To find a Judas, or corrupt a heart,
Chagrined with disappointment, mad with rage,
War of destruction they resolved to wage ;
Too proud to stoop to what the fates decree,
With threats proceed to seal our destiny,
While manifestos from the royal hand
Spread fire and devastation round the land.
Big words and swelling sounds, in dusky air
Oppression rolls upon her sable car ;
Rebellious subjects crush the rising fame,

Although unable to suppress the flame.
 If we with France alliance mean to hold,
 We all as slaves must be like bullocks sold.

Their idle threat was met with keen disdain
 By Congress—fearless of the dreadful chain
 Forged by the tyrant, under black despair,
 Which none but slaves and sycophants will bear.
 If, says our country, you presume or dare
 To execute your mad pretensions here,
 Most signal vengeance shall make you repent,
 And own your madness in the rash attempt;
 Make others tremble in the very name,
 And barbarous nations hide their heads for shame.
 We appeal to God, the Searcher of all hearts,
 To guide our councils, while our country smarts
 Under the rod of lawless power, unfurled
 To crush the laws of nature o'er the world.
 No hasty passions, no suggestion's rage,
 Prompts us to anger, or revenge to wage;
 Though firm to us, determined to adhere,
 The first in peace, the last in war appear.

The Marquis La Fayette returned to France,
 With thanks of Congress, and his name advanced
 Amongst our heroes whose renown in arms
 Spreads o'er the world, America adorns;
 His youthful ardor and his warlike fame
 Engraved on memory, while the hero's name
 Shall dwell on every tongue, where liberty
 Erects her standard under Deity.

The horrid Tragedy of Wyoming.

War now awakes! its horrid sound renews!
 Mars, red like crimson, flushed with warlike news;
 Tories and Indians, an infernal crew,
 From hell's black regions soon appeared in view,
 Issuing from haunts, like some wild beasts of prey,

At midnight hour, 'fraid of the font of day.
Great Britain's ally—ah ! let nature blush,
And from her rolls of fame recitals hush.
Can earth call human cursed barbarity ?
And Christians those whose life is butchery ?
'Tory, that name forever stigmatized,
Disgraced in hell, in Britain realized ;
On all thy records, Earth ! let it be cursed,
And on Doom's day return its shade to dust.

Ah, Susquehannah ! could'st thou tell the tale,
'Thy waters all in tears would wash the vale,
And cleanse the stain dyed deep with mother's blood,
And murdered infants crying to their God.
A doleful band of savage beasts of prey,
Full sixteen hundred, armed in dread array.
Devils in human shape, suddenly appear,
While day rolled back and stood aghast with fear.
This band of furies soon began their play,
Slaughter and massacre marked out their way ;
The elements with screams and savage yells,
Resembles ether changing into hells.
'The muskets rattle, and the dying groans,
'The rush of battle, and the piteous moans
Of fear struck mortals, flying, God knows where,
Pursued by demons savage as a bear ,
All, all conspire to fill the mind with dread,
Of horrors deepest colors ever red.
The country roused, and in an instant flew
'To arms ! to arms ! attack the infernal crew ;
Unequal contest to contend in fight,
Of four to one, in the dark shades of night.
Col. John Butler and his little band,
The demon furies could not long withstand ;
Slaughtered like sheep before the hungry wolves ;
The jaws of death this Spartan band engulfed,
Dreadful the murder and the horrid scene

Of savage cruelty and savage mien,
Monsters of nature dressed in terror's form
To heighten nature terrible in arms.
Kingston fortress to the conquerors yield,
And fort Wilkesbury to the sable shield
Of death and slaughter, without mercy dealt
On the defenceless who their fury felt.
Can heaven behold such scenes of misery,
And slumbering vengeance rest with Deity?
Why not send down the thunder bolts of wrath,
And hurl them headlong to thy center earth?
Barbarity must shrink—ah! can it be?
Can it survey the next sad tragedy?
'Tories and Indians, curse the infernal deed,
When they themselves shall Reason's lectures read.
Can I relate, can I, oh! reader, tell
The dreadful story of these sons of hell?
Blinded to all, but madness to devour,
Each age and sex that fell within their power,
And with the blaze of houses send on high
The mother and her children to the sky,
While rolling flames and clouds of smoke ascend
To God their father, now their only friend—
Burnt, burnt to death. Sigh! sigh, humanity;
Can human shape behold such misery?
Compared to devils they far worse must be,
Devils to devils damned, all, all agree.
War, mad with rage, and marble hearts run wild.
While fury brandished, stained the dreadful child,
Called human. Mars must blush to see
This wanton rage and barbarous massacre.
With fire and sword this ruthless band of prey
Ransack their dwellings and the town destroy.
In one destruction, savage fierceness dooms
Men, cattle, horses, children, wives and homes.
Such black outrage against humanity,

Records the triumph of all tyranny ;
 Which soon recoils, eternally disgraced,
 A nuisance stigmatised, his name erased,
 While God in vengeance, with tremendous thunder
 Shall drive those monsters to eternal slumber.

October fifth the ravaged scenes survey,
 Destruction travels with relentless sway .
 Day after day records oppression's power,
 And marks the tyrant, ready to devour—
 His hungry jaws besmeared with human blood,
 His hands are crimsoned by the purple flood,
 Deaf is his ears to the lamenting cries
 That rend the air, ascending to the skies.

At Chestnut Neck Mars deep records his name,
 And sends the village with its curling flame
 'To ether's elements involved in smoke,
 And to the God of ancient ages spoke.

Vengeance is thine, almighty sage attend,
 Thy helpless children from the foe defend ;
 Send to our aid protection from on high,
 And scourge the power of lawless tyranny.

Britain, behold thy doom, and hear it read—
 Thy sons infamous, when by villians led ;
 Alarming scenes of murder and dismay,
 Awake with morn and travel through the day.
 The trembling elements with fame resound,
 While perched on high, and trembling with her wound,
 Nature ne'er made, or human nature found
 The stamp of greatness in a warlike sound.
 Dread fills the page, and horror fills the name,
 Where kings oppress and minions fight for gain.

The name of Ferguson, stained deep with blood,
 Must stand in judgment and arise to God,
 To answer conscience for a murderous deed,
 That made the heart of many a widow bleed.
 The fifteenth ope'd, with the blaze of day,

While pitying nature turned her face away ;
 Aurora's blush shone crimson, stained with gore,
 And wounded anguish groaned along the shore ;
 Grim death stood ready, at a moment's call,
 To send a fatal shower of shot and ball,
 While Fergusson leads on his hostile bands
 Beneath night's curtain, and his army lands.
 Night's sable shade that nature casts around,
 And silence reigning on the deep profound,
 Covered from mortal sight his bold advance—
 Wolf-like, by stealth, his fiery eye-balls glance,
 And by the scent of carnage to ensue
 He snuffed his path, which stronger scented grew,
 And like a hound prepared his hungry jaw
 For a rich breakfast to appease his maw.
 Scarce had the rolling wheels of Sol's advance
 Sent forth a ray to tinge the eastern glance,
 Shot from refulgence to announce the day,
 When by surprise he leaped upon his prey.
 Death starts with thunder and sulphurous fire,
 With cannon's rattle rending through the air—
 Like as the day of doom, all, all surprise ;
 'To arms ! to arms ! are the surrounding cries.
 Pulaski's regiment rallied at the call,
 Soberly saluted by the sword and ball ;
 Baron de Base and De La Borderie fell,
 And fifty privates—ah, 'tis sad to tell,
 Slaughtered in cool blood, while the savage foe,
 Deaf to their cries, for mercy dealt the blow.
 Can Christian nations sanction such outrage,
 And Christian virtue in such scenes engage ?
 No ! George's crown is stained with cruelty,
 And British honor sunk to infamy.
 Count Pulaski, whose renown on fame
 Carries the greatness of a worthy name,
 Sudden, with cavalry, charged the galling foe,

And dealt destruction to his overthrow,
Drove Ferguson and his infernal crew,
Like fugitives before his cavalry flew ;
Awakened vengeance, with redoubled wrath,
O'ertook the murderers in the scented path ;
Back to their fleet these blood-hounds swiftly run,
Pursued by cannon, pistol, sword, and gun.

England still raging with revengeful wrath,
Sends forth her servants as a plague to earth ;
The savage aspect which her mandate bears
The sable mantle of oppression wears ;
She sends her fleet, armed with the wand—distress,
To range the seas the feeble to oppress,
And pirate-like to murder, take, destroy,
And every artifice of war employ.

Arrival of the British Fleet, under Admiral Grave.

October sixteenth, with his shattered train,
Admiral Grave arrives. The boisterous main
With huge billows rolling in a furious storm,
Salutes his lordship in a warlike form.
New-York receives her royal visitant,
With orders new from George and Parliament,
Fraught deep with threats and sealed with clotted blood.
While red coat castles ride upon the flood.

November first beholds this warlike sage
Prepared and ready Neptune to engage ;
Sailed forth in all the pomp of naval pride,
And the old Emperor of the sea defied.
Anticipation placed before his eyes
Count D'Estaing as a royal prize ;
In eager gaze with telescope and glass
He spent his time and let his moments pass.
When all was fancied phantoms and success,
When victory's charms possessed the admiral's breast,

The darkened clouds in subtle columns roll,
And spread the horizon from pole to pole ;
Old Neptune's trident pointed to the skies,
And Euroclydon began to rise ,
Huge billows mount the lofty stage of time,
And ocean rolls its billows all sublime.
This mighty fleet, on ocean's dark amaze
Scattered, dispersed, amidst tumultuous waves,
Wrecked, shattered, tossed to and fro
Around the coast and on the deep profound.
The Sommerset destroyed—a sixty-four—
And on Cape Cod her fragments drove ashore.
The rest for shelter seek Rhode-Island strand,
And from the fury of the tempest land.

Col. William Butler to revenge the wrong,
On Susquehannah, by the savage throng ;
Whose unrelenting hearts and savage rage,
Blackens the history of the present age.
Back on the foe, brave Butler soon repays
The balance due, their wigwams in a blaze ,
Their villages and towns destroyed in turn,
Their ruined country is a sight forlorn.
Retaliation roused these sons of fury,
Indian resentment, and the hostile tory.
John Butler, with his savage band of prey,
Intent on carnage, in their dreadful way ;
Issued like wolves, all hungry to devour,
From their wild haunts, at midnight's silent hour.

Massacre at Cherry-Valley.

When silence reigned and spread the dark profound,
And Cynthia shed her milder influence round ;
The twinkling stars shone in their radiant spheres,
Pity stood weeping, bathed in blood and tears.
A scene too awful, soon to be disclosed
By demagogues, advancing on repose ;

Slumber had sealed the watchful parents eye
Their little children round a-sleeping lie.
Thy flames, ah! Cherry-Valley, soon must rise,
And bear to heaven the horrid yells and cries
Of murdered infants, and their parents dear;
A sound so horrid, stuns the listening ear.
Aghast in silence, stood advancing time,
And dreads the tragic nature of the crime.

Col. Alden numbered with the dead,
And sixty more of all descriptions bled;
Parents and children, brothers, sisters, dear,
Shared one common fate, and perished here.
Nor did their rage stop with the vital breath;
Savage brutality, reigned after death;
Oppression's arm veiled in the dusky shade,
Fit covert for the wolves and thieves to hide;
All hungry to devour, scenting their prey—
Rush by surprise, the harmless victim slay;
While with the tiger's heart and lion's mien,
Wanton in murder, and destruction's scene;
Regardless of the cry of innocence,
Into the bosom, plunge the shining lance.

The north more quiet, saw the vulture still,
A hovering round and fluttering o'er the hill;
Intent on mischief, takes a southern flight,
And in his talions bear the tyrant's right.
Armed still with threats, Mars stalks the field of war,
Death his attendant, drives his furious car—
Oppression follows with a vast supply,
The great demands of each to satisfy.

Surrender of Savannah.

November twenty-seventh from Sandy-Hook,
The British lion to the ocean took;
Neptune's huge waves, groaned under the vast load.
And thus complained in murmurs to their God.

Ah, Emperor! shall these ruthless sons of war
Invade thy realm, and thou not interfere?
How long shall human nature groan and sigh,
And thou not hear the piteous cry?
Lamenting rolls of carnage rise to heaven,
And thou lie slumbering from thy empire driven;
Let thy proud waves revenge the widow's cause,
And raise thy potent arm in martial laws;
Rid, rid the world, of war's disgraceful throng,
And send them headlong to their future home.
Restore to thy vast empire, ancient peace,
Let nature reign, and all contention cease.

Thus plead the waves, the sage profound arose,
And then addressed the sea-nymphs and disclosed
The secrets of his breast, and thus relates
How he for orders from Jehovah waits.
His anxious wish is to restore to peace,
That war, and all contentions with it cease;
But fate has bound the empire by decree,
And I'll submit to will of Deity.
Southward, the British foe with martial pride,
Slowly advancing, triumphant on the tide;
While Col. Campbell lays his future plans,
And sails along Columbia's pleasant strands,
With five and twenty hundred knights in death's employ,
Like Milton's Satan, roving, seeking to destroy;
Their destination and their plans intended,
In mystery, doubt, and secrecy are blended.

Late in the month of winter's cold December,
The fleet arrives, and rides before Savannah—
The army lands, success attends their arms,
While war's harsh features, thunders with alarms;
General R. Howe, collecting all his force,
Chose a position, to defend this post,
Though much inferior to the enemy,
He waits the event, the test for victory.

Eight hundred men, worn down in war's reverse,
Was soon out-generaled, routed and dispersed ;
The town, the fort, and all the warlike stores,
Surrendered to the conqueror's martial powers ;
Shipping, provisions, and to terms dictated,
By British mercy with oppression freighted.

All, surrender to the conquering foe,
Intent on carnage, and its overthrow.
Wanton murder crowned the bloody scene,
And British conduct marked the savage mien.

Savannah's streets, stained with human blood,
Calls loud for vengeance on the throne of God ;
No cries for mercy, reached the Briton's ear,
They thro' the suppliants plunge the hateful spear ;
Sees wreathing agony beneath his hand,
Weltering in blood, covered with dust and sand.

General Lincoln, whose renown on fame,
For martial skill, on Saratoga's plain—
America called on her son for aid,
Who instantly her kind request obeyed ;
He to the south is ordered to command,
Columbia's heroes and her yankee band.

Alas! can man his reason counteract,
And nature's laws and nature's rights attack,
When conscience tells him he is doing wrong,
And all his searching is a Syren song.
See Britain's sons, born in a land of fame,
Renowned on ancient and on modern name,
Earth's boast for greatness, wisdom and renown,
The world's chief mart, the muses royal crown.
See them, like ravenous wolves by hunger driven,
Engaged by tyrants to fight the laws of heaven ;
Deaf to humanity, and all the ties
'That reason, sense and mercy harmonize.
Hazard their lives to oppress and bind in chains,
'Their own relations, on the sanguine plains.

The south awakes at the cannon's roar,
Arouse to arms, and from the mountains pour;
Georgia, the mustering point, where rage and force,
Demanding life, impatient in its course,
Oppression's wrathful power and liberty,
With brazen front advance—hostility
Stalks forth with ghastly jaws, intent on d.
A monster huge and terrible to earth.

General Prescott of the royal line,
Lands on Port Royal Isle, South Caroline,
Possession takes, while General Moultrie
Soon meets his host, and scourged his flying rear.
The thundering cannon poured destruction round,
Vollies of death, and shook the solid ground ;
The thirsty soil, drank many a soldier's blood,
Death thinned his ranks and chased him o'er the flood ;
To Georgia steers, Augusta his next stand,
There spreads dissension amongst the tory band.
Ferment division on weak credulity,
And binds by promise, fatal destiny.
The ignorant and fearful lead astray,
And insurrection ends the bloody fray.
While thus engaged in proffers not his own,
His future views and plans are overthrown.
Thy sons America, from ninety-six,
Salute the warrior and his boundaries fix ;
Proscribed, they punish, and his band disperse
As fugitives, and vagabonds of earth.
Their Colonel slain, dispersed the bandit flies,
While treason meets the vengeance of the skies.
Seventy were tried as traitors to the cause
Of liberty—and freedom's equal laws ;
Five were condemned, to execution led,
And suffered death to crown the crime with dread ;
The rest were pardoned—mercy interfered,
Columbia's sons, her intercession heard ;

Extend with willing hand humanity,
The beauteous hand-maid of the Deity.

Brave Lincoln, under Heaven's all ruling power,
The strength of armies, in a trying hour ;
Determined to dislodge the British foe,
And drive from Georgia, to the shades below,
The invaders of emancipated rights,
Who, for oppression, with the tyrant fights ;
Sends General Williamson to reconnoiter,
And near Augusta to secure a height,
By nature strong, and strengthened still by art,
To watch the enemy on the alert ;
While General Ash, to aid and guard the plan,
And an armed force of near two thousand men.
But fortune frowned, while Mars awoke in flames,
Prevost advanced and furious charged their lines ;
The cannon, musket, with a shower of balls,
Strew'd carnage round, and shook the ethereal halls,
While war's grim monarch frowned, our army fled,
Left on the field the wounded and the dead ;
Above three hundred killed and captured,
Decides the day, and Georgia's power surrendered.
On Georgia's towers the conqueror's banner waves,
The cause of freedom bows to British slaves ;
War's dire calamity spread o'er the state,
Anxiety suspended on its fate.
Brave Lincoln calmly viewed the gathering storm,
Sees the clouds lowering in a frightful form ;
He concentrates his army for the event,
And trusts in God, who with his army went ;
While reinforcement cheers his anxious mind,
And all his views are blessings to mankind.
Lincoln's advance, the royal army saw,
Evades attack, the further him to draw
Into the country, and by artifice
Attack Moultrie and drive him from the place.

But Lincoln saw what Prescott had designed,
And by forced marches and an active mind,
Sees Charleston threatened—to her aid he flies,
While on the God of armies he relies.
The Governor, alarmed, expresses send—
To arms ! to arms ! the summon calls—attend.

Charleston's suburbs are soon in ruins laid—
Leveled to ashes—disposition's made,
Bulwarks and ramparts to defend the town
Against the mandates of the British crown.
Gen. Prescott and his royal band,
To prosecute his master's great command,
Advances to the siege—the ferry crossed,
Appeared before the town and on the coast,
The very day our bold and generous friend,
Pulaski, arrives, and takes the chief command.

Prescott, all eager to obtain the prize
Before brave Lincoln and his troops arrive,
Erects his power to crush the valliant foe,
And deal destruction to his overthrow ;
But fortune looked, and cast on him a frown
Instead of laurels and the conqueror's crown.
Lincoln arrives—the hungry wolves retreat,
In flight seek safety, e'er the danger meet ;
Retreat to Georgia. Devastation marked
The road where human savages embarked.

Sir Henry Clinton sends another gang,
More hungry than the first, to rob and hang—
The Yankee lives and plunder all their own,
Is despot's language from the throne.
Sir George Collier and General Matthews bear
The royal standard—it floats in dusky air.
High o'er their heads the rampant lion paws,
And shows his horrid tusks and bloody jaws.
Mercy is banished from the royal heart,
And Albion's sons act well the tiger's part.
To Plymouth, in Virginia, they advance,

Possession take, and cast a fiery glance
 On the remains of Norfolk, and elate
 With past success, on Suffolk vent their hate—
 Provisions, naval stores, and vessels burnt—
 The robber's trade these royal rovers learned.
 The town in rolling flames ascend on high,
 While helpless innocence for mercy cry.

About this time Sir Henry formed his plan
 To execute his master's great command ;
 Success attends—Verplank and Stony Point
 Surrender to these royal hearted saints.

*The infamous Tryon sails up the Sound, with a British Fleet
 under his command ; destroys East and West Haven, and
 commits the most unheard of depredations along the coast.*

Sir Henry Clinton sends his master's son,
 A worthless monster, Governor Tryon.
 Two thousand soldiers, Britain's royal sons,
 Sail with this hero. Mars before him runs ;
 While desolation follows in his rear,
 And scent of carnage round his flanks appear.
 Sir George Collier with the royal fleet,
 And General Garth support unhallowed feet,
 Assists the tiger, famous for his rage,
 Vice's usurper of the present age.
 These three great captains, sons of Mars and hell,
 Combined in conquest, quit the fiery cell ;
 Sailed from New York, commissioned to destroy,
 And every artifice of war employ.
 Connecticut was destined to feel the power
 Of these famed tyrants in their dying hour.

July fourth, this armament, arrayed
 With death and horror from the Stygian shade,
 Enters the Sound, whose murmuring waves retire,
 Roll back with dread and on the deep expire.

Oppression's mandate sails before the fleet,
Proclaims a pardon from the mercy-seat,
To all who would return, and bow the knee
To kings, and dukes, and lords of royalty.

The 6th day's morn had scarce unbared her light,
And from the sky drove off the shades of night,
When from the Sound the rattling din of war
Came rolling on—a sable mantled car.
Old Vulcan's thunder rolled the dusky blue,
And sulphurous flame on its black verges flew.
Night but retired to show a dismal day ;
Confusion reigned, and all that 's seen—dismay ;
Death and destruction martialed all their force,
And terror rode as general of the horse.
While from the hostile fleet all boats are manned,
And o'er the surges waft their crews to land ;
The shore displayed the scarlet coated gang,
While war's harsh trumpet o'er the country rang.
Old Tryon, that infamous demagogue,
More fit to serve the Devil than his God,
Lands with his army, bred in murder's school—
Fit body to fit head—an arrant fool.

East-Haven soon receives her hateful guest,
While Gen. Garth lands on an Haven West ;
Each one proceeds direct in search of prey
Unto New-Haven, where the booty lay ;
Enter the town like locusts, mad with rage,
Regarding neither sex, condition, age ;
Give up the town to plunder and insult,
Promiscuous pillage, and to war's tumult.

The seventh morn awoke. Old Tryon saw
Breakfast preparing for his hungry maw—
Yankees a-gathering to the grand salute,
That can't the genius of a coward suit.
Awake to danger every robber flies—
A shadow fills a tyrant with surprise.

So George's servants to East-Haven sailed ;
Plunder the town, and freedom's rights assail.
From thence to Fairfield, where with wanton rage
They write their name on history's smoky page.
Amidst the flames let all their name be burnt,
And on oblivion's scrawl remain unlearn't.

Norwich next fell a sacrifice to shame,
Wrapt in destruction, in a general flame ;
And smoke in columns roll to Jehovah's courts—
There her destroyer and his crimes reports.

Four houses dedicated unto God,
One hundred private dwellings felt the rod,
Eighty barns consigned to ashes and to flame,
And thirty stores, swell, swell the list on fame,
While seventeen shops record the fatal day,
Four mills destroyed their fury to allay,
Five vessels burnt, whose flames ascended high,
As transports freighted to the azure sky—
All their rapacious hands found to destroy,
Shared in one fate to heighten savage joy.

Gen. Wayne takes Stony Point.

Brave Washington, whose vigilance surveys
The field of war in all its dark amaze,
Concerts and plans a secret enterprise,
To check Sir Henry and his guards surprise.
On Stony Point, where Hudson's murmuring waves
Roll gently round, in circling eddies play,
Held in possession by the British foe,
A fortress strong o'erlooks the deep below.

Gen. Wayne, a soldier brave and bold,
Was sent to compliment with lead for gold
This British post, and check their fierce career
Who hung so heavy on our feeble rear.
O'er mountains, through defiles, and crooked ways,

He led his men till night had veiled the skies ;
Surmounting every danger on the road,
Till he arrived near where the fortress stood.
Night's dusky shade had cast her sable hue
O'er heaven's broad azure and her star-lit blue ;
Nature lay hushed in slumber's soft repose,
Forgetful that man could with man be foes.

At twenty minutes past the hour of twelve,
July sixteenth, the awakening tumult swells,
Mars, stern destroyer, lights the torch of war,
And his discordant music fills the air.
Under a shower of grape and musket shot
Brave Wayne advances to the fatal spot,
Where slaughter must decide the eventful fray,
E'er morn advanced the chariot of the day.
'The thundering cannons all tremendous roar
Rolled o'er the Hudson, echoed on the shore,
While vivid lightnings of sulphurous flame
Stream from their mouths o'er the adjacent shore.
Success attends the general in advance,
Our troops surmount the walls with swords and lancee ;
In two divisions o'er the ramparts press,
Amidst a blaze of fire and war's address.
Where Wayne advanced the god of battle smiled,
And with success he crowned his favorite child.
Lientenant Col. Fleury mounts the walls
With one division, through a shower of balls,
And to the center cuts a bloody road,
And sends many a victim bleeding home to God.

Without the firing of a single gun
Wayne stormed this fortress and the victory won ;
'The fort destroyed, Wayne and his armament
Retire, and land upon West Point.

Gen. Sullivan's Expedition against the Indians.

The British, all forgetful of their name,

The title mother, and the brother's claim,
By promises and proffered gold persuade
The savage Indians to their bloody trade.

Bold Sullivan advanced—the Indians fly;
Destruction followed, and their haunts desery.
Confusion seized their warriors, and dismay
Rode through their towns and met them day by day.
Horror's whole form, glows in his painted face,
His village flames, and slaughtered is his race;
His wife and children, and his all are gone,
And he, a fugitive without a home.

Deception often leads the ignorant
By proffers full, that fail in the event.
Thus the poor Indian, too late, too late did find
Flattery, deceit—deceiving most mankind.
His corn, his home, provisions, all destroyed,
For what? Because delusive scenes employed
The tongue of flattery. Senses oft deceive
With something great, that fame wants power to give.

The brilliant achievement of *Paul Jones*, commander of a small squadron which sailed from L'Orient, in France, on a cruise against the British. It consisted of the ship *Bon Homme Richard*, of 40 guns, and 375 men, accompanied by the frigates *Alliance* of 36 guns, *Pallas* of 32, the *Vengeance* an armed brig of 12 guns, and a cutter; and sailed in the month of July, 1779. On the 23d of September, a naval engagement occurred between the squadron commanded by Com. Paul Jones, and a British convey of the Baltic fleet of merchantmen, commanded by Capts. Pierson and Piercy.

We now shall change the scene, to take a view
Of ocean's empire. War's harsh scenes renew.
Paul Jones, a seaman, gallant, bold, and brave,
Sailed from L'Orient, France, o'er the proud wave.

France furnished five armed ships and men complete,
While Jones as commodore commands the fleet.
'To sea, in quest of prey, this little fleet
Sailed in July the British for to meet.
Off Scotland's shore these sons of Neptune brave,
Met Mars advancing o'er a watery grave.
'The Baltic fleet to England bound, convoyed
By two stout ships that Albion's King employed—
'The Countess Scarborough and Sarapas
Covered the convoy, and with war's address
Prepared for action, while their captains bold
Advanced slowly to the scene untold.

Death stands aloof, and with the optic flame,
Starts with the flash in quest of blood and game ;
Smoke, belching from the cannon, rolls on high,
While echo swells the tumult of the sky.
The Bon Homme Richard and the Sarapas,
Side by side commence the deadly fierce ;
Long and obdurate fought—the balance lay—
Hurling destruction with a ten-fold sway.
A dread destruction, for two hours and more,
Amidst the din of arms and cannon's roar,
Cover their decks with carnage, blood, and fire.

The Alliance, to assist the Richard, bore
Down amidst a flame of fire, and cannons' roar,
With some success, till darkness veiled the skies,
When nought was seen but flames ascending rise.
Then by mistake she poured a full broadside
Into her consort, trembling on the tide ;
Killed dead eleven, and wounded many more—
Lamenting tragedy, stained deep with gore !
In this dread moment, when all was in suspense,
Death hovering round and o'er the ocean glanced.
'The Sarapas, to close the great contest,
Struck to Paul Jones, the hero of the west.
Thus closed the action, bloody in extreme,

A dear bought victory closed the bloody scene.
 The Bon Homme Richard so complete a wreck,
 Seven feet of water under her main deck ;
 To save her all exertions were in vain ;
 The wounded tars removed, the rolling main
 Soon swallowed up the conqueror's last remains—
 Thus ends all conquest, and what conquest gains.
 The Countess Scarborough to the Pallas strikes—
 Thus ends the contest where stubborn valor fights.
 The commodore, flushed with his victory,
 Sailed with his prize o'er the surrounding sea ;
 Anchored off Holland's shore, near Taxes Bay,
 With colors flying—France, America.

We now shall leave the hero with his prize,
 On Europe's sea, his plans to realize ;
 Resume war's history in America,
 Where Mars rides general both by land and sea—
 Exulting in his martial scenes of pride,
 While deep with blood his savage hands were dyed.

The southern states are doomed to feel the rage
 Of hostile bands, in death's employ engaged.

Count D'Estaing invited by Gen. Lincoln and the French Consul, to co-operate with the Americans in reducing Savannah, the capital of Georgia—which invitation he accepts.

D'Estaing's victory o'er the West-India fleet
 Aroused his martial fame the foe to meet,
 And with America co-operate
 In the deliverance of a sister state.
 All things prepared, D'Estaing soon arrives,
 The siege to manage and to gain the prize.
 At Charleston were four British ships of war
 Surprised—they surrender to the conqueror's power.

Gen. Lincoln for the event prepares,
And for Savannah marched, and soon appears
Before the town. The fleet also arrives,
While victory danced before the warrior's eyes.
The French troops land, prepare for an attack,
While expectation drove deserters back ;
Anticipated hopes reduced the town,
And fancy wore the laurels of renown.
D'Estaing summoned in his master's name,
The town, to a surrender of the claim
Great Britain held, by war's all potent arm,
'The strength of tyrants, cannon and alarm.
General Prescott, of the Count demands,
Twenty-four hours, to consider on the plans
Of a surrender, to which the Count agrees,
While the French fleet floats on surrounding seas ;
Meantime eight hundred British troops arrive,
'This ends the parley to the test of lives ;
Prescott determined to defend the town,
And face the storm, with all its horrid frown.
D'Estaing saw his error, but too late,
'The event of battles must decide its fate ;
Parley being ended, nature all aghast,
Hushed in suspense, await the awful blast ;
The thunderbolt of war's tremendous power,
Lay silent, slumbering on each brazen tower.
The land, the sea, display the scenes of Mars,
The din of arms, and trumps discordant jars,
'Thousands parading for the bloody fray,
While death stands ready to decide the day.
America and France concert their plans,
Mars urges forward the exulting vans ;
Time waits the hour, while fame sits perched on high.
Where Jove commands the armies of the sky.
Pallas descends, while Juno takes her shield,
And drives her chariot to the bloody field,

Where thousands stand, that e'er the victory 's gained
 Must roll in blood, with arms and helmet stained;
 The hour arrives, the awful silence breaks,
 September twenty-third commences dates.
 Death starts in flame, while Vulcan's thunders roll,
 Through the blue vault, to the affrighted pole.
 The allies push the siege, the cannon's roar,
 Vollies of flame spread round the distant shore ;
 They approach the town in formal warlike style,
 Convulsing nature, and plough up the soil ;
 While deep despondency hung o'er the town,
 And the hoarse trumpet swells the solemn sound.

October fourth, all things prepared for play,
 The batteries open with the blaze of day ;
 Tremendous vollies shake the vaults of heaven,
 While lead and iron o'er the field are driven.
 For four days, these engines on the town
 Incessant flamed, and hurled their balls around,
 While ether trembled o'er the soldier's head,
 Balls, rockets, bumb-shells, fill the air with dread ;
 But they make no impression on the town,
 Where British valor fought for George's crown.
 Prescott a gallant chief defends the lines,
 And sallies forth—but the result he finds
 Disastrous ; back to his works retreat,
 To face the danger that attends defeat.
 He requests the women and children might retire,
 Beyond the frowns of war's tremendous ire,
 But for reasons best known to the ally,
 Refusal was the answer in reply.
 The terror thickening with the rage of war,
 New prospects forming, nature's temples jar ;
 Death and destruction meditates a blow
 That soon must tell a fatal overthrow.
 All plans being ready for a grand attack,

A general assault on all the lines exact ;
To orders preconcerted, planned and named ;
The time arrived and on the ramparts flamed.
The morning of the ninth announced the day
Designed for slaughter and a bloody fray ;
The armies all in motion each other to salute,
And with the sword and lance their countries claim dispute.
Scarce had Aurora sent a glance of light,
O'er nature's field, through the dark shade of night,
When Mars awoke, and called his men to arms,
And through the air, sent rolling, war's alarms.
The allies rally at the trumpet's sound,
Rush like a torrent, spreading o'er the ground ;
Through twilight's shade, pressing to the assault,
Amidst tremendous fire. The flaming vault
Shone on the advance that to the ramparts press,
While havoc met them with a stern address.
Blood, death, and slaughter, met the advancing van,
Who o'er the dead, to mount the ramparts ran ;
Courage surmounts the obstacles of war,
And plants the signal flag of victory there,
Heroic ardor mounts the rage of storm,
France and America each bosom warm—
While from the foe a most destructive fire
Mowed down their ranks, compelled them to retire.
The brave Pulaski, charging on the foe
In full career of victory, met the blow
Decisive of his life, a mortal wound,
That brought the fainting hero to the ground.
Thus ends his life while fame alive shall live,
Transfers his name, immortal honors give.

Thus ends a contest, sharp and sorely fought,
For near one hour, midst balls and showers of shot.
'This deadly scene raged with relentless sway,
And swept the ranks, and bravest men away.

Covered with dead, with muskets, sword and shield ;
 The allies retreat and leave the mournful field—
 The fragments of destruction's horrid car,
 That strewed the ground with implements of war.
 The allied powers, a heavy loss sustained,
 While Britain's king his conquered rights maintained.

Pulaski's death America must mourn ;
 He bravely fell in battle's deadly storm ;
 Facing the foe he sold his useful life ;
 Lamented, dies amidst the rage of strife,
 A friend in need, he shunned not war's alarms,
 Where duty calls he ready flew to arms,
 Nor danger shunned, but in advance we find
 'This friend of nature and oppressed mankind.
 Long may his name, revered on history's page,
 The poet's pen and muse's theme engage ;
 And while posterity shall prosperous rise
 In our republic, to a nation wise,
 May those who fought, and bled, and died to gain
 Our dear bought rights, in memory long remain
 Revered as freedom's martyrs, and each tongue
 Sings to their children's children in a song,
 Their trials, perseverance, and their fame,
 While ages yet unborn, record their name
 On leaves more durable than solid brass,
 Reflecting greatness on the scene that 's past.

Congress, to honor Poland's worthy son,
 And shew respect for what his valor won ;
 Passed a decree, to erect a monument
 Commemorative of the sad event.

Count D'Estaing soon sailed out to sea,
 And leaves Savannah, to her destiny.
 New-York is now Sir Clinton's rendezvous ;
 Where fame from towers sends forth her warlike news ;
 Sir Henry, fearful of a French salute,

Prepares the right of suffrage to dispute ;
Called General Pigot, bade him evacuate
Rhode-Island, and his troops to concentrate ;
March to New-York and join his martial band—
Pigot obeyed his order and command.

CAMPAIGN OF 1780.

The troops were huddled for the winter. The departure of the French fleet, after the disaster of Savannah, spread a gloom over the southern states. Sir Henry Clinton turned his attention to that quarter for the winter of 1780. And Gen. Lincoln, apprehensive of danger, made every exertion in his power to meet the foe—by repairing and erecting fortifications of defence. Depending on promises, he made every arrangement for a siege. In the meantime Admiral Arbuthnot arrived with the British fleet, at Savannah, with Sir Henry in person. About the middle of February he put to sea, and entered the harbor of North Edisto, about thirty miles from Charleston, and blockaded the harbor.

In the meantime Lincoln received some reinforcements, and Sir Henry sent to New-York for additional force. Too weak to hazard much, Lincoln confined his views wholly to defence; and while the enemy were advancing, he was vigilant to close every avenue that led to the city. A sand bar, south of the town was supposed impassible for a ship of the line, and consequently no provision was made for its defence. With fort Moultrie and what shipping was in the port, Lincoln hoped to defend the harbor.

The British shipping lay waiting a favorable opportunity to cross the bar. The wind and tide at length favored them, and they passed the bar with a 64 gun ship, which gave them possession of the harbor.

It seemed that the critical moment had now arrived to evacu-

ate the town. But relying on promised succor, Lincoln determined to defend it to the last extremity.

Siege of Charleston, South-Carolina.

Sir Henry Clinton had now reached Ashley river. He was in perfect possession of the various inlets and water communications south of the town, which he completely commanded, as well by his batteries as by his galleys which had been introduced into them. The van of his army crossed Ashley river in three divisions a mile above the town. Having brought over his artillery and military stores, he moved down the neck, and on the night of the first of April, broke ground within eight hundred yards of the American lines.

The defences of Charleston had been constructed under the direction of Mr. Laumoy, a French gentleman of reputation in the American service; and, although not calculated to resist a regular siege, were by no means contemptible.

They consisted of a chain of redoubts, lines, and batteries, extending from one river to the other. In the front of each flank, the works were covered by swamps, originating from the opposite rivers, and tending towards the centre, through which they were connected by a canal passing from one to the other. Between these outward impediments and the works, were two strong rows of abattis, the trees being buried slanting in the earth, so that their heads facing outwards, formed a kind of fraized work against the assailants; and these were further secured by a ditch double picketed.

While the besiegers were yet employed on their first parallel, the garrison received a considerable reinforcement. Gen. Woodford entered the town with the old continental troops of the Virginia line, now reduced to about seven hundred effectives. Gen. Hogan with the North-Carolina line had arrived before him. The whole garrison consisted of somewhat more than two thousand regular troops, of about one thousand North

Carolina militia, and of the citizens of Charleston. In pursuance of the powers vested in the governor by the legislature, he had issued a proclamation ordering all those who were draughted for the service, and all those who resided, or held property in the city, to repair immediately to its defence, under penalty of confiscation. This severe measure did not produce the benefit expected from it. Not more than two hundred of the country militia could be brought into the town.

By the ninth of April Sir Henry Clinton completed his first parallel, extending across the neck, and mounted his guns in battery. About the same time, a favorable occasion having presented itself, Admiral Arbuthnot passed Sullivan Island under a heavy and well directed fire from fort Moultrie, then commanded by Col. Pinckney; and in about two hours, with the loss of only twenty-seven seamen killed and wounded, anchored under James' Island, near fort Johnson, just out of reach of the batteries of the town.

Being now in complete possession of the harbor, and having stationed vessels off the different inlets, the British commanders by sea and land sent a joint summons to Gen. Lincoln, demanding the surrender of the town. To this summons Lincoln returned a firm and modest answer. "Sixty days (said he) have passed since it was known that your intentions against this town were hostile, in which, time has been afforded to abandon it, but duty and inclination point to the propriety of supporting it to the last extremity."

On receiving this answer, the besiegers opened their batteries, but seemed to place their principal reliance on proceeding by sap quite into the American lines.

Hitherto, Sir Henry Clinton had not extended his lines north of Charleston Neck, and the communication of the garrison with the country on the northeast side of Cooper river had remained perfectly open. The American cavalry, under the command of Gen. Huger, had passed that river, and was stationed in the neighborhood of Monk's corner, about thirty miles above Charleston. The duty assigned them was to keep open that

part of the country, to restrain the British foraging parties, and to cover supplies coming in to the relief of the town.

This object was deemed so all important that after Gen. Woodford had entered the town, Lincoln made a detachment from his regular troops, to throw up some works on Wando, the eastern branch of Cooper, about nine miles above the town, and on Lamprieres point. Although it was found impracticable to bring the militia into Charleston, it was expected that they might be prevailed upon to assemble at these posts, the maintaining of which was so essential to a communication with the country.

After the fleet had entered the harbor, and thereby rendered unnecessary the chain of forts which had been kept up before that event, Sir Henry turned his attention to the country on the east side of Cooper, without the possession of which, or the introduction of his vessels into the mouth of that river, the place could not be completely invested, nor the retreat of the garrison entirely cut off. To effect this object it was deemed necessary to disable the American cavalry, by a sudden and decisive blow. Lieut. Col. Webster was employed on this service. Before day on the morning of the fourteenth, he detached Tarlton with the horse and a corps of infantry, to beat up the quarters of the American cavalry at Monk's corner.

This party is said to have been conducted by a negro slave, in the night, through secret and unfrequented paths, until it reached the American videttes who were stationed about a mile from their encampment. The alarm was then given, but Tarlton pressed on with such rapidity, that bearing down the slight resistance which could be made by the advanced guard, he broke in upon the Americans; and although their horses were ready bridled and saddled, he commenced the attack on the main body before they could mount, and place themselves in a position to make resistance.

About thirty of the cavalry were killed or taken, and the residue entirely dispersed. They saved themselves in a swamp, and several days intervened before they could be reassembled.

This decisive blow opened the whole country between Cooper and Wando.

The second parallel was now commenced, and it became every day more apparent that the town must ultimately yield to the regular approaches which Sir Henry persisted to make. An evacuation was proposed, and the opinion of Lincoln seems to have been in favor of that measure; but the remonstrances of the principal inhabitants deterred him from adopting the only course which afforded even a probability, by saving his army, of saving the southern states.

Soon after the affair of Monk's corner, a reinforcement of about three thousand men was received from New-York. This addition to his strength enabled Sir Henry Clinton to detach largely to the aid of Col. Webster, and the importance of the station induced Lord Cornwallis to take the command on that side of Cooper river.

In consequence of this change of situation, another council of war was called on the 20th.

The council advised that a capitulation should be proposed, and that the place should be delivered up on condition that the garrison should be at liberty still to bear arms, and that the inhabitants should be secured in their persons and property. These propositions were made, and without hesitation rejected; upon which, hostilities were recommenced.

The besiegers had commenced their third parallel, when Col. Henderson made a vigorous sally on their right, which was attended with some success.

Gen. du Portail who had been directed to join the southern army, and to assist in the defence of Charleston, was conducted by secret ways into the town. He at once perceived the impossibility of defending the place, and repeated the proposition for attempting a retreat.

Every day diminished this hope and added to the difficulties of the besieged. The Admiral armed some vessels taken by Cornwallis on the Wando; and with a body of five hundred sailors and marines took possession of Mount Pleasant.

From Mount Pleasant, an immediate communication was opened with Sullivan's island, and it was perceived that the works on the west and north-west side of fort Moultrie were unfinished, and might be forced without much danger. The admiral made dispositions for carrying it by storm, under cover of the fire from the ships. On the 7th May every thing being in readiness for the assault, the fort was summoned, and the garrison amounting to about two hundred men, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

After lord Cornwallis had passed Cooper river, the American Cavalry found it necessary to interpose the Santee between them and his lordship.

The investment of the town was now complete. The garrison, fatigued and worn out with constant duty, was too weak, sufficiently to man the lines; their guns were almost all dismounted; most of the embrasures demolished; their shot nearly expended; their provisions of bread and meat, with the exception of a very few cows, entirely consumed; and the approaches of the enemy so near, that their marksmen frequently picked off the men from the guns, and killed with certainty any person who showed himself above the lines.

In this state of things, the garrison was summoned a second time to surrender; on which a council was again called, which again advised a capitulation. In pursuance of this advice, Gen. Lincoln proposed terms which were not accepted; upon which hostilities recommenced.

Preparations for an assault by sea and land were making. With less than three thousand men, many of whom were militia, lines, three miles in extent were to be defended against the flower of the British army, assisted by a powerful maritime force.

Alarmed at their situation, and understanding that the difference between the two commanders respected principally the stipulations which related to themselves, the citizens prepared a petition to Gen. Lincoln, entreating him to surrender the town on the terms which had been offered by the besiegers. Yielding to

the wishes of the citizens, supported by the civil authority, he addressed to the British general a letter offering to surrender the town on the terms Sir Henry Clinton had proposed.

The desperate situation of the garrison did not induce the besiegers to exact more rigid conditions than they had originally offered ; and on the 12th of May, the capitulation was signed.

These terms being agreed on, the garrison laid down their arms ; and Gen. Leslie was appointed by the commander-in-chief of the British forces, to take possession of the town.

The defence of Charleston was obstinate, but not bloody. The besiegers conducted their approaches with great caution and always under cover ; while the besieged, being too weak to hazard the losses which would probably attend repeated sorties, kept generally within their lines.

Gen. Lincoln states his whole force previous to the surrender at fifteen hundred regular troops, and five hundred militia. His presuming to defend the town under the circumstances that existed, was censured by some, but fully justified by Congress and the commander-in-chief.

Sir Henry, fully aware of the advantage of following up the conquest, divided his army into three divisions, one of which he detached to the north of the Santee Towns ; the second, into the heart of the state, on the south side of that river, and the third up the Savannah towards Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the northern division.

Hearing that Col. Bedford, with four hundred men, lay not far distant, Cornwallis detached Col. Tarlton with his cavalry against him ; who, after a rapid ride of one hundred and fifty miles in fifty-four hours, overtook Bedford on a march. A surrender was demanded on the terms granted to the garrison at Charleston, which, being refused, Tarlton ordered a general massacre. The Americans, dismayed at such conduct, begged for quarters ; but this royal butcher cried, "Damn the rebels ! Kill them all." His orders were instantly obeyed. One hundred and thirteen were cut to pieces on the spot, and one hundred

and fifty so mangled as to be unable to march. Col. Bedford and a few cavalry escaped to head-quarters.

The other detachments found no opponents. The inhabitants submitted to royal authority.

On the third of June Sir Henry Clinton issued a proclamation establishing the royal government; and, on the fifth, sailed for New-York, leaving four thousand troops under the command of Lord Cornwallis.

Cornwallis spread his troops through South-Carolina and the upper part of Georgia, in order to effect enlistments and collect military stores. He also dispatched messengers to North-Carolina to encourage the royalists—eight hundred of whom, lead by Col. Brayon, joined the royal standard. Cornwallis then left Lord Rawdon in command of the army, and proceeded to Charleston for the purpose of reorganizing the civil government.

In March, Gen. Washington detached a regiment of artillery, under command of Baron De Kalb, to reinforce the southern army.

A small body of men who had been compelled, on the ascendancy of British power in South-Carolina, to seek safety in North Carolina and Virginia, assembled and chose Col. Sumpter their leader. Their number speedily augmented to six hundred men. The militia, inlisted under Cornwallis, deserted and joined their countrymen. The out-posts of the British army were called in.

On the 13th of June, Congress appointed Gen. Gates to the command of the southern army. On the 25th of July he reached the camp at Buffalo Ford. The army at this time consisted of between twelve and thirteen hundred Maryland and Delaware troops, one hundred cavalry, and three companies of artillery. Lieut. Col. Porterfield was also on the frontiers of South-Carolina with four hundred men. Gates determined to concentrate all his force, and march direct to Camden. On the 27th July the army marched, and after a tedious journey, effected a junction with Gen. Coswell of North-Carolina, and Col. Porterfield, at Clermont.

Lord Rawdon drew in his out-posts, and assembled all his forces at Camden.

Gen. Stephens joined Gen. Gates, with seven hundred Virginia militia. Col. Sumpter also joined Gen. Gates. Gates now determined to take a station on a deep creek seven miles from Camden. The American force consisted of four thousand men.

Gates had advanced but half way, when he met the British army, six thousand strong, advanced to meet him, under Cornwallis. The advance parties met in the woods, to their mutual surprise, at half past two, on the morning of the sixteenth of August, and immediately engaged each other.

Battle of Camden.

Some of the cavalry of Armand's legion being wounded by the first fire, threw the others into disorder, and the whole recoiled so suddenly, that the line of the army was thrown into consternation. The light infantry, however, executed their orders. And the enemy being thus halted, the American army soon recovered its order.

Frequent skirmishes ensued during the night, with scarcely any other effect than to discover the situation of the armies.

Immediately after the alarm, the American army was drawn up in order. The army being arranged, the general officers were called together. The intelligence received from the prisoners was communicated to them, and their opinions asked on the measures to be adopted. Gen. Stevens answered that "it was now too late to retreat." A silence of some minutes ensued; and Gen. Gates, who seems himself to have been disposed to try the chance of battle, understanding silence to be an approbation of the sentiments delivered by Stevens, broke up the council by saying, "then we must fight; gentlemen, please to take your posts."

By this time the British line was formed. Gen. Gates ordered Stevens to commence the attack; which he immediately obeyed. Stevens led on his brigade in good order.

On receiving orders from Cornwallis, the British infantry rushed forward with great impetuosity. The utmost exertions of Gen. Stevens were of no avail. The intimidated militia threw down their arms, fled from the field with the utmost precipitation, and were followed by the militia light infantry of Armstrong. Except one regiment commanded by Col. Dixon, an old continental officer, who was posted nearest the continental troops, the whole division followed the shameful example.

Tarleton's legion charged them as they broke, and pursued them in their flight. Gates, in person, assisted by their general officers, made several attempts to rally them at different places; but the alarm in their rear still continuing, they poured on like a torrent, and bore him with them.

Entirely deserted by the militia who composed the whole centre and left wing of the army, the continental troops, with the Baron De Kalb at their head, were left without orders, under circumstances which might well justify a retreat. But taking counsel from their courage, and seeing only the path of duty, they preferred the honorable and dangerous part of maintaining their position. They were charged by Lord Rawdon; but the charge was received with firmness, and the assailants experienced a check they had not expected. The bayonet was occasionally resorted to by both parties, and the conflict was maintained for near three quarters of an hour with equal obstinacy.

The corps de reserve, having its flank entirely exposed, was flanked by the British. The soldiers, however, were soon rallied, and renewed the action with much spirit. Overpowered by numbers, they were again broken, and by the exertions of their officers were again formed, so as still to maintain the combat.

The whole British fire was now directed at these two devoted brigades. They had not lost an inch of ground, when Lord Cornwallis, perceiving that they were entirely without cavalry, pushed his dragoons upon them; and at the same instant charged them with the bayonet. These gallant troops were no longer able to keep the field. They were at length broken; and, as they did not give way until intermingled with the enemy, they

dispersed, and retreated in confusion. Before they were reduced to this last extremity, the Baron de Kalb, while making a vigorous charge at the head of a regiment of infantry, fell under eleven wounds. His aid de-camp, Lieut. Col. Du Buysson, embraced him, announcing his rank and nation to the surrounding foe, and begged that they would spare his life. While he thus generously exposed himself to save his friend, he received several dangerous wounds, and with his general was taken prisoner. Although he received every attention and assistance it was in the power of the conquerors to bestow, the Baron expired in a few hours.

When broken, the continental troops were so closely pursued as to be unable to rally. Never was a victory more complete, or a defeat more total.

About two hundred waggons, with a great part of the baggage, military stores, small arms, and all the artillery fell into the hands of the conquerors.

On the evening that Lord Cornwallis marched from Camden, Sumpter had reduced the redoubt on the Wateree, captured the guard, and intercepted an escort with stores, the whole of which, with about forty waggons, and upwards of one hundred prisoners, had fallen into his hands.

On hearing of the disaster that had befallen Gates, Sumpter began to retreat up the south side of the Wateree, with his captured stores, and with his prisoners.

On the morning of the 17th, Lord Cornwallis dispatched Tarlton with the legion, and a detachment of infantry, to pursue him. Sumpter had moved with so much celerity, that he believed himself out of danger, and had halted on the 18th, during the heat of the day, near the Catawba ford, to give them some repose. At this place he was overtaken by Tarlton, who, having crossed the river at Rocky Mount ford, entered his camp so suddenly as in a great measure to cut off his troops from their arms. Sumpter had placed out videtts; but overpowered by fatigue, and unapprehensive of danger, they had fallen asleep, and gave no alarm.

Some slight resistance was made from behind the waggons, but this was soon overcome, and the consternation occasioned by the surprise was so great, that the Americans fled precipitately into the river and woods.

The succeeding day intelligence of this disaster reached Gen. Gates at Charlotte, a few of this broken army also arrived at that place.

Gen. Gates, in the present disastrous state of affairs, thought it advisable to rendezvous till further orders at Salisbury—then at Hillsborough, where he was endeavoring to collect an army.

Besides this defeat of Gen. Gates in the south, the army in the north was almost entirely destitute of supplies, and daily diminishing in number, from their term of service expiring.

The commander-in-chief did all in his power to alleviate their distresses; the respect that the soldiers had for him, and his exertions in their behalf kept them from deserting.

Every arm of the sea, near the continent, was frozen, so that the view presented one unbroken field of ice and snow. The severity of the season caused great distresses in New-York. Those supplies that they expected by water totally failed them. The sufferings of the army for the want of clothing and provisions, through this remarkably severe winter was greater than at any other period during the war, and threatened the entire ruin of our cause.

The British, taking advantage of these troubles, sent emissaries among our troops, to incite them to revolt and join their standard.

Congress had completed her issue of two hundred million of dollars, of what was called continental bills or paper money, and had determined to issue no more. This was depreciating at a rapid rate; and our financial system was in a confused situation.

During these disordered times, relaxation of discipline naturally succeeded, and discontent broke out into actual mutiny. On the 25th of May, two regiments, belonging to Connecticut, paraded under arms and declared their resolution to return

home, or to obtain sustenance at the point of bayonet. By the great exertions of the officers the mutiny was quelled; but the discontent was great and hard to be kept in subjection. Five months of their pay was now in arrears, and the depreciation of the money they said was such that it would be of no value to them when they received it. When reminded of the late resolution of Congress to make good their losses, of the reputation acquired by their past good conduct, and of the value of the object for which they were contending, they answered, that their sufferings were too great to be longer supported, and that they must have present relief.

Shortly after, a British army of about five thousand men under the command of Gen. Knyphausen, crossed from Staten Island and landed in the night on Elizabeth point, in New-Jersey. Early next morning he marched into the country towards Springfield, concluding from reports that the country was nearly in a state of revolt, and would make but little resistance; in this he soon found his mistake. On their march to the Connecticut farms, they were met by small patrolling parties, ordered on by Gen. Washington, who kept up a continual and galling fire where the face of the country would admit it. At the Connecticut farms they halted and burned that flourishing village, including the meeting house and the house of the clergyman, wantonly murdering Mrs. Caldwell the minister's wife. Mrs. Caldwell had been induced to remain in her house, under the persuasion that her presence might serve to protect it from pillage, and that her person could not possibly be endangered, as, in the hope of preserving the Farms, Col. Dayton who at that time commanded the militia, determined not to halt in the village, but to take post at a narrow pass on the road leading to Springfield. While she was sitting in the midst of her children, having a sucking infant in her arms, a soldier came up to the window and discharged his musket at her. She received the ball in her bosom and instantly expired.

Ashamed of an act so universally execrated, it was contended by the British, that this lady was the victim of a random shot,

and even that the fatal ball had proceeded from the militia, in proof of which last assertion they insisted that the ball had entered on that side of the house which looked towards the retreating Americans. But it was notorious that the militia made no stand at the Farms, and a pathetic representation of the fact, made to the public by the afflicted husband, received universal credence and excited universal indignation.

The death of Mrs. Caldwell might indeed be considered as the act of a single soldier, and therefore not of itself involving the reputation of the army; but when with it was connected the wanton and useless devastation committed by authority, these acts formed one connected whole in the public mind, and served still more to confirm the settled hate of the well affected, against the British government.

From this place Knyphausen proceeded towards Springfield. The Americans in force under Gen. Maxwell, had taken an advantageous position, and seemed determined to defend the place. Gen. Knyphausen halted, and without attempting any thing retired in the night to Elizabeth point and encamped.

Gen. Washington, as soon as news of the British movements reached him, put his army in motion and hastened to the scene of action. Knyphausen, on his retreat, was followed, and the next morning his out posts were attacked by our troops, who supposed his main body had crossed to Staten Island. They rushed forward to the attack, but finding their mistake they withdrew. Gen. Washington took a position on the hills near Springfield, rightly conjecturing that Knyphausen was waiting for the return of Sir Henry Clinton from the south, and that the main object in view was to concentrate their forces and proceed up the Andson to West Point; he therefore ordered Maj. Gen. Howe who commanded that fortress to be in readiness to receive them. But as their views might be the destruction of the army in New-Jersey and the stores at Morristown, Washington suggested the policy of threatening New-York. On the 18th, the alarming intelligence was received of the return of Sir Henry Clinton with four thousand troops from the conquest of

South-Carolina. The British army now in New-York and its environs was estimated at twelve thousand effectives, rank and file.

Gen. Washington, on the return of the British army from the south observed to Congress, "a very alarming scene must shortly open, and it will be happy for us if we steer clear of some serious misfortune in this quarter; there is no time to be lost, the danger is eminent, the obstacles to be overcome are great and numerous, and our efforts must be instant, unreserved and universal."

On Sir Henry Clinton's return, indications were immediately made threatening West Point. Gen. Washington left Gen. Greene to command in the Jerseys, and with the main division of the army, marched towards the Highlands. He had not gone far, when intelligence reached him that the British army had left Elizabeth Point, and were advancing towards Springfield.

Battle of Springfield, New-Jersey.

Under the impression that the stores collected at that place was their object, he detached a brigade to hang on their right flank, and returned rapidly five or six miles in order to be ready to support Gen. Greene.

Early in the morning of the 23d the British army, consisting of about five thousand infantry, a large body of cavalry, and from ten to twenty field pieces, marched by two different roads with great rapidity towards Springfield. Maj. Lee was advanced on the Vauxhall road, and Col. Dayton on the direct road. Both these corps made every possible opposition to their progress, while Gen. Greene concentrated at Springfield his little army. Scarcely was he able to make his dispositions, when the front of the British appeared, and a cannonade commenced between their van and the American artillery, which had been so posted as defend a bridge over Rahway, a small river running east of the town. This bridge was guarded by Col. Angel with

his regiment, amounting to less than two hundred men. At a second bridge, Col. Shreve was posted with his regiment, in order to cover the retreat of Angel from the first. Maj. Lee, with his dragoons and the piquets under Capt. Walker, supported by Col. Ogden, was directed to defend a bridge on the Vauxhall road. The residue of the continental troops were drawn up in a body on high ground, in the rear of the town, with the militia on their flanks.

The right column of the British advanced on Lee, who obstinately disputed the passage of the bridge, until a body of the enemy forded the river above him, and gained the point of a hill which endangered his position. He then retreated.

At this instant, their left attacked Col. Angel. That officer maintained his ground with the most persevering gallantry, for half an hour. Greene being unable to support him, he was then compelled to retreat; he retired in perfect order, and brought off his wounded. His retreat was covered by Col. Shreve, who, after Angel had passed him, was ordered by Gen. Greene to rejoin his brigade. The English then took possession of the town, which was reduced to ashes.

Sir Henry withdrew that afternoon to Elizabeth Point, and in the same night passed over into Staten Island.

About this time the Marquis De La Fayette returned from France, bringing intelligence that his government had concluded to employ a considerable land and naval force in the United State the ensuing campaign. This news reanimated all classes, and inspired Congress to vigorous measures.

On the 13th of July a portion of the French fleet arrived at Newpot. The utmost unanimity subsisted between the officers and men of both forces. While waiting for the remainder of the French fleet an attack on New-York was agreed upon by the allied commanders. But the arrival of Admiral Grave from England, with four ships of the line, prevented it.

Sir Henry now determined to attack the French both by sea and land.

On the first arrival of Count Rochambeau, the forts in and

about Newport were put into his possession. He strengthened the works, and arranged his shipping in a line to act in conjunction with the land forces.

Gen. Washington, who lay in the Jerseys, determined to attack New-York in Clinton's absence against Newport, and advised Rochambeau accordingly. Washington made the necessary dispositions, and commenced his march with ten thousand men; but the sudden return of Clinton frustrated the expedition.

The second division of troops from France, when about to sail, was blockaded in the harbor of Brest, by a British fleet. The French fleet in the West Indies, under Count de Guichen, which was expected to co-operate with Chevelier de Ternay, on our shores, sailed for Europe. Admiral Rodney arrived from England with eleven ships of the line and four frigates. These circumstances completely annihilated the project of reducing New-York.

The details of the further plan of co-operation between the allies needing their mutual conference, it was agreed that the head officers of the allies should meet in council on the 21st of September, at Hartford.

Benedict Arnold's Treason.

While the public mind was anticipating the great events expected from the combined arms of France and America; while the army was assailed by every species of distress, and almost compelled to disperse by the want of food; while General Washington was struggling with difficulties, and sustaining the mortification of seeing every prospect he had labored to realize, successively dissipating; treason found its way into the American camp, and was machinating the ruin of the American cause.

The great services and military talents of General Arnold; his courage in battle, and the patient fortitude with which he bore the most excessive hardships; had secured to him a high

place in the opinion of the army, and a large portion of the confidence of his country.

Having not sufficiently recovered from the wounds he had received before Quebec, and at Saratoga, to be fit for active service, and having large accounts to settle with the continent, which required leisure; he was, on the evacuation of Philadelphia, in 1778, appointed to take the command in that place.

Having rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the government of Pennsylvania as well as to many of the citizens of Philadelphia, formal charges against him were brought by the executive of that state before congress, who directed that he should be arrested and tried by a court martial. He was sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. This sentence was approved by congress and carried soon afterwards into execution.

From the time the sentence against him was approved, if not sooner, it is probable that his proud unprincipled spirit revolted from the cause of his country, and determined him to seek occasion for making the objects of his resentment, the victims of his revenge.

Every history of the American war exhibits the importance of West Point. Its preservation had been the principal object of more than one campaign; and its loss, it was believed, would enfeeble all the military operations of the continent. Selected for the natural strength of its situation, immense labor directed by skillful engineers had been employed on its fortifications; and it was justly termed the Gibraltar of America.

To his fortress Arnold turned his eyes as an acquisition which would give value to treason, while its loss would inflict a mortal wound on his former friends. As affording the means of enabling him to gratify both his avarice and his hate, he sought the command of it. He sought, through the influence of his friends, and by personal solicitation, to obtain command of this post—which was finally granted him.

Previous to his soliciting this station, he had, in a letter to colonel Robinson signified his change of principles, and his wish

to restore himself to the favor of his prince by some signal proof of his repentance. This letter opened to him a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the immediate object of which, after obtaining the appointment he had solicited, was to concert the means of putting the important post he commanded into the possession of the British general.

Major Andre, an aid-de-camp of Sir Henry Clinton and adjutant general of the British army, was selected as the person to whom the maturing of Arnold's treason, and the arrangements for its execution should be committed. A correspondence was for some time carried on between them, under a mercantile disguise, and the feigned names of Gustavus and Anderson; and at length, to facilitate their communications, the Vulture sloop of war moved up the North River, and took a station convenient for the purpose, but not so near as to excite suspicion.

The time when General Washington was at Hartford was selected for finally adjusting every part of the plan; and as a personal interview with Arnold would be necessary to complete their arrangements, Major Andre came up the river, and went on board of the Vulture. The place appointed for the interview was the house of a Mr. Smith, without the American posts.

While this conference was progressing, a subaltern had placed a gun so as to bear on the Vulture, and in consequence Andre was compelled to attempt his way to New-York by land. Disguising himself with a plain suit of clothes, and obtaining a passport from Gen. Arnold authorizing him, under the feigned name of John Anderson, to proceed to the White Plains or lower if he thought proper, he had passed all the guards and posts and was proceeding to New-York in perfect security, when one of three militia men who were employed with others as scouting parties between the two armies, sprung suddenly from his covert into the road and stopped him. Andre, instead of producing the pass from Gen. Arnold, asked the man hastily where he belonged to? he replied "to below," meaning New-York. Andre, without suspicion, replied "and so am I." He then declared himself to be a British officer, on urgent business,

and begged that he might not be detained. The other two men coming up immediately, he discovered his mistake, too late to repair it. He offered a purse of gold and a valuable watch, to which he added the most tempting promises of ample reward and permanent provision from the government, if they would permit him to escape; but his offers were rejected by his captors, who proceeded to search him. They found concealed in his boots exact returns, in Arnold's hand writing, of the state of the forces, ordinance, and defences at West Point and its dependencies; critical remarks on the works; and an estimate of the men ordinarily employed in them; with other interesting papers. He was taken before Lieut. Col. Jameson, the officer commanding the scouting parties on the lines; where he still maintained his assumed character, and requested Jameson to inform his commanding officer that Anderson was taken. Jameson, rejecting the suspicion that Arnold was to be found a traitor, dispatched an express with the communication which he had been requested to make. On receiving it, Arnold comprehending at once the danger with which he was menaced, took refuge on board the *Vulture*, and afterwards proceeded to New-York.

When he supposed sufficient time to have elapsed for Arnold to have made his escape, Andre acknowledged himself to be the adjutant general of the British army.

Jameson immediately dispatched a packet to the commander-in-chief containing the papers which had been discovered.

The express conveying these dispatches was directed to meet Washington who was then on his return from Hartford. Taking different roads, they missed each other, and a delay attended the delivery of the papers which secured the escape of Arnold.

Every precaution was immediately taken for the security of West Point. The garrison was put on the watch; and Gen. Greene was directed to march the nearest division of the army instantly up to King's ferry to await further orders. The defection appears however not to have extended beyond Arnold himself.

These measures of security being taken, it remained to deter-

mine the fate of the unfortunate Andre. A board of general officers, of which Gen. Greene was president, and Gens. La Fayette and Steuben were members, was called to report a precise state of the case.

The board reported the essential facts which had appeared, with their opinion that Maj. Andre was a spy, and ought to suffer death. The execution of this sentence was ordered on the day succeeding that on which it was rendered.

Superior to the terrors of death, he encountered his fate with composure, dignity, and fortitude; and such was his whole conduct as to excite the admiration, and interest the feelings of all who witnessed it.

The general officers lamented the sentence, which the usages of war compelled them to pronounce; and perhaps on no occasion of his life, did the commander-in-chief obey with more reluctance the stern mandates of duty and policy.

The mingled sentiments of admiration and compassion excited in every bosom for the unfortunate Andre, seemed to add vigor to the detestation in which Arnold was held. "Andre," said Washington in a private letter, "has met his fate with that fortitude which was to be expected from an accomplished man, and a gallant officer; but I am mistaken if *at this time* Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. He wants feeling. From some traits of his character which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hacknied in crime, so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

From motives of policy or of faith, Arnold was made a Brig. Gen. in the British service, which rank he held throughout the war.

Nothing of importance transpired during the remainder of the campaign. The army retired to winter quarters.

Maj. Carlton, at the head of one thousand men, Europeans and Indians, made a sudden eruption from Canada into the northern part of New-York, and took forts Ann and George,

together with their garrisons. At the same time, Sir John Johnson, at the head of a body of men, Tories and Indians, appeared on the Mohawk. Several skirmishes were fought; and Gen. Clinton's brigade was ordered to the scene of action. Before it arrived, however, the enemy had retired from both positions, laying waste the country through which they passed.

In the summer of 1780, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, entered into the celebrated compact, called "*The Armed Neutrality*." The principal object was to reduce the list of articles considered contraband of war, and to impart to goods the character of the bottom which conveyed them.

The merchants of Holland suffered immense loss, by the English taking their shipping. This created difficulties between the two governments; and war was consequently declared. This intelligence was joyfully received in America.

Lord Cornwallis, after having nearly demolished the American army at Camden, halted a few weeks to recruit his army.

Gen. Sumpter maintained a footing in South-Carolina, and would frequently sally from his concealments, and attack the royalists with success.

Cornwallis directed his attention to North-Carolina, and endeavored to induce the royalists to embody in his favor. Maj. Ferguson was employed, in the district of Ninety-Six, to train the refugees. While Ferguson was making his way to join Cornwallis, who was advancing into that part of the country, the hardy mountaineers of Virginia and North-Carolina, assembled under Col's. Campbell, Cleveland, Shelly, and Sevier, and moved towards Ferguson. At the same time, Col's. Williams, Tracey, and Branan, conducted their forces towards the same point.

Ferguson, finding escape hopeless, chose his ground, and waited an attack on King's mountain.

On the 7th of October, the Americans came up, and began to ascend the mountain in three columns. Col. Cleveland first reached the enemy, and immediately commenced the action. The other parties soon came up, and the battle continued near an hour. Whenever the bayonet was applied, the assailants

gave way ; but the attack was at the same time pressed from other quarters. In this critical state of things, Maj. Ferguson received a mortal wound and instantly expired. The courage of his party fell with him. The second in command was unable to maintain the conflict, and quarter was immediately demanded.

In this sharp action, one hundred and fifty of Ferguson's party were killed on the spot, and about the same number were wounded ; eight hundred and ten, of whom one hundred were British troops, surrendered themselves prisoners ; and one thousand five hundred stand of excellent arms were taken.

The loss of the Americans was very small ; but amongst the slain was Col. Williams.

Cornwallis retired to his former position, to wait for reinforcements. Sir Henry Clinton dispatched Gen. Leslie with twenty five hundred men. He landed on the south side of James river ; but was ordered by Cornwallis to repair to Charleston.

Gen. Marion and his little band had become so formidable as to endanger the communication between Camden and Charleston. Cornwallis ordered Tarlton to attack him ; but he eluded his grasp. Tarlton ravaged the country, and returned.

Shortly after, Gen. Sumpter reappeared at the head of a respectable number of mounted militia. Cornwallis formed a plan to surprise him in his camp at Broad river. The division detached for this purpose, reached its object several hours before day, and immediately charged the piquet, who only fired five shot, and then fled. One of these shot wounded Weinyss, the commander, and prevented him from proceeding. Sumpter formed his troops, and the British were repulsed with the loss of their commander and twenty men.

After the action Sumpter joined Clark, and threatened Ninety Six. Tarlton was ordered to proceed against him. The 63d regiment was ordered to join him, and the 71st was advanced to Bryersly's Ferry, to support him. Sumpter began a retreat. Tarlton followed with his usual rapidity. At the ford of Ennoree, he came up and cut to pieces a part of his rear guard

which was waiting for the return of a patrol, and continued his march with as much rapidity as possible. The rapid river Tyger run across the route which Sumpter had taken; after passing which he would be in a state of security. To prevent this Tarlton determined to press forward with his cavalry.

After a rapid pursuit of about an hour, he came within view of Sumpter, who had reached the banks of the Tyger, and posted his troops to great advantage.

Tarlton, without waiting for his infantry, or a field piece, rushed with his usual impetuosity to the charge. After several successive and ineffectual attempts to dislodge the Americans, he was entirely repulsed; and his troops retired from the field with great precipitation and disorder, leaving on the ground ninety-two dead, and one hundred wounded.

After retaining possession of the ground for several hours, Sumpter, who was severely wounded in the action, crossed the Tyger; after which his troops dispersed. His loss was only three killed and four wounded.

The shattered remains of the army, after the defeat at Camden, had been slowly collecting at Hillsborough. The whole number of regulars under Gen. Gates was about fourteen hundred men. On receiving intelligence that Cornwallis had occupied Charlotte, Gen. Gates detached Smallwood to the Yadkin, to take command of the troops in that quarter of the country. As Cornwallis retreated, Gates advanced to Charlotte. Smallwood went down the Catawba on the road to Camden; and Morgan was advanced some distance in front.

Thus situated, on the 5th of October, Congress called on the commander-in-chief to order a court of inquiry on the conduct of Maj. Gen. Gates, as commander of the southern army, and to appoint some other officer to that station till such inquiry be made. Gen. Washington selected Gen. Greene. Lieut. Col. Lee was likewise ordered with his legion to join the southern army. Greene reached the head-quarters on the 2d of December—after having visited the state authorities from whom he was to receive supplies.

Col. Washington, learning that a party of British was stationed thirteen miles from Camden, made an attempt on it, which succeeded. He found it posted in a log barn, so strongly secured as to be perfectly inaccessible to cavalry. He therefore painted a pine log, so as resemble a cannon; mounted it on a carriage; paraded it in front of their works, and demanded a surrender. Knowing themselves unable to withstand a cannonade, the whole party, consisting of one hundred and twelve men, surrendered.

Gen. Greene detached Morgan to the south side of the Catawba, to act as occasion might require, with about four hundred continental troops, and seven or eight hundred militia.

Greene now proceeded down the Pedee, on the east side, opposite Cheraw Hills. Cornwallis lay in Winnsborough, waiting the arrival of Gen. Leslie. The two armies were now about seventy miles apart.

Morgan lay with his detachment at Grendal's ford, not quite fifty miles from Cornwallis. Supposing Morgan designed an attack on Ninety-Six, Cornwallis detached Tarlton with about one thousand men, to cover that important post. Cornwallis lay between Greene and Morgan, and it was an object with his lordship to prevent their junction, and to strike at one of them while unsupported by the other. He ordered Tarlton to proceed against Morgan, and push him into Broad river, or drive him over it at all events. Tarlton advanced with rapidity. Morgan, being advised of the movement, retired to the Cowpens. Here he determined to risk action, and prepared for the event.

Battle of the Cowpens.

The superiority of his adversary was so decided, that every prudential consideration seemed to forbid him to hazard an engagement. Morgan, however, had great confidence in himself, and in his troops; he was unwilling to fly from an enemy not so decidedly his superior as to render it madness to fight him; and he also thought that if he should be overtaken, whilst his men

were fatigued and retreating, the probability of success would be much less, than if he should exhibit the appearance of fighting from choice.

These considerations determined him to halt earlier than was absolutely necessary.

Having left the whole of his baggage under a strong guard with orders not to move until break of day, Tarlton at three in the morning of the 17th, recommenced the pursuit.

Before day, Morgan received intelligence of his approach, and immediately prepared to receive him.

Although censured by many for having determined to fight, and by some for the ground he chose, all admit the judgment with which his disposition was made.

Soon after his disposition was made, the British van appeared in sight. Confident of a cheap victory, Tarlton instantly ordered the line to be formed.

The instant the British line was formed, it rushed forward with great impetuosity, shouting as it advanced. After a single fire, McDowell and Cunningham fell back into the line commanded by Col. Pickens. This was charged with so much fury as to be unable to keep its ground; and soon retreated into the rear of the second line. The British continued to press forward with great eagerness, and, though received by the continental troops with a firmness unimpaired by the rout of the front line, they continued to advance. Soon after the action with the continental troops had commenced, Tarlton ordered up his reserve. Perceiving that the enemy extended beyond him both on the right and left, and that, on the right especially, they were pressing forward to gain his flank, Howard ordered the company on his right to change its front so as to face the British on that flank. From some fault or mistake in the officer commanding this company, it fell back, instead of fronting the enemy; upon which the rest of the line, supposing a change of ground for the whole to have been directed, began to retire in perfect order. At this moment, general Morgan rode up, and directed the infantry to retreat over the summit of the hill, about one hundred yards to

the cavalry. This judicious order extricated the flanks from immediate danger. Believing the fate of the day to be decided, the British pressed on with increased ardor, and in some disorder; and when the Americans halted, were within thirty yards of them. The orders then given by Howard to face the enemy were executed as soon as they were received; and the whole line poured in upon them a fire as deadly as it was unexpected. Perceiving the confusion occasioned by this sudden fire, Howard seized the critical moment, and ordered his regiment to charge them with the bayonet. These orders were instantly obeyed, and the British line was broken.

At the same moment, the detachment of cavalry on the British right was routed by Washington. The militia of Pickens had rode to the ground, and tied their horses in the rear of Howard's left. When the front line was broken many of them fled to their horses, and were closely pursued by the cavalry, who, while the continental infantry were retiring, passed their flank, and were cutting down the scattered militia in their rear. Washington, who had previously ordered his men not to fire a pistol, now directed them to charge the British cavalry with drawn swords.— A sharp conflict ensued, but it was of short duration. The British were driven from the ground with considerable slaughter, and were closely pursued. Both Howard and Washington pressed the advantage they had respectively gained, until the artillery and a great part of the infantry had surrendered. So sudden was the defeat that a considerable portion of the British cavalry had not been brought into action; and though retreating, remained unbroken. Washington pursued them rapidly, and was followed by Howard. He attacked them with great spirit; but as they were superior to him in numbers, his party received a temporary check; and in this part of the action he sustained a greater loss than in any other. But the infantry advancing to support him, Tarlton continued the retreat.

In this action, upwards of one hundred of the British, including ten commissioned officers were killed; twenty-nine commissioned officers and five hundred privates were made prison-

ers. Eight hundred muskets, two field pieces, two standards, thirty-five baggage wagons and one hundred dragoon horses fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Tarleton, with the greatest part of his cavalry, retreated to Hamilton's ford on Broad river, towards the head quarters of lord Cornwallis, then about twenty-five miles from the Cowpens. The party left in his rear with the baggage, having received early information of his total defeat, set fire to such articles as they could not remove, and joined the main army.

This complete and decisive victory cost the Americans in killed and wounded, less than eighty men.

Seldom have battles, in which greater numbers were not engaged, been so important as that of the Cowpens. By it Cornwallis was deprived of one fifth of his number. Had Greene been in a situation to have taken advantage of this victory and pressed upon Lord Cornwallis, the destruction of his army might have been complete. His lordship immediately exerted himself to repair his loss. The day after the battle was employed in forming a junction with Gen. Leslie, and early next morning marched in pursuit of Morgan. Aware of this, our hero abandoned the baggage he had taken, leaving his wounded under the protection of flag; giving his men just time to breath, he made a rapid march up the Broad river, which he crossed at the upper ford and proceeded with the utmost celerity to the Catawba, passing it only two hours before the van of the British reached its banks.

In the course of the night a heavy rain rendered the river impassable, and thus gave Morgan an opportunity to escape. He encamped at Sherwood's ford, where Green arrived on the 31st January and took command of this division. Greene's object was to form an immediate junction of the two divisions of the army. Early on the first of February, Cornwallis crossed the Catawba, when a skirmish ensued with Gen. Davidson, who was killed. Cornwallis then proceeded in pursuit of Greene and Morgan, who took the road through Salisbury, and crossed the Yadkin on the second night of February. Here providence

again interfered, and a heavy rain swelled the river so that the enemy could not cross. The weather remaining unsettled some days, Cornwallis determined to march up the Yadkin and cross at the upper ford. Greene in the mean time pursued his march to Guilford court house, where, on the 9th, he joined Gen. Hugar with the other detachment of the army. His infantry now amounted to about two thousand men, of whom six hundred were militia; his cavalry was between two and three hundred strong.

Lord Cornwallis lay twenty-five miles above him, with a well disciplined army of two thousand five hundred men, embracing three hundred cavalry. Having failed to prevent the junction of the American army, he now determined to get between Greene and Virginia. Greene on the other hand determined to avoid an engagement by crossing the Dan, the largest branch of the Roanoake, by collecting boats at a point seventy miles below Guilford. The next day both armies resumed their march while the light corps under Williams was dispatched to harass, Cornwallis and compel him to march with caution; and on the 14th Greene accomplished his object after marching forty miles in one day; scarce had his rear reached the north bank of the river when the van of the enemy appeared on the opposite shore.

Lord Cornwallis having now entire possession of North-Carolina, proceeded to organize a royal government to secure his conquest, and for this purpose repaired to Hillsborough, where he erected the royal standard and invited the inhabitants to repair to it. A great part of North-Carolina had always been hostile to the revolution, and the British army now being in a situation to protect them, it was supposed that large reinforcements would immediately join the royal standard.

When Cornwallis crossed the Catawba, Greene called upon Virginia for aid, and six hundred men immediately assembled under the command of Gen. Stephens.

Greene with the main army crossed the Dan, leaving his baggage in Virginia. As Greene anticipated, the tory militia were rising to join his lordship. In one day seven companies were

formed, and Tarlton was sent to favor their rising. Intelligence of this being received, Col. Lee with his legion, and Gen. Pickens with a corps of militia, were detached to attack both parties. Lee came up with the Tories in a long lane about a mile from Tarlton's camp, whither they were hastening. They mistook Lee for Tarlton and received him with expressions of joy and attachment, till he charged upon them and cut them to pieces while making protestation of royalty, declaring they were the best friends the king had. Two hundred or three hundred, with their leader, Col. Pyle, was cut to pieces by the sword. This terrible carnage broke the spirit of the royalists; alarm being given to Tarlton, he ordered his legion to return to Hillsborough. Lord Cornwallis marched to Allimance Creek, to favor the Tories. Greene followed hard in their rear.

Lord Cornwallis moved in full force, in a dense fog, against the infantry, who lay at Reed's Forks. A sharp skirmish ensued. The Americans retreated with the loss of about fifty killed and wounded. Greene fell back to the iron works, on Troublesome creek, and Cornwallis to his old camp.

Gen. Greene, having received all the reinforcements he expected, instantly prepared to try titles for victory, with his lordship, at the point of the bayonet.

Battle of Guilford.

He marched to Guilford court-house, and took a position within eight miles of the ground occupied by Lord Cornwallis.

By a field return made on the 13th of March, his rank and file amounted to four thousand two hundred and sixty-one.

The fire of his reconnoitring parties, early in the morning of the 15th of March, announced the approach of the British army on the great Salisbury road.

The order of battle was immediately formed, and Gen. Greene waited for the enemy.

On the first appearance of the British column, a cannonade was commenced upon it from the two six pounders stationed in the road, which was immediately returned.

Their disposition being made, the British troops advanced to the charge with the cool, determined courage, which discipline inspires.

Notwithstanding the great advantages of their position, and the security afforded by the cover of a thick wood, a strong fence, and a second line in their rear, the North-Carolina militia fled with the utmost precipitation.

The British now advanced on the second line, where they were received with more firmness. Stevens had posted sentinels about forty yards in the rear of his brigade, with peremptory orders to shoot any man who should break the ranks, and attempt to escape, before he should direct a retreat. Here, the action was kept up for some time with great resolution. Perceiving the corps on their flanks, the enemy brought the whole of their reserved infantry into the line.

The several divisions of the British army had been separated from each other by the necessity of extending themselves to the right and left, in order to encounter the distinct corps which threatened their flanks.

Greene now entertained the most sanguine hopes of a complete victory. His continental troops were fresh, in perfect order, and upon the point of being attacked by an enemy broken into distinct parts, and in all probability supposing the severity of the action to be over. The second regiment of Maryland was posted at some distance from the first, in open ground; its left forming almost a right angle with the line was to present a front to any corps which might attack on that flank. In advancing, the British inclined to the right; and the second battalion of guards entered the open ground immediately after the retreat of Stevens and rushed on the second regiment of Maryland, while the first was engaged with Webster. Without waiting to receive the charge, that regiment broke in the utmost confusion; and every effort of their officers to rally them proved ineffectual. The guards pursued them for a short distance, and took two six pounders which this precipitate flight had left entirely exposed.

Greene himself witnessed the misfortune without being able

to remedy it. His militia and one fourth of his continental troops having fled from the field, he ordered Col. Greene of Virginia to withdraw his remaining regiments, and take a position in the rear for the purpose of affording a rallying point to the fugitives, and of covering the retreat of the two regiments still remaining in the field.

The guards were soon called from the pursuit of the fugitives and led by Lieut. Col. Stuart against the first regiment of Maryland, commanded by Col. Gunby. On learning that Stuart was approaching in his rear, Gunby ordered his regiment to face about and advance up a piece of rising ground towards the enemy. The guards soon showed themselves on the summit of the hill, and a very animated fire took place on both sides, during which the Americans continued to advance.

In this critical moment, lieutenant colonel Washington was drawn to this part of the action by the vivacity of the fire. He instantly made a furious charge upon the guards, and broke their ranks.

While ascending the hill, Gunby's horse was killed under him, and being entangled in the fall, he was for sometime unable to extricate himself. For the moment, lieutenant colonel Howard commanded the regiment, which advanced with such rapidity that Gunby could not overtake it, and which was within thirty yards of the cavalry. Almost at the same instant, the infantry rushed upon them with the bayonet, and following the horse through them, had the whole battalion completely in their power. In passing through it, captain Smith of the infantry killed its commanding officer.

After passing through the guards into the open ground where the second regiment had been originally posted, Howard perceived several columns of the enemy, and among them some pieces of artillery. Believing his regiment to be the only one remaining in the field, he retreated in perfect order, and brought off some prisoners, although many of the guards who had fallen while the Americans were charging through them, rose and fired on him when retiring. About the same time the cavalry also retreated.

About the same time the remaining Virginia regiment which was commanded by Colonel Hawes, and Kirkwood's infantry which had formed on the right of the whole when the second line was routed, also retreated. Colonel Webster had been warmly engaged with those corps, while he kept up a more distant fire on the first regiment of Maryland. He had found himself so closely pressed, that he was under the necessity of retiring behind a ravine which he had crossed, and of taking a position on its opposite bank, until he should learn the situation of affairs on the British right. This occasioned that cessation of his fire which left Gunby at liberty to direct his whole force against the guards.

On finding the action restored in other parts of the line, Webster had returned to the charge; after which, he rather gained upon Hawes, and endeavored to turn his right flank.

There being reason to apprehend that Hawes would be completely enveloped by the enemy, Greene ordered a retreat. This circumstance took place about the time that the left also retreated. The artillery, consisting of four field pieces, as well as two ammunition wagons, were unavoidably abandoned; the horses which drew them being killed, and the woods too thick to admit of their being dragged elsewhere than along the great road.—The retreat was made in good order, and Gen. Greene in person brought up the rear.

The action on the right and centre was now entirely over; but Campbell's riflemen still maintained their ground against Gen. Leslie.

After the guards had routed the brigade commanded by Lawson, and had gained the summit of the hill on which the Virginia militia had been posted, they found themselves attacked on their right flank by the infantry of Lee's legion and by the militia riflemen. The fire was so well maintained both on their front and flank, that they were entirely broken and driven behind the regiment of Bose, which having moved with less impetuosity was advancing in compact order.

This regiment sustained the fire of the Americans, until lieu-

tenant colonel Norton was able to rally the guards and to bring them back to the charge; after which the riflemen drew them into a thick wood where the action was maintained with great obstinacy on both sides, until the battle was lost on the right. Lieutenant colonel Tarlton was then ordered to the support of Leslie. On coming up, he charged the riflemen, who being unable to resist cavalry, were driven from the field.

About three miles from the field of battle, behind Reedy fork creek, Gen. Greene halted for the purpose of collecting his stragglers; after which he retired about twelve miles, to the Ironworks on Troublesome creek, the place appointed for the rendezvous of his army in the event of its being defeated.

The returns made immediately after the action, exhibited a loss in killed, wounded and missing in the continental troops, of fourteen commissioned officers, and three hundred and twelve non-commissioned officers and privates.

The victory at Guilford was dearly purchased. Official returns state the loss of the British army at five hundred and thirty two men; among whom were several officers of high rank.

No battle in the course of the war reflects more honor on the courage of the British troops, than that of Guilford. On no other occasion had they fought with such inferiority of numbers, or disadvantage of ground.

Not to count the first line, which relinquished its advantageous position without a struggle, Greene's army consisted of three thousand two hundred men, posted on ground chosen by himself.

In his camp on Troublesome creek Greene expected to be again attacked, since the motives which had induced Cornwallis to risk the battle of Guilford still operated. But the situation of his lordship was in reality more desperate than it was supposed to be by Greene. He had derived no other advantage from the victory than the safety of the remnant of his army.

The consequences of the battle proved that Greene had not been less judicious in determining to fight, than in the arrangement of his troops.

The loss of the British in this action, frustrated the hopes of Lord Cornwallis. The third day after the battle, he broke up his encampment, leaving his badly wounded to the mercy of his enemies, proceeding by slow and easy marches towards Cross creek. On hearing that the British army, instead of attacking him, was absolutely retreating, Greene immediately resolved to follow them.

The American army was put in motion for that purpose. At Rumsey's Mills, Greene deliberated on his future operations; and took the bold and happy resolution, to carry the war into South Carolina.

Cornwallis resolved to follow him, but left Lord Rawdon to defend the post, and advance himself further into Virginia, which had been invaded by a strong detachment, first under Arnold, the traitor, and afterwards by the infamous incendiary Phillips.

On the 19th, a fleet of transports, having on board one thousand six hundred men, under Arnold, sailed from the Hook, and proceeded to James river. On the 4th of January, 1781, they reached Westover, about twenty-five miles from Richmond, the capital of Virginia.

On reaching Westover, Arnold landed his army, and immediately commenced his march for Richmond. In the mean time, the militia and inhabitants moved what public stores they could, to a place of security. The next day, Arnold entered Richmond, where he halted with about five hundred men; the remainder, four hundred in number, marched under command of Col. Simcoe, to Westham, where they burnt and destroyed a valuable foundry, a boring mill, powder magazine, and other military stores, several pieces of artillery fell into their hands. This service being completed, this detachment joined Arnold at Richmond. After destroying public and private property, to a large amount, they left Richmond the next day, and proceeded to Westover. The 10th, they embarked and proceeded down the river. Baron Steuben immediately followed him.

Arnold still proceeded down the river, and on the 20th reached Portsmouth, where he determined to make a stand. Baron Sten-

ben hung upon his rear, and took possession of a commanding pass, leading into the country, and confined him to narrow limits.

In the north, the year commenced with an alarming event, which threatened for a time the ruin of our cause. The distresses of the army for clothing and provisions, still continued, and was almost insupportable. The discontent broke out on the night of the 1st of January, into an open and almost universal revolt of the line. Gen. Washington's head-quarters, when the revolt took place, was at New-Windsor, on the North-River. In the evening of the 3d, an express arrived from Gen. Wayne, bringing him intelligence of this meeting. He determined to try his own personal authority to restore order, by going immediately himself to the mutineers. But hearing that it was already in the hands of the civil authority, and other matters needing his assistance on the North-River, he thought best to stay away and let them settle the business. What made the revolt more alarming, was, the river being perfectly clear of ice, and should Sir Henry take advantage of this, and sail for West-Point, it might prove serious to the American cause. Gen. Washington concluded it would be best for him to remain at West-Point, and do what he could to appease the mutinous spirit, by conciliatory means, as he knew their complaints were just, and not to appear where he was fearful his commands would be disregarded.

The whole American force at this date, did not exceed six thousand, including sick, and those on furlough. Of this number, about thirteen hundred and seventy-six men were in the Highlands. Gen. Hugar was entrusted with the negotiation, and to watch the motion of the rest of the army, and dissuade them from rash resolutions, and try to get the revolvers over the Delaware, so as to render their communication with the enemy more difficult. The Governor of New-York was requested to assist, and to order out the militia should occasion require. Gen. Washington called a council of officers at West Point, to sound the disposition of the soldiers stationed there, and found it favorable. Washington then ordered the troops at that station to be in readiness to march at a moment's warning.

On the first notice of the mutiny, the Jersey militia took the field in order to oppose any attempt of the enemy in concert with the revolvers.

On the morning of the 3d, intelligence of the revolt reached Sir H. Clinton, who immediately made his calculations, to avail himself of circumstances as they might offer. A large body of soldiers were ordered to be in readiness, and three emissaries were sent, with flattering promises, inviting them to an interview with a committee appointed for the purpose, keeping an eye on West Point, should Washington make a move.

Sir Henry was unwilling to enter the Jerseys, till he knew the minds of the mutineers, as should he cross the river, if they were hostile to the British interests, his presence might drive them back to their duty. His emissaries were immediately seized, and their proposals communicated to Gen. Hugar. But they refused to cross the river, and would not permit their former officers to enter their camp; ordering Gen. St. Clair, Marquis Lafayette, and Col. Lawrence, to leave Princeton immediately, and such was the state of things, when a committee from Congress, and President Reed arrived, with a part of his executive council, in the neighborhood of the revolvers.

A conference was immediately held with the sergeants, who now commanded, and the following propositions were made and circulated amongst the troops, for their consideration. These propositions were accepted, and in these proposals the government offered—

1st. To discharge all those who had enlisted indefinitely for three years, or during the war; the fact to be examined into by three commissioners, to be appointed by the executive; and to be ascertained, where the original enlistment could not be produced, by the oath of the soldier.

2d. To give immediate certificates for the depreciation on their pay, and to settle the arrearages as soon as circumstances would admit.

3d. To furnish them immediately with certain specified articles of clothing which were greatly wanted.

The dangerous policy of treating with soldiers with arms in their hands, encouraged the Jersey line to a similar revolt. On the night of the 20th, a part of the Jersey brigade arose in arms, and made precisely the same demand. Gen. Washington, in order to prevent the spirit of revolt, ordered Gen. Howe to march against them, making no terms, and as soon as they surrendered, to seize some of their most active leaders and execute them on the spot. These orders were implicitly obeyed.

Thus the Jersey mutineers were compelled to return to their duty. Sir Henry had no better success with the Jerseys than with the Pennsylvania line.

The states, in order to prevent future revolts, instantly attended to the complaints of their soldiers, in forwarding three months pay in specie.

A foreign loan, at this time seemed absolutely necessary, and Col. Lawrence was sent to France, to obtain, if possible, the desired amount.

Next to a supply of money, Gen. Washington conceived a naval superiority of the utmost importance to the allies, and urged the court of Versailles to adopt measures for this purpose. South-Carolina, Georgia, and a large part of North-Carolina, were completely under British authority. Gen. Greene was hardly able to hold a footing in North-Carolina. And a second detachment from New-York was making its way through the heart of the country. The aspect of affairs could not be concealed from the enemy. Strong hopes were entertained in England of confirming their possession of all the states south of the Hudson. France and Spain wished to restrict the western boundaries of the States, and to exclude them from the navigation of the Mississippi river.

Happily for the United States, Mr. Jay, our minister at Madrid, was instructed to make concessions to Spain of certain territory on the western border of the States, and to demand that the treaty of alliance then negotiating should be instantly ratified, or not be binding at any future period.

In 1781 Congress resolved itself into a general compact of all

the States, under what was termed the Federal or General Government.

Gen. Washington now turned his attention to the south, in order to devise means for the destruction of the British fleet on the coast of Virginia.

From the first arrival of the French fleet on the coast it had been blockaded on the harbor of Newport. In January, a detachment of the British fleet encountered a furious storm on the east of Long-Island. The *Caledonian*, a 74 gun ship, was lost: the *Bedford* seventy-four was dismasted, and the *Amerium* sixty-four was driven out to sea. This event gave Admiral Destouches the superiority. He instantly resolved to dispatch a ship of the line and two frigates to the Chesapeake.

On receiving the intelligence of the British loss in the storm, Gen. Washington determined to make a powerful movement against Arnold. He ordered *La Fayette* to draw from the lines of New-England and New-Jersey twelve hundred men, for the purpose of marching to the head of Chesapeake, there to embark for Virginia, under convoy of a French frigate. Washington addressed letters to Baron Steuben and Gov. Jefferson, to lend all the aid they could. On the 9th of February, a sixty-four gun ship and two frigates, sailed from Newport for the Chesapeake. But finding Arnold's fleet in a situation not to be assailed with any prospect of success, D'Tilley, who commanded the fleet, returned to Newport, after capturing the *Romulus*, a fifty gun ship.

La Fayette had embarked his troops at the head of the Elk, and proceeded to Annapolis in Maryland, where he waited for the French frigates to convey him to Virginia. The return of the French fleet defeated the object intended, and *La Fayette* returned to the head of the Elk, where he received orders to join the southern army.

About this time Gen. Phillips, with two thousand men, embarked from New-York for Portsmouth in Virginia. This powerful reinforcement gave the British a decided superiority over any military force that could be brought against them in that

state, and changed the destination of La Fayette to whom its defence was entrusted.

His detachment being poorly clothed, La Fayette borrowed on his own responsibility, two thousand guineas in Baltimore, and bought cloth, which the ladies of that city immediately made into the necessary articles for the soldiers.

Having arranged the plans of the campaign, La Fayette marched immediately to Virginia. The enemy had made deep inroads into the state, and were rioting in wealth plundered from the inhabitants.

After the arrival of Gen. Phillips, the command of all the troops in Virginia was entrusted to him. He completed the fortifications around Plymouth. About two thousand men embarked, and proceeded up James River, and landed in the neighborhood of Williamsburgh; different detachments spread themselves over the country, and after destroying a ship-yard belonging to the state, with some armed vessels and stores, the troops embarked and proceeded to City Point. The next day, they marched for Petersburg, where immense quantities of tobacco and other stores, were deposited.

Baron Steuben was not in a situation to check their career. The regular forces of Greene, together with the militia, did not exceed two thousand men. He was unwilling to abandon Petersburg without a show of resistance. He posted his men one mile below the town, with orders to skirmish with the enemy—which orders were obeyed, and the advance of the enemy was thereby checked for two or three hours. After this, Phillips took possession of Petersburg, and Baron Steuben retreated towards Richmond. The enemy destroyed tobacco to a considerable amount, and all the shipping in the harbor.

This done, Arnold was dispatched to Osborne's, a village fifteen miles below Richmond; while Phillips proceeded to Chesterfield, and destroyed the barracks and a few stores.

On the 30th, a junction was formed between Arnold and Phillips, when they marched without opposition to Manchester, a small town on the south shore of James river, opposite to Rich-

mond, where the war-houses were set on fire, and all the tobacco consumed.

On the preceding evening, La Fayette arrived in Richmond, and saved it from a second pillage, which was designed against it. The regular troops, under La Fayette, were joined by about two thousand militia.

Not thinking it advisable to pass the river in face of such a force, Phillips marched down to Bermuda Hundred, destroying property on his way to an immense amount. Here he embarked his troops, and fell down as far as Hog Island. Dispatching small parties to watch the enemy, La Fayette fixed his headquarters about eighteen miles below Richmond, where he continued till a letter from Lord Cornwallis called Phillips up James river to meet him at Petersburg. Phillips received this letter the 7th of May, and immediately sailed up the river. La Fayette returned to the defence of Richmond. Having on his arrival learned that Lord Cornwallis was marching northward, and that Phillips was landing at Brandon, on the north side of the river, he well knew that a junction was intended, and hastened to take possession before Phillips arrived. In this he was disappointed. Phillips' march was so rapid that he arrived first. He then repassed James' river, and encamped a few miles below Richmond, and used his utmost exertions to remove the stores to a place of safety. Lord Cornwallis soon arrived, and formed a junction with Phillips' army in May. On his arrival, he took command of the whole army. Phillips being dead, Arnold had taken command. Finding his force sufficient to look down all opposition in Virginia, he immediately determined to bring La Fayette to action—which would result in the total defeat of our army. For this purpose he crossed James' river at Westover, where he was joined by a reinforcement late from New-York. He attempted to turn the left flank of the American army, and get into their rear. This La Fayette evaded. Having secured the stores, he marched north, to meet Gen. Wayne, with the Pennsylvania line. Robbing the stables of inhabitants, Lord Cornwallis mounted a large number of cavalry, and rapidly

pursued La Fayette. Possessing this advantage, he was so confident of overtaking and destroying the army of the Marquis, as to say exultingly, in a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, which was intercepted, "The boy cannot escape me."

La Fayette, who was joined by a number of cavalry from Virginia and Maryland, moved with such speed that Cornwallis found his boy had completely out-witted him—was beyond his reach, and would soon join Gen. Wayne. He pursued him some distance, and gave up the chase as fruitless, and directed his attention to objects of less magnitude.

To secure his junction with Wayne, La Fayette found it necessary to cross the Rapiden. The movement of the two armies had thrown Cornwallis completely between La Fayette and the stores deposited near Albemarle court house. To avail himself of his position, Lord Cornwallis turned to the south; crossed Pamunky, and directed his march towards Albemarle. The Marquis, about this date, formed a junction with Gen. Wayne's army, consisting of eight hundred men. Emboldened by this reinforcement, he re-crossed the Rapiden, and rapidly advanced on the British army, and encamped within a few miles of them, when they were yet a day's march from Albemarle. Cornwallis took a position on a road which he supposed the Americans could not fail to take; wishing to force La Fayette to an engagement. La Fayette in the mean time discovered a road that had been long disused, and opened it in the night. The next morning, when the British commander thought to seize his prize, to his mortification he found that La Fayette had crossed the Rivannah and taken a strong station on Mechunch creek. This station commanded the route to Albemarle. La Fayette received a reinforcement of militia. Lord Cornwallis abandoned the object, and resumed his march—first towards Richmond, and afterwards to Williamsburgh. The Marquis followed cautiously, keeping command of the upper country.

On the 18th June, Baron Steuben joined him, with five hundred men. The army now consisted of about four thousand men; two thousand of whom were regulars. That of Corn-

wallis was somewhat superior, and all effective regulars ; and a powerful body of cavalry, that had spread terror through the country. As the British army retired to Williamsburgh, La Fayette, who sought a partial, though he avoided a general engagement, kept his main body twenty miles distant, while his light troops hung upon the rear of the enemy. After a severe skirmish, the Americans encamped near Williamsburgh.

La Fayette complained of the tardiness of the militia, and thought that the presence of the commander-in-chief would rouse them to action. The governor of Virginia, a number of members of Congress, and other respectable inhabitants urged Gen. Washington to the defence of his own state. But he considered America as his country, and that his duty called him to maintain his position on the Hudson.

Sir Henry Clinton having learned from intercepted letters that Washington meditated an attack on New-York, ordered Cornwallis to send a part of his forces to his aid. His lordship, after complying with this requisition, retreated to Plymouth. La Fayette followed, intending to attack their rear. Perceiving this, Lord Cornwallis encamped the greater part of his army on the main land, in as compact a manner as possible, and displayed a few troops on the island to the best advantage.

Every thing indicating it to be a fact, La Fayette concluded that the greater part of the British army had encamped on the island. He accordingly advanced to reconnoitre the forces on main land. Perceiving the British much more numerous than he had expected, he ordered a retreat. But Gen. Wayne had already engaged the enemy.

A piece of artillery had been left but weakly defended, which Wayne determined to seize, and detached Maj. Galvan for that purpose. Scarcely was the attempt made, when he discovered the whole army arranged in order of battle moving out against him. A retreat was consequently impossible, and the boldest became the safest measure. A warm action ensued, and was kept up for some minutes ; when La Fayette coming up, and perceiving Wayne to be out flanked both on the right and left,

ordered him to retreat and form in a line about half a mile in the rear ; after which the whole American force saved itself behind a morass.

Cornwallis, from the boldness of the measure suspecting an ambuscade, would admit of no pursuit ; but crossed over to the island, and soon afterwards proceeded to Portsmouth.

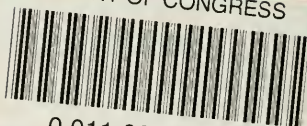
The Americans had one hundred and eighteen in killed, wounded and prisoners, and the British about seventy-seven in killed and wounded.

All operations were for a time suspended, and the harassed army of La Fayette was permitted to repose.





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